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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE ROMANCE of early Colonial days is recaptured by our color camera in this specially posed picture. *(See also Fashion Section).*

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LAND OF *Crazy* MARRIAGES...

TYING THE WEDDING-KNOT at twenty knots per hour, by aquaplane. This was a freak wedding ceremony in California.

Freak Ways by which Couples Have Chosen to be Wed

By MICHAEL PRESTON

If you can't create a record any other way you can easily make a splash with a crazy marriage in America.

Pole squatting, marathon hopping, or even spitting vast distances calls for a certain amount of skill. Getting married doesn't. In America, land of easy divorces, it isn't even dangerous.

IF you haven't got the nerve to walk along a greasy pole hundreds of feet above Broadway, or swing from an aeroplane by your teeth, all you have to do is ring up The Girl, the parson, two witnesses, the newspapers and newsreel companies, think up your craziest idea, and there are your headlines all ready made.

If the marriage isn't a success, there is your "mental cruelty" plea all ready made too—giving you a quick way to end the partnership.

Two young couples in America decided to be married simultaneously embedded in blocks of ice. They had small air holes which enabled them to breathe and give the statutory and obligatory answer "Yes" at the appropriate moment.

One of the brides only caught a cold. The second bride caught pneumonia, and after nine days the record-breaker was a widower.

Other marriages have taken place on skates, on stilts, on horseback, on mountain tops, down coal mines, in orange packing bases and in a tiger's cage.

Water Weddings

ONE pair thought they would get publicity by getting married on an elephant's back, but another couple queered their pitch by getting married some days previously on the back of a securely chained, but very wild, rhinoceros.

Fortunately the chains held. The rhino got a little restive. He even managed to free one foot, but then the ceremony ended and everyone beat a hasty retreat. An angry rhino is an ugly customer.

Water is a favorite medium for the crazy marriage-makers. A Boston bank clerk was married standing up to his neck in a tank of goldfish.

THE PRINCIPALS at this wedding ceremony in Los Angeles donned diving-suits. It's just another crazy American idea.

After the ceremony he and his bride took a deep breath, stepped down to the bottom, and enjoyed their first kiss with goldfish swimming round their necks. They came up just before they would have been drowned.

Another couple were married by the Rev. Sheldon Shephard at the deep end of the swimming - pool of the Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles.

The type of diving gear they used was not provided with telephones, and they could not comply with the law which demands that the reply to the famous questions shall be audible by all.

IN GREECE it is customary, as shown here, for the bride and groom, on donkeys, to ride to their home after the wedding ceremony. Even this strange custom, however, does not compare with America's freak-wedding fancies.

Consequently they had to be hauled up for the questions, and then went back to the depths for the ring-giving part of the ceremony.

Two members of the Elysia Nudist colony at Lake Elsinore, California, were married in the nude, true to the traditions of their cult.

The Rev. Clarke Irvine officiated, and there was the usual complement of bridesmaids and attendants. The only item of clothing in sight was the ring.

Two young lovers at Catalina Island, California, decided to be married, not in the water, but on it.

They were married on aquaplanes while being towed behind speed-boats at about 40 m.p.h. They were experts, so it didn't matter much.

But the poor parson was only a beginner, and the best man wasn't much better, and they fell off three times before the marriage was successfully concluded.

The last time they collided just as the best man was handing the ring over to the parson, but he hung on to the ring and saved it. Stout fellow.

Elkins, the American stratosphere explorer, received a request, together with a cheque for 800 dollars, from a man for permission to be married at a height of 80,000 feet.

He wanted to take his bride, Mary, two witnesses, and a parson up with him, and set the high-marriage record at a figure which would stand for years.

In the Clouds

ELKINS refused the request, firstly because his balloon was a scientific laboratory and not an altar, and secondly because the cost of such a flight would be prohibitive.

The groom was horribly disappointed, but he did the next best thing. He hired an aeroplane and married his Mary at nearly 30,000 feet. This was witnessed by newspaper men and newsreel cameramen. It is, for the present, the world's high-marriage record.

All this is very nice, but isn't somebody forgetting about the dignity of marriage and the serious nature of the marriage sacrament?

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Dickinson-Monteath.

Successful First Book

MR. K. LANCE MILNE, a young South Australian author, has achieved such a success with his first book, "Ostrich Heads," that the first edition has been sold out already. The book, which was published in September, is a young man's plea to his contemporaries to take a more serious view of life.

Mr. Milne is an old scholar of St. Peter's College, South Australia, and attained his majority not long ago.

Noted Airwoman

MRS. BETTY KIRBY-GREEN, the English airwoman, whose recent record-breaking flight to Africa and back in company with Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston made her a figure of world interest.

Mrs. Kirby-Green is renowned for her reckless courage and love of adventure. She secured her A-class licence last July, and the following day flew from England to Paris.

Successful Composer

DR. ALEX BURNARD, one of Australia's youngest Doctors of Music, is rapidly winning a name for himself as a composer. His "L'Allegro," with which he won the A.B.C. Composers' Competition, was the subject of a National broadcast given by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and Wireless Chorus.

Dr. Burnard, who is a South Australian, and was formerly a staff member of the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, is now on the staff of the Sydney Conservatorium.

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Gorgeous Color Pictures for Your Home in Next Issue

THE FOUNDATION of Australia, as pictured on the commemorative postage stamp. The original painting, in gorgeous color, will be one of the six full-page size pictures in next week's issue.

Magnificent Surprise for Readers

LAST week we told you about our surprises for 1938, some of which you will find in this issue.

In next week's issue will appear a greater surprise—six magnificent full-size pictures in glorious color, showing the foundation of the various States of the Commonwealth.

Brilliant marine artist Mr. John Allcot has drawn these historical pictures with great power and accuracy, making them a unique contribution to Australian art.

The paintings include the original "Governor Phillip at Sydney Cove," from which the Commonwealth Government selected the design for the 150th Anniversary postage stamp, and the founding of the State of Victoria.

The pictures are worthy of a place in every home, school, school of arts, memorial hall or public building. They are full size, and as a framed collection would make a unique picture gallery of Australian history.

It's your opportunity to own six beautiful pictures of great historical interest; and they are free to you—our 150th Anniversary gift to all readers.

THINGS YOU *Didn't Know About* THE QUINS

Scientists Have Looked At Them—Here's What They Discovered

What science has found out in the world's unique baby-rearing experiment — the development of the Dionne Quintuplets—will be told in a new series of articles specially obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The articles bring into relief the important question of State care of children versus parental care. The result of this scientific study is of special significance to all parents and child welfare authorities, because of its possible far-reaching effect if applied generally to child-rearing. This is the first of eight articles revealing what Science knows about the "Quins."

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly. Copyright.

THREE hundred scientists from all over the United States and Canada recently met in Toronto to learn just what science has been able to find out about the famous Dionne quintuplets.

The babies have had the best care science knows how to give, ever since their birth. They have received the most careful study science knows how to make. To-day science hands down its verdict.

Seven scientific papers, based on studies that have been made since the first year of the sisters' lives, contain much information about the "Quins'" past and present—and a few significant hints about their future.

As to their past and present:

They are normal physically despite their handicap of premature birth and extreme weakness in early infancy. Their general health is excellent and their physical outlook is bright.

A scientific graph of their mental progress, based on innumerable tests, shows that they are progressing at a rate fully equal to that of normal children of their own age.

As to language, they have a joint vocabulary of 185 words, and are picking up new words faster than children of their age usually pick them up.

They resemble each other more closely than any other set of children ever studied by science.

Their routine training is progressing well. They understand discipline, "mind" well and have few quarrels.

No Isolation

AS to their future:

Some of the psychological studies hint very strongly that a new environment to supplement the now-famous Callander nursery must eventually be developed.

The psychologists suggest that, while the surroundings have been ideal so far, the children cannot develop normally if they grow up in a state of extreme isolation.

A plan now under consideration calls for the purchase by the guardians of a mile-square plot of ground on the edge of Callander.

It has been suggested that a school be built on this plot and that the quintuplets attend it in company with 15 or 20 other children from the neighborhood.

In this way they would get the ordinary contacts with children of other ages which so far they have been denied.

Accompanying this is the strong suggestion that the "Quins'" public exhibitions in their present form would have to be stopped.

The public would be allowed to see the children from a greater distance—but always while the "Quins" were in the company of other children, and in a way which would leave the "Quins" ignorant of the fact that they were being observed.

Quest for Knowledge

ANOTHER suggestion is that a home with two wings be built, one wing to be used as a nursery for the "Quins" and the other as a home for the rest of the Dionne family.

This, like the first plan, would give the "Quins" a more natural environment in which to pass their childhood.

These two suggestions — for the schoolhouse and for the home—are not contained in the papers which were presented by the scientists, but form part of the background for those papers and arise from the scientific studies out of which the papers were written.

These studies, in turn, are the outgrowth of a development that began when the quintuplets were slightly less than a year old.

Medical science was just recovering from its amazement that the girls had been born at all.

Its thirst for knowledge about the circumstances of their birth and the way they had been kept alive was pretty well slaked; but in its place a new and greater thirst was developing among psychologists, child-care specialists and educators.

Here were five little girls growing up under the most unusual of conditions, living neither in a home nor in an institution but in a strange combination of both.

The "Quins" offered an unheard-of laboratory for scientific curiosity—and a rich testing-ground for all manner of theories. With proper scientific dignity, pleas of "Let me at 'em" began to be heard in Callander.

"Not Guinea Pigs"

THESE pleas, naturally, were directed at Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the "Quins'" "family physician," guardian and best friend.

Right there he had a first-rate chance to put a lifelong jinx on the youngsters' chances for happiness and normal lives.

There were plenty of people who were only waiting his permission to turn the children into regular guinea pigs—with results that might have enriched science, but that would most certainly have twisted the lives of Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Cecile, and Marie.

The doctor lost no time in putting his foot down. "The bodies and minds of these happy and healthy little children," he declared bluntly, "will never be used as a basis of experimentation."

But the doctor did not propose to enclose the children within a Chinese wall.

On the contrary he knew that this inquisitive science could do a great deal for the "Quins." He knew also that it could get a great deal of extremely valuable knowledge from them, always provided that the welfare of the girls themselves was made the first consideration.

So he turned to the University of Toronto, and suggested that its psychology department might properly take over this two-sided task.

IT was an excellent choice. At the University there is a nursery school of high attainments—the St. George's School for Child Study. This school is run by a joint committee from the university departments of psychology, psychiatry, hygiene, medicine, anatomy, education and educational psychology.

Director of the school is William E. Blatz, Ph.D. Into his capable hands, then, came the task of helping Dr. Dafoe devise a proper training routine for the quintuplets, and the allied task of studying them, unobtrusively but carefully, in the interests of science.

Now Dr. Blatz is not of the school which demands that children be given unlimited freedom of self-expression.

Far from it. Children at St. George's School are expected to learn through self-discipline, and the idea is that they won't acquire any self-discipline unless they first learn to accept the discipline of adults.

Continued on Page 36

A "QUIN" AT PLAY. This is Cecile, who posed for the cameraman by wrapping herself round a small tree. Other pictures on page 41.

(Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.)

What do you say? You would like to be the life of your set—be the "sought-after" one—the first to get an invitation! YOU can! Let Teddie Garratt help you. You have heard of the remarkable success of Teddie Garratt's wonderful Personal Postal Course in Modern Piano Syncopation! His many hundreds of students throughout Australia and New Zealand are all ready to tell you how fascinating and easy it is to become a really good Modern Pianist! Whether you are an Advanced Classical Pianist, an Average Player, or an Absolute Beginner, YOU can learn in a very short time—all you need is half an hour each day! and, remember,

Your Success Is Positively Guaranteed Without Drudgery!

Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GR, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM?

CUT OUT THIS COUPON—A PEN—A STAMP—POST IT NOW!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W., NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practise, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME.....

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NEW TRUBY KING *Service* *for* MOTHERS

Individual Advice on Personal Problems Through Special Bureau

One of the most popular and helpful features of The Australian Women's Weekly is the weekly article on Mothercraft conducted by Miss Mary Truby King, entitled "For Young Wives and Mothers."

The scope of this service is now being enlarged. For the future it will include a Mothercraft Correspondence Service Bureau.

THROUGH this bureau, mothers will be able to secure individual advice on their personal problems. This free service to mothers will be undertaken by Miss Mary Truby King, who will personally reply to every mother writing in for advice.

This service is being established chiefly for the benefit of country mothers and those unable to visit baby welfare centres. Its aim is to help outback mothers in matters of correct dieting and routine care for their children.

Whether your problem concerns prenatal care, your baby, or any of your children up to school age, you are invited to submit it to our Mothercraft Service Bureau.

The bureau is not a medical service—it is a mothercraft nursing service. It will not take the place of medical supervision and mothers will remain in the care of their own doctors for medical supervision and advice.

Fill in Coupon

THERE are many ways, however, in which the bureau can be of great assistance to mothers. For example, during the summer months babies are liable to teething upsets and toddlers may require toning up.

All correspondence is treated as confidential and replies will be sent promptly.

This service is free. All you need to do to secure Miss M. Truby King's advice is to fill in the coupon at the foot of this page, and send it with your questions and a stamped, addressed envelope for reply to Miss M. Truby King at any of the addresses mentioned in the coupon.

MISS TRUBY KING, who will conduct the Mothercraft Bureau for The Australian Women's Weekly.

EVERY MORNING!

Drink Your Own Health in a Long Glass of

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Awake refreshed . . . glad to be alive. Greet the day with a smile. That's the sign of good health . . . the mark of those who take the morning glass of Schumann's. When your system is in order, your blood clear of poisons, and your liver functioning properly, you can face the day's activities cheerfully and eagerly. That's the boon that comes from the daily drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Do yourself a good turn every day . . . a pinch of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning . . . you'll enjoy that vigorous full-of-beans feeling which is the heritage of good health. You'll sleep well, and wake **well!**

Start NOW—enjoy Perfect Health—the SCHUMANN way

Get a bottle of Schumann's Salts from any chemist or store. Start at once the morning drink of Schumann's. A teaspoonful in a long glass of warm water — every day. That's Nature's remedy for Nature's ills.

Take Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts for:

- ★ CONSTIPATION
- ★ RHEUMATISM
- ★ LIVER DISORDERS
- ★ BILIOUSNESS
- ★ HEADACHES
- ★ LASSITUDE
- ★ URIC ACID

1/6 and 2/9 at all chemists and stores

Schumann's Salts will dissolve all Uric Acid

The liver is the human filter. Neglect of its important functions can cause years of pain and misery. If it allows poisons to infect the blood, you can't be well. Uric Acid will accumulate in the joints and muscles and lay the foundations of rheumatism and all its kindred complaints. Schumann's Salts dissolves these uric acid deposits and clears them out of the blood.

Schumann's Salts reduces surplus fat—safely and comfortably

You'll lose any surplus fatty tissue when you have that daily drink of Schumann's. It dissolves excess fat safely and surely without dieting or discomfort. And it effects only the surplus unwanted tissue. If you are below normal weight Schumann's will build your body to healthy proportions.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

BOMBS DROP, *But Nurses* WORK ON

Australian Tells of China Perils

An Australian nurse, in charge of a Canadian mission hospital in Honan, China, gives the following vivid first-hand record of the terrible war perils in which these modern Florence Nightingales are working.

The information was contained in a letter to her cousin in Australia. For obvious reasons the name of the author is withheld. She writes:—

WE had our first air raid here, this morning. Eight bombs were dropped near the aerodrome and station, which are about two miles from us.

The four planes circled over our hospital compound, and I hope observed the Red Cross and Union Jacks painted on the roofs. Whether that will give us protection, who can say?

Fortunately we had practised moving patients to the basement; really, everyone worked very fast this morning.

I was in the dispensary when the alarm bell went, and by the time I had locked up, and had a quick look around the Outpatients' Department, all the "up" patients and a good many "downs" were already in the basement!

The planes circled for about three-quarters of an hour, but there were no casualties, although parts of houses were destroyed.

They will probably come often now, if the weather keeps nice. Lovely weather for flying. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and most of our children were out in the lovely sunshine on the ward verandahs.

There are several nurses who have come from hospitals which disbanded owing to hostilities and severe bombing.

So far, we have not many wounded soldiers. We have another orphan baby girl, picked up wandering about.

Clear Nights—Danger

EXCEPT on clear moonlight nights, the Japanese don't seem to care about flying after supper, so we hope we won't be forced out of our warm beds during the night.

The weather is quite cold, but we are doing without fires as long as possible, for economy's sake.

All commodities are becoming expensive; parcels are not coming through from the south, and absolutely nothing can get here from Peiping and Tientsin unless by going round by boat to Tsingtao and then inland.

The uncertainty of things keeps a constant sense of excitement in the air, and there is a closer feeling of friendship between the Chinese and us, I think.

So frequently, when on the street, one is called the "foreign devil," but lately they say "the foreign lady," and more polite things.

The first time I returned after my holidays, ever so many people said, "She's back," etc.

We were told that when the foreigners leave a place it causes panic in the hearts of the people. They fear danger more if we are also afraid to remain at our work; so that our return unconsciously helps to buck up their morale.

The British and Americans in Shanghai have been particularly friendly during these troubles, and, in fact, everywhere in the Orient, the English-speaking people "hang together" more than they do elsewhere.

Sometimes I think midwinter might see an armistice; but even the Japanese themselves are not quite sure how things are going to shape up now. The Chinese are doing remarkably well, and they have plenty of soldiers, and can get money.

It is raining now. Whenever it rains, we say, "One sure night without bombs."

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly at any of the following addresses. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age .....

Birth Weight .....

Present Weight ..... **(without clothing)**

Have you written before? (Yes, or No) .....

Adelaide—Box 388A, G.P.O.
Brisbane—Box 409F, G.P.O.
Melbourne—Box 185, G.P.O.
Newcastle—Box 41, G.P.O.
Perth—Box 491G, G.P.O.
Sydney—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
Tasmania—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

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AWW PROJECT

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• Grand New Series . . . . By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Louis looked enviously in at the gay scene. For him all that was ended.

PULPIT in the GRILLROOM

A fascinating series of short stories, each one complete in itself, written by a master of popular fiction.

THE French cafe scene shown above is an English travel poster depicting life on the Continent. It was drawn by a famous British artist, W. Smithson Broadhead, and depicts a gay scene on the Paris boulevards.

IN view of the many curious adventures for which his unique appointment was largely responsible, Louis has asked me to explain exactly how it came to pass that he was first placed in that very exceptional position.

In 1914, after seven years' service in London's most famous Grill Room, he threw up his very lucrative position and departed for France. In 1919 he limped back from the war with two crutches and many medals. He limped as far as Paris and looked enviously at the gay scenes in the cafes, and thought that for him all that was ended. Later he returned to England and presented himself at the Milan.

"I have called because you asked me to, sir," he said to Sir Edward Rastall, chairman of the company. "There is nothing I can do for you, though. A maitre d'hotel on crutches could scarcely get through an hour's work a week."

Sir Edward took him by the arm and led him across the court to the Grill Room entrance. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and the place was empty. Louis, who had turned his head away as he drove up in his taxi to the front entrance of the hotel, looked sorrowfully at that fascinating wilderness of white linen and sparkling glass.

Every one of those private corners, vantage places from which one could see and not be seen, and those other more flamboyant tables plumped down in full view of everybody, mostly in demand by the fair sex, brought their own peculiar memories. If he had been alone, his eyes would soon have been dim.

"Louis," his companion said, "do you know why we thought you worth two thousand a year to us before the war?"

"Because I was reasonably good at my job, I hope, sir," the maitre d'hotel suggested.

"That, of course; but there are hundreds of others who are good at their jobs. You had what we thought a flair for placing your patrons. You see all those tables? It would take a diplomat to deal with the streams of people you had to deal with, to offend no one and please those who were worth pleasing. You did it, Louis. I have watched you sometimes—the plan in your hand, a speculative look in your eyes, a welcoming smile always there. You never made a mistake. Then, of course, just before the war the other thing came. You began to be a useful man for your adopted country, long before the first shot of the war was fired."

"Strange things have happened here," Louis reflected.

"And stranger things may come," Sir Edward commented gravely. "If you will turn your head, you will see that we have done away with that ridiculous little bar, and made what seems to be a low pulpit just inside the revolving doors."

"I was wondering what that was for, Sir Edward," Louis acknowledged.

"It is for you, my lad."

"What on earth could I do there?"

"Go on earning your two thousand a year, of course," was the prompt reply. "Every day you will have a fresh plan of the room, and all correspondence with regard to the ordering of tables will be handed to you. You know the weaknesses of every one of our habitues. You will study them and you will know exactly which clients to encourage and which we are better without. You will sit in your easy-chair there, watch the people come in, and seat them at your discretion. They will be satisfied—that is, if we want them to be satisfied—and you will continue to draw your two thousand a year. A few more details later on. You start on Monday."

Sir Edward waved his hand and hurried away to avoid what he hated most in life—thanks. Monday morning found Louis ensconced in the easy-chair that later on was to become historical.

I SUPPOSE that I, Charles Lyson, late of His Majesty's Army, and now a free-lance journalist, with still more serious interests, was one of the most regular patrons of the famous Grill Room at the Milan Hotel, and I had grown, after the first few days, just as accustomed to seeing Louis in his new position inside the room as I was to receiving that cheerful good-morning of the concierge in the hall. This particular morning, however, was the first time that I had ever seen him show signs of agitation.

He held out his hand and arrested my progress into the room.

"You have chanced to notice who is lunching here to-day, Captain Lyson?" he asked in that peculiarly distinct, clear voice of his. It dropped almost to a whisper sometimes, yet it was always audible.

"The usual crowd," I answered. "Indications also that the boat-train from Southampton was in early. Another all-conquering film party, I think."

Louis smiled. It always astonished me that a man with so waxen a complexion and such set features should yet possess so sensitive an expression. Notwithstanding the smile, I knew that trouble was in the air.

"Will you do me a kindness?" he begged. "Walk from here the whole length of the Grill Room and then return, casting a glance, perhaps, at the table set against the far wall on the left-hand side."

Mystified, but with too much confidence in Louis to hesitate for a moment, I obeyed his suggestion. On my return I loitered by his chair. He knew at once that my journey had not been fruitless.

"If you could pay me a brief visit in my room at five o'clock, it would give me great pleasure," he invited.

I nodded acquiescence.

"More like the old wolf than ever," I remarked in an undertone.

"I was looking elsewhere when he entered," Louis confided. "I think that I must have smelt the gunpowder as he passed. I lifted my head and behold—it was he!"

"And Madame?"

"And the whole outfit," Louis murmured under his breath. "At five o'clock then."

I took the hint and moved on. I knew now what had brought the frown to Louis' face, and the look of trouble into his eyes.

The Administration of the Milan Hotel and Restaurant owed much to Louis, the Guardian Angel of the Grill Room, and did their best to prove their grateful appreciation. In addition to his large salary and very considerable benefices, always the recognised blood money of the man who wields the table plan of a famous restaurant—as well as being entrusted with the buying of the choice wines and specialities offered by the establishment—Louis possessed the only small flat on the ground floor of the court, the outside door of which, although few ever knew of its existence, was barely a dozen yards from his daily post of vantage.

IT was there that I sought him at five minutes to five that afternoon and found, to my great satisfaction, his only daughter, Mademoiselle Julie Duchesne, just returned from a matinee, smoking a cigarette, and sipping a glass of vermouth.

"Never tell me again that Friday the thirteenth is an unlucky day!" I exclaimed, taking off my gloves and making for the divan upon which she was seated.

"Monsieur Charles," she said, waving me away with a little grimace, "to-day there are to be no frivolities. That dear father of mine awaits you impatiently. I am not to detain you for a single moment."

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Illustrated by WEP

English visitors were making Brussels the gayest town in Europe.

AN Infamous ARMY

A Thrilling New Serial by Georgette HEYER

The colorful days of the Napoleonic wars and the battle of Waterloo are brought to life in this vivid story

THE youthful gentleman in the scarlet coat with blue facings and gold lace, who was seated in the window of Lady Worth's drawing-room, idly looking down into the street, ceased for a moment to pay any attention to the conversation that was in progress. Among the passers-by, a Bruxellaise in a black mantilla had caught his eye. She was lovely enough to be watched the whole way down the street. Besides, the conversation in the salon was very dull; just the same stuff that was being said all over Brussels.

"I own, one can be more comfortable now that Lord Hill is here, but I wish the Duke would come!"

The Bruxellaise had cast a roguish dark eye up at the window as she passed; the gentleman in scarlet did not even hear this remark, delivered by Lady Worth in an anxious tone which made her morning visitors look grave for a minute.

The Earl of Worth said dryly: "To be sure, my love: so do we all."

Georgiana Lennox, who was seated on the sofa with her hands clasped on top of her muff, subscribed to her hostess' sentiments with a sigh, but smiled at the Earl's words, and reminded him that there was one person at least in Brussels who did not wish for the Duke's arrival. "My dear sir, the Prince is in the most dreadful huff! No other word for it! Only fancy! he scolded me for wanting the Duke to make haste—as though I could not trust him to account for Bonaparte, if you please!"

"How awkward for you!" said Lady Worth. "What did you say?"

"Oh, I said nothing that was not true, I assure you! I like the Prince very well, but it is a little too much to suppose that a mere boy is capable of taking the field against Bonaparte. Why, what experience has he had? I might as well consider my brother March a fit commander. Indeed, he was on the Duke's staff for longer than the Prince."

"Is it true that the Prince and his father don't agree?" asked Sir Peregrine Taverner, a fair young man in a blue coat with very large silver buttons. "I heard——"

A plump little gentleman of cheerful and inquisitive mien broke into the conversation with all the air of an incorrigible gossip-monger. "Quite true! The Prince is all for the English, of course, and that don't suit Frog's notions at all. Frog, you know, is what I call the King. I believe it to be a fact that the Prince is much easier in English or French than he is in Dutch! I heard that there was a capital quarrel the other day, which ended with the Prince telling Frog in good round terms that if he hadn't wished him to make his friends amongst the English he shouldn't have had him reared in England, or have sent him out to learn his soldiering in the Peninsula. Off he went, leaving Papa and Brother Fred without a word to say, and of course poured out the whole story to Colborne. I daresay Colborne don't care how soon he goes back to his regiment. I would not be Orange's military secretary for something!"

The Bruxellaise had passed from Lord Hay's range of vision; there was nothing left to look at but the pointed gables and nankeen-yellow front of a house on the opposite side of the street. Lord Hay, overhearing the last remark, turned his head, and asked innocently: "Oh, did Sir John tell you so, Mr. Creevey?"

An involuntary smile flickered on Judith Worth's lips; the curled ostrich plumes in Lady Georgiana's hat quivered; she raised her muff to her face. The company was allowed a moment to reflect upon the imaginary spectacle of more than six feet of taciturnity in the handsome shape of Sir John Colborne, Colonel of the Fighting 52nd, unburdening his soul to Mr. Creevey.

Mr. Creevey was not in the least abashed. He shook a finger at the young Guardsman, and replied with a knowing look: "Oh, you must not think I am going to divulge all the sources of my information, Lord Hay!"

"I like the Prince of Orange," declared Hay. "He's a rattling good fellow."

"Oh, as to that——!"

Lady Worth, aware that Mr. Creevey's opinion of the Prince would hardly please Lord Hay, intervened with the observation that his brother, Prince Frederick, seemed to be a fine young man.

Please turn to Page 20

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CELEBRATION FASHIONS . . .

HERE are some of the period costumes to be worn in the March to Nationhood procession of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations next week in Sydney.

Designer of the costumes is Miss Thelma Thomas, who also designed the pageant frocks for the S.A. and Vic. Centenaries.

At the left is Miss Rosalind Kennerdale, Australian film player, in an early 19th Century frock. In the group below, the girls are wearing frocks typical of the fashion in our Foundation Year. The young man is in the uniform of a N.S.W. Corps private.

The party frock of green silk and the helmet-like hat reflect the fashion influence of early Greek statuary.

Photographs were taken with natural color camera and reproduced by our special artgravure process.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Dinner at Eight

• A HAT of shiny black patent, an enormously wide belt and flower on the shoulder make sparkling accents on a dull black jersey frock with high draped neck-line and long sleeves.

• GOLD BRAID appliqued in a scroll design on a black French suede crepe is the *newest form of trimming*. Note short straight sleeves and skirt cut up higher at the sides to show the sandals.

• LOVELY GOWN in navy faille is buttoned and shirred down the front. The skirt is cut up in front to show the ankles and allowed to fall long at the back into a short train. A wide draped fuchsia inset at waist looks like a sash, and matches a brooch of fuchsia-colored stones at the neck.

• A LONG-SLEEVED gown of deep Burgundy velvet shows just how wide the neckline can be cut in front to give a smart effect, and how gracefully pleats may be used down the full length of the frock. The pleats are released from the knees.

• A BLACK VELVET jumper embroidered in gold and silver thread has an unusual neckline, the collar being lined with gold lame. The jumper is worn over a pleated chiffon skirt, and the velvet hat is embroidered to match the jumper.

Rene

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The Fashion Parade

Sketched by Petrov

NEW WAYS... *with* COLLARS

Smart effects that achieve much more than mere neckline finish. Often they are the sole trimming for the frock.

• AT RIGHT, No. 2. A reversible print begins as a simple Peter Pan and nearly becomes a waistcoat.

• BELOW, No. 1, is a jacket with a plaid collar connecting four pockets.

• ABOVE, No. 3: Multicolored strips buttoned together just refuse to go over the shoulders and across the back.

• No. 4 is a simple coat collar-cum-yoke faced for autumn with fur.

• No. 5, in taffeta on a dull woollen coat, looks like a bow but descends in a deep V at the back.

• No. 6. No fewer than two collars satisfy this coat, one upstanding, the other with vast lapels.

• No. 7. A taffeta evening coat shirred across the shoulders has an upstanding collar sweeping forwards in pronounced curves.

• No. 8. A collared evening gown— pleated epaulets and a bit of chiffon on a satin frock.

• No. 9. A scalloped cape collar provides the trimming note for a frock of light wool with shiny buttons and binding.

• No. 10. A draped blouse collar, remarkable for its matching cuffs.

• No. 11 is the traditional detachable collar and cuff played in treble.

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An Editorial

JANUARY 22, 1938

SCIENCE AND THE UNKNOWN

WE live in a sceptical age. We doubt and question and frankly disbelieve things our mothers took for granted in religion, in family affairs, in life generally.

Science is the one thing most of us nowadays never dream of doubting; yet it is science that taught us to doubt.

But science doubts itself.

Each generation of scientists . . . almost each batch of graduates . . . explodes a mass of beliefs the last batch held to be sound.

This doesn't mean science is wrong. It means science is aware that truth is not a thing to be captured and bottled and labelled, but a living thing which only continual alertness can realise at all.

Science to-day has definitely abandoned the iron-hard materialism of the 'nineties and the early years of this century.

Many scientists are religious. Some are spiritualists. Some are interested in other phases of the occult. The enthralling articles by Lord Halifax, now appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly, are typical of the reasoned, scientific approach which intelligent people are turning on the unknown.

Since Shakespeare wrote: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," Mankind's innate sense of the mystery of the universe has warred against the superficial logic of his acquired materialism.

Throughout the life of Mankind, people have sought to pierce the veil of mystery that hangs behind the ordinary visible, tangible scene.

Whether or not such probings are wise, they are inevitable. Our human curiosity makes them so.

Those who criticise this should remember that it is that same human curiosity which has given us science and all its wonders.

THE EDITOR.

Points of View

Athletes in Kindergarten

ATHLETES gathering at Sydney Showground from all over Australia and the Empire object strongly to the curfew rules imposed by the management of Empire Village.

Lights must be switched out at 10 p.m., no visitors are allowed in the residential section, and visitors to lounges, etc., must observe set hours.

There seems to be a certain measure of unnecessary Grundyism in all this. After all, training is a matter for the individual athlete or his or her team manager. In Berlin athletes received visitors like ordinary human beings, and could read all night if they felt like it.

And the athletic standard at the Berlin Games was tolerably high.

Come Out of the Kitchen

THE employment of men instead of girls in domestic service is spreading. It's quite general in Perth now, as well as in Melbourne and elsewhere.

The revolt of women—both employees and housewives—against housework is an interesting phenomenon. It's probably due in no small measure to the stubborn efforts of men to convince women that housework was the only career open to them.

Anything forced on one without choice becomes slavery, and slaves always revolt in the end.

The real solution, however, will turn out to be not the male worker, but the machine.

A Baton in His Tool-bag

DARWIN is advertising for a builder who can conduct a band. The idea is that the local band has no conductor, they can't afford to import one specially, and they need builders badly.

There's a tip here for some of the many talented musicians unemployed in Australia. If you want to succeed in your artistic career, learn hod-carrying.

When a Man Apologises

THE Bishop of Bermuda has apologised for removing photographs of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor from a newspaper office. He has not only apologised, but handsomely admitted himself completely in the wrong by adding that there was no possible excuse for the manner in which he made his protest, especially as he might be expected to set an example of orderly and seemly behaviour.

A man who apologises makes news. A woman may claim the last word in an argument, but frequently apologises if she is in the wrong. Though supposedly the embodiment of chivalry, a man rarely apologises, and the nearest he generally approaches to an admission that he was wrong is a grudging "let's forget about it."

Women should appoint the bishop the patron saint of a better and fairer world.

The Bible as a Book

SOMERSET MAUGHAM says the Bible has had a most harmful influence on English prose, because "its alien imagery has nothing to do with us blunt Englishmen, who have twisted our tongues to speak like the Hebrew prophets."

It is difficult to trace the influence Mr. Maugham describes. On the contrary, there are times when one wishes some English writers had more biblical simplicity, instead of being so stilted and prolix.

As for alien imagery, the influence of other literatures is always good for any language. Maugham's own style has been lent much color by his travels and readings in France, Spain, and elsewhere

THE REV. MISS MERRY, Victoria's first woman minister. —Brootborn.

Too Many Smiths

ALACKADAY, we live in an age of cynical commercialism.

For centuries there's been just one blacksmith at Gretna Green who married the runaway couples.

Now he has a competitor. The local innkeeper has set up an anvil and become a smith in order to forge the bonds of matrimony and knock off some golden chips for himself.

Once started, it won't be long before the entire Scots border resounds to the clang of anvils and the jingle of bridegrooms' coin. A braw soond, ye ken!

Quick Change

GIRLS, says an American professor, should have a different boy friend for every day in the week.

Mothers should not try to prevent their daughters falling in love, he adds; romantic influences aid their development.

A stranger enters the little village. He trudges up the main street and meets, face to face, a handsome young woman.

"Mary!" he cries, "don't you remember me?"

"Why, Phillip!" she answers, "after all this time . . . I still remember your love."

"And to think," he mutters, "that it was LAST THURSDAY!"

LYRIC OF LIFE

BALM

The years are gentle; I was once afraid
Of each one's passing, lest there fall
Some zest from life, some joyousness from youth
I could not hold, and, losing, not recall
How wrong I was. The years bring richer gifts
Than any that they take away—
Fullness of life from wide experience,
And balm for hurts inflicted yesterday.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Woman Minister Is As Merry As Her Name

Australia's third woman minister is the Rev. Isobelle Merry, of Victoria. She plans to do her own housekeeping, lives in a flat, has no definite uniform for the pulpit, can advise on business problems or the cut of a fashionable frock, and has a disposition that suits her name.

SMALLISH and fair, with short, curly hair and gay blue eyes, the Rev. Isobelle Merry suits her name.

She is one of the world's happy people, and looks forward to her pastorate of the Croydon and North Croydon Congregational Churches with joy.

"This is a happy time for me. I have always wanted to be a minister, even when I was small, and it seemed an impossible wish for a girl to have," she told The Australian Women's Weekly.

"There has never been a pastor in our family before, but I have been brought up in a Christian household, and I could not have taken up this calling if my parents had not helped me.

"I was head prefect at the University High School, and after I matriculated with honors I went into the State Savings Bank, and even began a commerce course.

"But I always felt that I was not doing enough. Then I heard Dr. Maude Royden preach. Perhaps that helped me make my decision. Six years ago I entered the Congregational College of Victoria.

Celebrated Weddings

I AM the first woman minister in Victoria, but that is not because the Congregational Church has not encouraged women preachers.

"There are two other women pastors in Australia, Miss Joan Hoare, who has charge of a church in N.S.W., and Mrs. Winifred Kiek, who gave up her active charge of a church when she married the principal of the South Australian Congregational College.

"I have preached in most of Melbourne's churches and many country churches, and though I have just completed my theological course I have had a student pastorate at East Preston Church for eighteen months.

"Now I am happy to take charge of one of the most active of our younger churches, Croydon and Croydon North. There is an average attendance of 80 people at Croydon and of 75 at Croydon North.

"I very well realise that the minister is at everybody's beck and call, but I am to take a flat in Croydon and hope to do my own housekeeping.

"Social work for the district particularly interests me, for it is surely the job of the Church to help materially as well as spiritually.

"My car will take me round the countryside, but on market days I intend to spend all day at the church in case anybody may need me. I hope the women will like me and feel confidence in me.

"After all, their jobs interest me. I was brought up to help with the housework, make some of my own clothes and do a little gardening, have learned to play the piano and organ, and to sing a little.

"I have no definite uniform for the pulpit, but I try to wear a black frock with an ordinary academic gown. I do not wear a hat. Our denomination does not insist on hats in church."

Miss Merry has been accepted in the pulpit wherever she has preached. She celebrated three weddings in East Preston without exciting any comment, and the first couple she married have become her fast friends.

The only times she has ever been regarded a little suspiciously were when she visited the sick at hospitals. On several occasions when she announced herself as the Rev. Merry, she has met an incredulous smile, but she hopes people will get used to her in time.

Asked what she would do if she married, Miss Merry said: "If I married, I would hope to carry on my work."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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THE TRIALS OF A MALE DOMESTIC . . .

I found that the easiest way to clean windows was to throw buckets of water at them and then polish them with our Pomeranian.

L. W. Lower Tells How to Run Your Home On Efficient Lines

By L. W. LOWER, *Australia's Foremost Humorist Illustrated by* WEP

Men are being employed in domestic service in West Australia because of the scarcity of female domestics. Cases of men being paid 12/6 a week for housework are common.

I've done housework plenty of times, but I never got 12/6 for it. Last time the wife was sick I did all the housework. It's child's play once you get used to it. The difficulty, however, is in getting used to it.

TAKE scrubbing floors, for instance. You start off with a bucket of water, a scrubbing-brush, and some soap. After you've scrubbed a couple of yards of floor you find that you've left the bucket behind.

That means going back on the soapy floor, slipping on your back, and knocking the bucket over.

To scrub the floor of, say, a kitchen, one wants to start somewhere about six o'clock in the morning so that one can have it finished before midnight.

Dish-washing is easy. I only had to wash the wife's dish because I regard it as a waste of time when you can put your plate on the floor when you've finished and let the dog clean it up.

Dog Was Handy

THEN there's putting clean paper on the cupboard shelves. It's remarkable the number of interesting things you find to read when you're folding up the newspapers to put on the shelves. About half an hour to a shelf is fair going.

One need only do it about every St. Swithin's Day, but it's a nice, restful job. Just lie on the floor and fold up the papers and then throw them on to shelves.

I don't like window-cleaning much. I found that the easiest way to clean windows was to throw buckets of water at them and then polish them with our Pomeranian.

The dog used to yelp a bit, but it was really a good idea, as by this simple procedure I polished the windows and cleaned the dog at the same time.

A woman would never think of a simple thing like that. They're too set in their ideas.

I got on well with the tradesmen. The baker was an awfully nice man. He used to come into the kitchen and have a cup of tea with me most afternoons, and we'd have a good old talk.

Believe me, I never knew we lived in such a scandalous neighborhood. The things that man told me would make your hair curl.

Problem Child

I DIDN'T always have time on my hands to chat, though. There was the baby to look after. I really don't know whom that child takes after. It must be his mother, I'm sure it's not me. Mind you, he's a dear little thing, but the temptation to wring his neck became so terrific at times that I had to go and lock myself in the bathroom and count a thousand—sometimes two thousand.

And the darn muck he lived on! Warmed-up milk with soggy biscuits in it. Gruel, and stuff like that. That was his official menu, but when he found out how to open the ice-chest his diet became considerably varied.

A bit of raw chop, followed up with half a pound of butter, and the contents of the milk jug poured all over himself was just a sort of milk snack.

My wife used to call me into her bedroom, and say in a weak, suffering voice (all put on, of course): "Is Willie all right? What's he doing now? He's very quiet."

That's the sort of kid he is. If he's quiet, you immediately suspect that he's dead.

Either that or trying to burn the house down.

On one occasion we found him pouring tomato sauce on the dog. The dog, when released, raced through the house, rolled all over our best carpet and then crawled under the sideboard. I had a good mind to crawl under with him.

Needless to say, we had callers.

I'd answer the door bell, thinking that it might be one of the boys with a bottle of something. Instead of that it would be someone with a jar of calves' foot jelly as entrance fee.

"How is poor dear Mrs. Lower? I am so sorry to hear she's ill. I was only saying to my sister the other day, 'I'm sure that poor little thing is ill.' Do you know, I was always like that—right from a little girl. Sort of psychic, if you know what I mean."

"Yes! Yes! Of course. Go straight through into the bedroom. I'm sure my wife will be delighted to see you." (Oh, yeah?)

Then you go out into the kitchen and say to the kid, "Here's a piece of bread and jam. Go and talk to the nice lady inside."

Pretty sinister move, that. If that woman doesn't leave this place glutted from head to foot with jam, I'm a very bad judge.

NOW one of these male domestics wouldn't have to put up with all that.

What's more, they'd get their twelve and six.

ME, if I was to go and ask for as much as two shillings I'd be questioned for a quarter of an hour as to what I wanted it for.

Thank goodness on these occasions I'm in the box seat. "We're out of butter, and flour, and sugar, and I've got to get the meat for to-morrow—I suppose I'd better make out a list."

"Bring my bag from that drawer over there. Let me see; two pounds of sugar, that'll be sevenpence . . ."

When it is all worked out to the exact halfpenny, and you have been warned to come straight back and not dawdle, the escape is made.

I think these male domestics are going to be cured pretty quickly.

Why not make sure of Enjoying Your HOLIDAYS

YOU can be certain of being in the best of health, at the top of your form, and ready to enjoy every moment of your glorious Summer Holidays if you just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood and daily eliminate all food residue.

So make sure of enjoying life to the full, and getting the utmost benefit from your Holidays with the aid of your nightly Bile Beans

YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

Your Dog

He needs a Blood Purifier regularly every week — *give him* BARKO CONDITION POWDERS

Losing Condition

You can easily tell when your dog is beginning to lose condition. His coat shows it first of all. It becomes dull and loses its "bloom." This is because the "bloom" of a dog's coat is directly affected by the condition of his blood.

Don't neglect the warning signal so clearly given by a dull or ragged coat. You should act at once if you want to avoid dangerous blood ailments arising from them.

If your dog is listless and out of condition, you should act promptly, otherwise his lowered vitality makes it only too easy for him to catch diseases from any dog he happens to meet.

You can help him to regain his condition quickly by purifying his blood with a course of Barko Condition Powders.

His appetite and energy will show immediate improvement, and his coat will quickly regain that beautiful bloom which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

Puppies and older dogs need Barko Condition Powders. They need them particularly after distemper, worming, colds and influenza. When a dog is recovering from a sickness, he requires a tonic. Barko Condition Powders are a splendid tonic. They are pure, safe, tasteless and easy to give. No dog owner who has any regard for his dog should be without them in the house. Whenever your dog's coat becomes dull, ragged or loose—whenever he loses his appetite or is constantly scratching himself—whenever he is listless, miserable, sulky—whenever you find his nose is warm—you should give him Barko Condition Powders immediately. They purify the blood, tone up the system, and ensure a beautiful coat.

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS

Price — 1/6 per box of 20 powders At all Chemists

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How to Possess
A LOVELY NEW SKIN
AMAZING EASY NEW WAY
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DERMOLIN—the remarkable new scientific skin treatment—brings undreamed beauty to thousands of women. It smooths out wrinkles, cleans up dull, sallow and oily skins and removes pimples, blackheads and blotches. To introduce it to this country, 1,000 lucky Australians are offered trial treatments—FREE!
When M. du Sebalt announced this daring new beauty treatment, specialists acclaimed Dermolin as the century's greatest advance in scientific skin care. It rejuvenates the skin and complexion by rebuilding it from within. Your outer skin is composed of dead cells cast off by the inner, active, living skin. It is on this active skin which M. du Sebalt's treatment works.
WHY YOUR SKIN AGES.
The living cells of the inner skin die and become unhealthy due to insufficient glandular nourishment. The outer skin becomes clogged and unable to cast off dead and decaying cells. Pimples, blotches, wrinkles and blemishes quickly multiply. Cosmetics, while temporarily easing these blemishes, cannot help the real cause, which is glandular undernourishment.
BEAUTY COMES QUICKLY.
Once Dermolin increases the activity of the underlying tissues, skin faults quickly go. Dull, sallow and oily skins glow with youthful health, large pores and wrinkles smooth out—pimples and blemishes fade away. A new skin, clean and satin-smooth, gives your complexion sparkling lustre.
FREE TRIAL and FREE BOOK . . . Thousands have ended their skin troubles by this scientific yet inexpensive treatment. You can benefit too. Send for a FREE trial treatment of Dermolin and FREE copy of the amazing book on beauty culture, written by M. du Sebalt. This free introductory offer is strictly limited. Don't waste a moment—clip out and post coupon to-day. The return mail will bring you the best news in years. ACT NOW!

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I want to benefit by your offer. Enclosed is 1d. in stamps for packing and postage. Please post at once—without obligation—a FREE trial of Dermolin and a FREE copy of the book, "The Charm of a Beautiful Skin."
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PULPIT *In The* GRILLROOM

I OBEYED her gesture and passed at once into the inner room. Louis was seated before his desk, and motioned me to the chair by his side.

"Sit down, please, Captain Lyson," he invited. "We were right this morning. The old wolf has come to life. You saw him for yourself."

"Amazing!"

"There is no other word," Louis acquiesced. "For months he lies in his chaise-longue like a lizard aching for the sunshine, breathing feebly, like one for whom life is passing, pale as a ghost, with those hollow eyes of his empty of all light. Then suddenly, where it comes from Heaven only knows, but he hears something. The rustling of a torn treaty destroyed by angry fingers, a cry of triumph from a savant in his laboratory, the clash of threatening voices or perhaps the dull booming of a new gun across an empty plain.

"He raises his tired old head and sniffs. Battle is coming! War is at hand. Thousands may be leaving their homes and marching to fill the cemeteries. His laden ships in this port or that—Heaven knows where—wake to life. His agents are at work. The cheques roll into his bank. The great snowball has started. A few more millions for the old man, a few more thousands of stone crosses in the cemetery."

I listened to Louis in amazement. Never in the fifteen years of our acquaintance had I heard him speak quite so bitterly. Apparently he regretted his emotion, for he shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"A waste of time, this," he concluded. "Forgive me. He has come to life again, but he goes still with a price upon his head . . . Would you mind glancing at this for a moment?"

I stood by his side, looking down upon the plan of the Grill Room.

"The Chevalier has demanded the same table to-night for dinner, and we are to arrange for three people, one, we are given to understand, a most important guest. To that, of course, we have acquiesced with pleasure. He wishes also, however, to reserve the table on either side of him. Our reply has been that number eight, which is the one nearer the main passageway, is at his service, but number six is engaged by a most particular client."

"The particular client?"

"Being yourself."

"With a companion?"

"With the most attractive of the many young ladies of your acquaintance. Understand me, please. You refuse to give up your table. It is a matter of sentiment. I shall have to rely upon you, Jules the wine waiter and Antoine the maitre d'hotel, who can only pass backwards and forwards at intervals, to bring me the scraps of information I desire—not for myself, naturally, but to pass on to Whitehall."

I MUST confess that I felt a lack of inspiration about the affair. A few chance words picked up at a feast presided over by the Chevalier were scarcely likely to lead one far. Louis smiled reassuringly.

"No one expects impossibilities," he assured me. "You have to listen for two things, and two things only—the names of steamers and the names of ports. We have certain information that the Chevalier, during the last twelve months, has purchased and paid cash for three steamers—each one of which has been secretly loaded with guns and ammunition. He is over here now to dispose of them. It is our job, Captain Lyson, to make his task as difficult as possible."

I helped myself to a cigarette from Louis' box.

"It depends, of course, where they are lying at the present moment," I observed, "otherwise I think it would be difficult for him to move those ships into any port if war were threatened."

"Threatened—no. Declared—yes," was the somewhat cryptic answer. "The Chevalier knows every move in the game. He knows every law and by-law. He knows the easiest ports and the impossible ones. There are harbor masters who live upon his dole."

"I will tell you another thing about him if you like," I remarked.

"Yes?"

"HE has a voice which one can only describe as flute-like. He seldom raises it above a whisper, and yet if you are near enough you hear everything. I think you are expecting a great deal, Louis, if you believe that what I shall overhear of any conversation to-night will be of practical use."

"It is not only words that speak," he pointed out, leaning back in his chair. "At that dinner there will be the Chevalier, the Comtesse de Roussilon his niece, and a stranger. The stranger will be the man who may buy. Bien. You will remark whether the Chevalier is a man for whom things are going well or whether he is disappointed. You will make your own comments, too, upon Madame's attitude. Something may be learnt from the stranger, who, if he is of the nationality I suspect, is not likely to be so skilled as the other two in concealing his feelings. In addition, do not forget that the name of a port, the name of a ship, the make of a gun—any one of those—may serve to light the way. It is only by piecing together small things that one is able to attempt the great coup."

"You are a genius, Louis," I acknowledged. "Dinner wi'll be?"

"At eight o'clock."

"But wait," I begged him, as he stretched out his hand for one of his crutch-like sticks. "I have not an unlimited acquaintance among trustworthy young women with personal attractions. How do I know——"

"I thought that would be it," he interrupted with a pleasant smile. "Fortunately, you are one of the few men in the world whom I can trust. I think that if you approach Julie you will find that she has no engagement for this evening. She has also very good ears and a sound idea of the game."

"The affair," I admitted cheerfully, "begins to present a more attractive appearance."

The service of dinner that evening was rather more than half accomplished when my high spirits and my appetite simultaneously waned. The sickly coils of a grim suspicion had strangled both. I waited for a safe moment, then I leaned across towards my vis-a-vis.

"Julie," I confided, "I have a fear."

"And I, too," she agreed.

"THEY suspect us. The Comtesse has twice turned her head. The old man broke off just now in the middle of a sentence."

I took up the wine card and discussed for some minutes with our attentive sommelier the relative merits of a Bernecastler Doctor a trifle too young and an older, mellower Piesporter. While I waited for the man's opinion, I glanced once more, casually, but still with an interest I found it impossible altogether to conceal, at that small party of three at the next table. The heavy, pale-faced man with the black moustache and restless manner, the obvious guest, had glanced suspiciously more than once in our direction. He held his fat white hand too often at the side of his lips when he addressed his host.

Continued from Page 7

Madame said nothing unless she leaned right across the table, yet their voices now and then were almost unduly raised. I sighed as I handed back the wine list, and decided in favor of the Piesporter . . . After all, what did it matter? For once I had failed Louis. All that could be said in our favor was that we had learnt when to close our eyes and ears to a great deal of very tempting misguidance. Avonmouth, Poole—at least half a dozen times I heard the names of these ports whispered. Yet the mist of unreality hung over it all. We were listening for truths that never came . . .

"Be the holy, but it's himself—himself that's found his way to the great city!"

There was a sudden, almost violent change in the atmosphere of artificiality by which we had been surrounded. The voice of the man who had paused at the next table was full of genuine surprise, his heartiness a real thing.

"It's meself that's glad to see ye," he went on, addressing the Chevalier. "'Tis a pity the young lady can't bring a little color into her cheeks down in them hot countries."

There was no necessity for any further disguise on our parts. A dozen people besides ourselves had turned round at the sound of that rolling voice with its not unmusical brogue and, to be honest, mellowed by just the slightest trace of alcoholism.

"Shure, ye never paid us the visit ye promised," the newcomer went on, shaking his head reproachfully at the Comtesse. "We've had a hearty wilcome waitin' for ye but niver a sign o' ye or the ould gintleman. It's threatin' us badly, ye've been."

THE Chevalier had shrunk back a little against the wall. The cold fury in his eyes would certainly have driven away any ordinary intruder. The Comtesse began to talk. She laid her hand upon the visitor's sleeve, and his swing round towards her gave us a better view. The man was a stranger to me, but without doubt an original. He must have been six foot three at least and broad—large everywhere—in proportion. His cheeks were crimson, his deep-set blue eyes moist. There were spots of perspiration upon his forehead. He was wearing a roughly made suit of grey tweed, out of shape as though he had been travelling in it all night, and his hair was of that dull shade of flaming red which defies all efforts of tonsorial restraint. The coldness of his reception seemed to astonish him.

"But what's the mather wid me having a word wid the ould gintleman?" he demanded of the Comtesse. "He had plinty to say that last time in Paris, and when he rode round me own bit of a harbor in a motor launch. We have had important doings togither — great business that maybe he has niver told ye anything about, Countess. Ye wouldn't have me pass him by without a word?"

"My uncle," the lady explained eagerly, "is just recovering from a severe illness. He is not allowed to hold conversations with anyone about business.

"Leave this to me, Mr. O'Grady," she begged. "We will go into the hall and listen to the music for a few minutes."

An immense smile broke across the man's face. He looked down at the Comtesse in undisguised admiration. For the first time he lowered his voice and we gathered only the sense of what he said. He passed willingly away, however, with the fingers of his companion resting upon his arm. They turned to the left and made their way towards the foyer. Julie leaned across the table and whispered in my ear.

"I think if I could only change places with the Comtesse for a few moments he would tell me all we want to know," she confided, gazing wistfully after the two departing figures.

I HAD to be content with frowning my disapproval. The opportune moment for my own intervention had arrived. I pushed back my chair and approached the table which had been the centre of the disturbance. The Chevalier, his face a white and wan mask, expressionless except for those deep-set steely eyes, in themselves a sea of trouble, had shrunk a little back in his chair, his hands folded in front of him, his long fingers fidgeting nervously with the marvellous black opal, strangely set, in his famous signet-ring. Opposite him, the man whom we had put down as the possible buyer of armaments was tugging furiously at his black moustache and brandishing an oblong strip of paper in his hand. There was a queer, abrupt silence as I presented myself. I addressed the Chevalier.

"Monsieur," I said, "may I beg to recall myself to your recollection? My name is Lyson—Captain Lyson. We met several times in Monte Carlo."

To my surprise, he recognised me at once. No words of description could adequately convey the frigidity of his tone.

"I remember perfectly well," he acknowledged. "What I do not understand is your impertinent interest in myself and my niece."

I felt a momentary sensation of panic, but I crushed it so far as I was able.

"You would have the whole world crowding round your table if they knew who you were," I reminded him.

"Why?" he demanded icily.

"I can only repeat what the newspapers have been saying for many years. You are a man of mystery—just the type the man in the street wants to know about. You are supposed to be worth countless millions, and to have sunk nearly the whole of it year by year in buying guns, rifles and the appurtenances of war. War is the great dramatic force of the world.

"Foul melodrama," the Chevalier said, with a thin quiver in his voice.

"Maybe," I assented. "I am a brave man, however, when I am in search of news, and I have the instinct for anything which will attract the masses—the millions who read the Sunday papers. For the last few weeks there have been rumors of war. Here are you away from your beloved villa, out of your invalid chair—here waiting, listening for something or other. Grant me an interview, Chevalier, and you will soon be free of me."

Please turn to Page 16

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No. 1 The Harper of Inveraray

(Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly)

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL died at Easter, 1913. I saw the announcement that he was very ill and had gone from Coombe to Inveraray.

His son, Mr. Niall Campbell, was in France for Easter, but came home when he heard of his father's condition.

Having been told by a friend that Lord Archibald, before going to Inveraray, was heard to say that he felt he would not come back and to express certain wishes which were to be carried out after his death, I wrote to Mr. Niall Campbell, who very kindly sent me a description of all the arrangements he had made for the funeral and asked me to keep myself free to dine with him at the Bachelors' Club one evening on his return, so that he might tell me all his news.

I dined with Mr. Campbell, who had now become Duke of Argyll, at his club, on May 28, and mentioned what I had been told about his father.

He replied that he was glad to have my information, since it explained something which had been puzzling him. I then went on to mention some of the stories which I had read in West of Scotland newspapers.

There was a tale about ravens, which came down from the glens and were seen hovering about Inveraray while his father was passing. It was said that this always happened when the Chief or anybody closely related to him was about to die.

Mr. Campbell said he believed that the story was true, but that they did not take much notice of the ravens. However, he then told me that the "Galley" had appeared on Loch Fyne.

When I asked him to explain what this was, he told me that the "Galley" was a little ship like the one in their Arms, and that when the Chief or one near him was dying it appeared on Loch Fyne with three people on board, one of whom is supposed to be a saint connected with St. Columba.

WHEN his father was dying the "Galley" was seen to pass silently up the loch and to come to land at a particular point. It then passed overland and finally disappeared at the site of a holy place associated with St. Columba and given to the Church by the forbears of the Campbells.

A great many people saw it on the occasion of his father's passing, including a "foreigner," that is to say, one who was not a Campbell or even a Highlander, but a Saxon.

When the "Galley" was seen to pass over the land, this man called out, "Look at that funny airship!"

In August, 1914, I was staying at Inveraray, arriving there after luncheon on the 18th. That afternoon, when tea was served in the library, there were present the Duke, his sister (Lady Elspeth), the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, the Chamberlain of Argyll and his wife, Mr. Samuel Gurney and myself.

I remember that we were all sitting having tea round a big table, when presently I heard a tremendous noise at my side, like the banging of books.

It was as though a whole shelf full of books had been taken out and thrown violently on to the floor of the open gallery which runs round the library.

I looked up, but said nothing. In fact, no one uttered a word, but I noticed that the Duke and his sister exchanged glances and then looked at me. I had the impression that no one else in the room had heard anything.

AFTER tea, the Duke spoke to his sister and then took me into his private room.

He said to me: **"You heard a noise while we were at tea. My sister and I saw that you heard it and that no one else did."**

He went on to tell me that that side of the Castle was haunted, and that that particular noise had been heard there for many years.

On one Sunday evening, when he was working in the library, it went on for an hour. "My sister," he said, "will tell you all about it."

Next day, when Lady Elspeth was out walking with me, she told me the story.

She was good enough to say that she and her brother regarded me as quite one of the "elect," since I was the only person besides themselves who had heard the noise.

She had been expecting to hear it, because when she went into the library before tea she saw "the old man."

This was the ghost of the Harper who was hanged at Inveraray by Montrose's men when they came up the glen in pursuit of the great Marquis of Argyll.

The Harper always appears in the Campbell tartan and is a harmless little old thing. She generally both sees and hears him; but the Duke only hears the noise.

The story struck me as strange because the present Castle is comparatively new, having been built in 1750 and not on the site of the previous building.

Probably the poor old man appears on the spot where the tree grew on which he was hanged.

Lady Elspeth went on to say that when we had gone in to tea she had distinctly seen the "little man" standing in the gallery. As for the others present, she was quite contemptuous about their attitude to ghosts.

It was more surprising that the Chamberlain and his wife had noticed nothing, while I, a mere Saxon, had heard the noises.

I suggested that the visit of the Bishop to the Castle was a good opportunity for putting the "little man" to rest, but she would not hear of this. He was, she said, a friend and in some sense a guardian; he was quite happy and never did anyone any harm.

A benevolent ghost. The harper of Castle Inveraray, who acts as a guardian to the Campbell clan by his warnings of approaching trouble.

Since that time I have often heard the Harper. In 1918, when I had lately recovered from a long and almost fatal illness, I was at Inveraray. I was put in the "Archie" Room, which is above the Green Library and like it has a turret attached.

During the whole of the fortnight of my stay I never ceased to be conscious of a presence in the bedroom and in the turret, which I used as a sitting-room.

I did not mention my sensations to anybody except the Duke's aunt, the late Mrs. Callander, of Ardkinglas and Cramond, who asked me which was my bedroom.

When I told her she said, "I know and have seen!" She then put her finger on her lips.

WHEN I was leaving Inveraray, Lady Elspeth walked down to the Lodge with me. I asked her why she had put me in that room, and she replied: "For your own good. My Aunt, Lady Mary Glyn, who was so ill here lately, would have died if she had not been placed in that room."

Other people have also seen the Harper. Lady George Campbell saw him in the Blue Room, which is in the same part of the Castle as the "Archie" Room, and one of her daughters saw him on the stairs.

During the night, the music of the harp is often heard. Last autumn Mrs. Ian Campbell was staying at the Castle and took her harp with her. She occupied the "Archie" Room, and kept the harp in the turret.

In the night she heard someone playing it, and it was, of course, the "little man." The lady had had the same experience on a former visit.

I was again staying at Inveraray in October, 1922, towards the end of the month. The Duke was not well, and had retired to bed early, having decided that he would not be able to attend the funeral next day of the Marquess of Breadalbane.

That evening Lady Elspeth and Mr. Ian Campbell, a lad of nineteen, who was Lord Walter Campbell's grandson and the Duke's second heir, were sitting together in the Green Library, to which a round turret room is attached.

Presently they heard great noises, as though books were being thrown about in the turret; and after a few minutes the doors from the turret into the library opened.

Nothing could be seen, but something had entered and was slowly and deliberately scuffling about the room.

Lady Elspeth and Mr. Ian Campbell ran upstairs to tell the Duke, who remarked that the visitor must be "the old man." **He must, the Duke said, have appeared on account of the funeral of Lord Breadalbane, such apparitions being by no means unusual on the death of great clansmen.**

A few days later the Duke wrote to me to tell me of these occurrences; and on the same day I had a letter from Lady Elspeth, in which she reported that "the Little Harper had been very active" about the time of the funeral.

It would seem that this was his way of showing his annoyance at the absence of the great Chief from the obsequies of his vassal.

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PULPIT *In The* GRILLROOM

Continued from Page 14

VERY slowly, very gracefully, her eyebrows raised in faint curiosity, the tremor of a smile upon her lips, Madame la Comtesse returned alone.

"So you have ventured to come and talk to this most unsociable uncle of mine, Captain Lyson," she remarked.

"I wanted him to give me an interview for my paper," I told her frankly. "I am afraid I've only succeeded in making him angry."

"Your continued presence," the Chevalier said coldly, "is of course a matter of taste. I have never willingly given an interview to a journalist in my life, and I never shall. When I leave this room it will be to make a formal complaint to the manager."

"I shouldn't if I were you," I advised him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked grimly.

"Retaliation," I pointed out, "would be so easy. One, at least, of the newspapers to-morrow morning would be wondering why, with all these mutterings of coming war, you should be found in the grill-room of an hotel—which, although it may be the best in the world, is also a hotbed of intrigue—entertaining the Prime Minister," I added with a little bow to the sallow gentleman with the black moustache, "of a country which is aching to make war, but starving at the same time for the means of making it. And why the sudden appearance of that red-faced, smooth-tongued Irishman should have broken up your party——"

There was in the Chevalier's grim visage, as he looked for a few seconds steadily at me, the one desire in life which is unmistakable—the desire to kill. I knew very well that there were corners of the world into which we both had penetrated where hundreds would have been ready to obey his will, and my life would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

"I think," the Comtesse whispered, "you had better go. My uncle is not strong, and he has had enough excitement for this evening."

"My niece is right," the Chevalier assented. "You had better go, young man. You may take your melodramatic trash to any newspaper you like, but I promise you this—the paper that prints it will not last another week. Tell them that when you hand in your copy, if you have the courage. One week. It takes men of courage to go to war; but newspapers can be bought. As for journalists——"

The Chevalier went suddenly dumb. His lips for a few seconds seemed glued together. The Comtesse touched my hand with icy fingers.

"Please go," she whispered.

Julie greeted me on my return to our table with a smile half amused, half sympathetic. We drank to one another across the table.

"What did you say to make him so furious?" she asked.

I sampled the last glass of the Piesporter and found it as good as the first. I allowed myself one more glance at the adjoining table whilst I was signing my bill.

"I was giving him the journalistic point of view," I explained. "I am just beginning to realise what that little party means. The arch-butcher of the world, the man who has sunk millions in the purchase of every sort of weapon of destruction, his vis-a-vis the Prime Minister of a country whose rulers are groaning for the means to arm their troops, the most beautiful woman who was ever born in Provence, and a red-haired vulgarian who came and went like an exotic thunderstorm."

Julie laughed gaily, yet underneath it all I knew that she was thinking. Those little lines on her delicate forehead meant inspiration. The sparkle in her eyes remained after the laugh itself had passed.

"I have the great idea, Charles," she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "We leave now. We report progress. You are clever, my friend, but even you have not the brain of the old one. All worth knowing that has passed at that table against the wall attaches itself to the coming and going of the large man with the untidy clothes and red hair. What has she done with him, I wonder, that little Comtesse?"

"We will consult the old one," I agreed.

THE pulpit, as everyone called Louis' high-backed easy-chair, was empty. A maitre d'hotel, who had evidently been on the look out for us, hurried up.

"Monsieur Louis has left us for the evening," he announced. "He would be glad to see Monsieur in his room."

We made our way there. Louis was seated at his desk, his crutches leaning against its side, and the small carriage which he used for longer journeys was up against the wall. A directory with a green cover was open in front of him. He closed it hastily on our arrival and replaced it in his drawer.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"A bad night, Louis," I confessed. "I don't know quite where we went wrong, but somehow or other we gave ourselves away."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"Alas," Julie intervened, "it was unmistakable. All the time we spoke softly, I made the google eyes at Charles here and he did his best, poor man, to respond. It was not a very good best!"

"I am too sincere," I ventured.

Louis frowned slightly.

"I only want facts just now," he reminded us. "Something gave you away. What happened then?"

"They seemed to change the whole tone of their conversation. They pretended to be whispering, but it was a whisper we were meant to hear. They pretended never to look at us, and all the time we could scarcely fail to see their stealthy glances. The Comtesse would touch the Chevalier's elbow and move her head slightly in our direction. Once she touched her lips with her fingers. It all became too obvious. They wrote down the names of the places and then whispered others so that we could hear. Avonmouth they spoke of oftenest. Plymouth, Poole, Guernsey and Lowestoft now and then. All that we could gather was that there were some ships somewhere which could be moved if the money were forthcoming."

"There was no interruption?" Louis asked. "No visitor to their table?"

"But certainly there was—a queer one, too," Julie replied.

He motioned her to keep silent. His eyes were still fixed upon mine.

"They were accosted by a man," I confided, "whose presence I believe was a great embarrassment to them. This time I do not think they were acting. They hated his coming, and finally the Comtesse took him off."

"You know who he was?"

"I have no idea," I confessed. "He was a big man, dressed in ill-fitting grey clothes and indifferent linen. He had a tousled mass of red hair, a typical South of Ireland face, and a mouth like a bulldog's. Incidentally, he spoke with a strong Irish broque."

"What was your impression," Louis asked softly, "of the relations existing between this unwelcome visitor and the other three?"

"The guest at the table seemed simply surprised. The Chevalier was furious. The Comtesse a little afraid at first—afterwards all over the fellow. It was she who took him away."

"Where to?"

"I have no idea," I admitted. "They just turned to the left and made their way towards the grand foyer. She had the air of one who was humoring a person whom it was necessary to get rid of. I am inclined to think that his Irish accent and his excitable state were neither of them assumed."

Louis nodded thoughtfully. For some reason or other his attention seemed to have wandered. Even I, who was used to his moods, found his present one incomprehensible. He had the appearance of one who had precipitated his thoughts almost into another world. When at last I broke the silence, he seemed for a moment dazed, surprised to find me waiting by his side.

"I am afraid some way or other, Louis," I confessed, "we made a mess of things. I'm sorry, but there it is. Our little effort at espionage was a failure."

Louis pulled himself together.

"Perhaps not entirely," he began hesitatingly.

"Then let us find out where the Comtesse has taken the man with the red hair," Julie broke in. "We can easily discover that."

I looked expectantly at Louis. There was never anything more definite in the world than his shake of the head.

"For to-night it is finished, Julie," he pronounced. "We will even ask for your adieux, little one. You must leave us quickly, please."

With a fascinating whisk of her draperies, she left the room. Louis motioned to the chair over which I had been leaning.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," he said, "I am sorry if I disappoint you, but this affair to which I have introduced you is finished."

"Have I made such a mess of it as all that?" I complained.

"I will not pay you compliments," Louis replied, "because it is by chance that you have become the man who has moved the mountain. You have involved yourself in a business, however, which is too great for you, and too dangerous. I have been in communication with our Chief. He is on his way down here."

"You mean that you are going to chuck me?" I asked in astonishment. "I have a theory——"

"Keep it to yourself," Louis advised earnestly. "The next step is not far away, but men will lose their lives before it is taken. You are not a militant, nowadays, Lyson. You are one of the most useful members of our circle; but this affair which approaches is one of life and death, and the chances are something like five to one in favor of death. The Chief will know how to deal with it."

This was the time I became obstinate.

"Louis," I argued, "wherever this enterprise may lead, I have a great advantage over anyone else who might be handling it. I am a genuine newspaper man. I am working for my journal. I am seeking news. If the Chief sends any of his ordinary staff—even the Scotland Yard branch—if they are discovered they have no motive but one, and you know what will happen to them if this is such an affair as I believe it is. I am about the only person who can walk into it without serious risk."

I had given Louis matter for thought. He made no immediate answer.

"You shall plead your own case," he decided. "The Chief is on his way here."

"What—through the hotel—here?" I asked in astonishment.

Louis smiled.

"Not quite. We have several private ways into this room, and there is one by which no one ever travels except the Chief. Do me a service quickly, please. Slip through and close the entrance door to the flat and, if Julie is still about, tell her to go at once to her room—as quickly as possible, if you please."

Within sixty seconds I had passed through the adjoining salon and bolted the door, pushed back the curtain leading to the domestic side of the flat, pointed along it, kissed Julie good-night, and was back again in Louis' study in time to see the left door of the dummy fire-escape open and the real mystery man of the English Secret Service make his unobtrusive entrance.

The newcomer waved his hand and motioned Louis to resume his seat. He looked at me searchingly, but offered no greeting—a fact which caused me no embarrassment because I knew his habits.

"You are Lyson, aren't you?" he said quietly. "I have your record. What about this effort of yours in journalism?"

"I have found it of the greatest assistance to me in two cases," I replied. "It gives me a definite entree into places where my interference might otherwise cause suspicion."

"It remains in the background as compared with your other activities?" he asked.

"Entirely," I answered.

"Very well," he said. "I understand from Louis' message that you saw something of the Chevalier tonight. Tell me what happened."

I repeated as briefly as possible what I had confided to Louis.

"Did you take particular notice of the man with the tousled red hair?" he asked.

"I did, sir."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Not yet, sir."

My questioner smiled faintly, then he glanced at his watch.

"You live upon the premises, I understand, Captain Lyson," he said. "Go and pack your bag and return here in twenty minutes. Louis will then hand you your instructions."

"Passport?" I asked.

"You will be crossing to Ireland," was the brief reply. "I always like to encourage the young, Captain Lyson," my Chief went on, with a slight smile. "Your observations of this evening have helped us to decide a very knotty point. You will know all about it a little later on."

He made the smallest possible gesture of his head towards the door. I hurried out. An hour and a half later I was seated in a comfortable corner of a first-class carriage in the Irish Mail on my way to Holyhead.

The man with the tousled red hair and the exuberant manner, who had accosted the Chevalier in the grill room of the Milan, appeared to be a very different person when I made my bow to him about a week later in the audience chamber of his official residence in the City of Ballydaghan. He eyed me ungraciously when his secretary ushered me into the room, and merely pointed with his penholder to a chair opposite to him.

"An' what can I be doin' for ye?" the man whom I had come to visit asked abruptly.

"I sent in my card, sir," I reminded him. "My name is Lyson. I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Michael O'Grady, Lord Mayor of Ballydaghan."

"Ye have. What about it?"

"Also," I went on, "Mayor of the Harbor City of Daghan."

He looked at me penetratingly. His eyes were a great deal clearer than when I had last seen him, and his whole appearance was more formidable.

"Well?"

"As Mayor of the Harbor City," I continued, "Your Worship has the right to admit any craft you choose into the special moorings, wharves and docks belonging to the city."

"An' what business is that of yours?"

"I am coming to that," I promised. "You have already admitted and given special moorings to three freight steamers—one English, the Idona, and two Norwegian, the Nordicka and the Kalarette. They lie in the inner basin of wharf number fifteen."

THERE was a dangerous glint in the eyes of the Mayor of the Harbor City of Daghan as he looked across the table. His right hand had strayed into a half-open drawer. I knew perfectly well what he was feeling, but I was confident that he would not shoot me until he had discovered what my business was.

"So ye have been spying around me docks?"

I shook my head.

"I found them too closely guarded," I told him. "What I have seen of the interior of wharf number fifteen I saw from a small Moth yesterday afternoon."

The Mayor sighed regretfully.

"I saw ye," he grunted, "an' if I had had an anti-aircraft gun, it's in the basin ye would have been by now."

"Pity you didn't know," I observed. "The Kalarette—one of the Norwegian boats—is full of them."

"Will ye be givin' me a chance to say a few words before the funeral?" the Mayor of the Harbor City of Daghan demanded.

"I certainly shall," I assured him. "I want to arrive first at a clear understanding. You have given free harborage, Your Worship, to at least two steamers laden to their utmost capacity with rifles, guns and ammunition, the property of a world-famous speculator, who is gambling with his millions on the probability of a war in a country where a revolution is already in progress."

"An' why not?" the Mayor demanded. "Why should we be botherin' what sort of a cockpit the armament speculators may make of Europe? I am the ruler of these parts, an' I have the right to admit what craft I choose into me harbor."

"Who denies it?" I answered. "I may not come here as a philanthropist, but I am certainly not a critic. If you will listen to me, Mr. Mayor, I can save you from a very bitter disappointment."

Please turn to Page 18

THIS IS CLAIMED to be the smallest table-service in the world. It is so light that fifteen pieces weigh no more than two postcards. The whole service has 150 pieces and belongs to the Italian Royal house. Its real delicacy and fine finish can only be appreciated through a microscope. —Air Mail photo.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

SHE: I think that the Browns are an ideal match.

HE: Yes, the least friction will cause a flare-up.

THE GIRL: That thing I just played awakens memories—it will haunt me forever.
THE MUSICIAN: It ought to—you murdered it!

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I want to settle an argument—is this a genuine panama or isn't it?"

". . . And I told the head warder if I didn't get better attention in this place, I'd leave."

How Long Have You Had That Horrible Skin Eruption?

Perhaps as long as you can remember. Now just go to the nearest chemist for a tin of Cuticura Ointment and apply it liberally. You will speedily have visible proof of its astounding power to heal Eczema.

Itching and burning stop the very instant Cuticura touches the skin. Then its soothing, healing, germ-killing medicaments soak to the very heart and core of the disease. Inflammation dies down, discharge dries up and scaling stops. The eruption quickly fades and finally disappears.

So sure and rapid is the healing power of Cuticura Ointment that countless cases of 20, 30 and even 40 years standing have completely recovered in a few days. Often one tin is enough.

GET A TIN AND START YOUR HEALING TO-DAY!

Cuticura OINTMENT

THERE'S HEALING IN EVERY TOUCH

A MAGICAL HEALER for Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Bad legs, Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and all Itching, Scaling Eruptions of the Skin and Scalp.

★ *The soap you use is very important. Until healing is complete use only Cuticura Soap which is especially soothing to the skin.*

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

LADY (viewing pompous gentleman): He's a baronet, eh? How did he get his baronetcy?
Friend: Tobacco.
Lady: How many coupons?

"WE are selling these cars by the dozen."
"Well, how much a dozen are they?"

"MARY, did anyone call while I was out?"
"Yes; Mr. Snooks."
"Snooks—Snooks? I don't know anybody of that name."
"Probably not, mum; he called to see me."

PROSPECTIVE GOVERNESS: I'm not interested in the position. I didn't realise you had thirteen children.
Mistress: Don't tell me you're superstitious!

HE: I was out with a nurse last night.
She: Well, cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go without one soon.

THE new vicar was calling on the residents of his parish and in one house he found a woman listening to the radio.
Pointing to the set, he said kindly: "Don't you think it would look much better if in place of that radio you had a baby in a cot?"
"Well, if you say so, I suppose it's right," she said, "only I'm a spinster."

DINER: Here, waiter, I've found a button in the salad.
Waiter: Sorry, sir. It must have come off when the salad was dressing.

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PULPIT *In The* GRILLROOM

Continued from Page 16

HE looked at me as though I were something he particularly disliked. I knew perfectly well that he would rather throw me out of the room than listen. What saved him and me was a vein of natural shrewdness which triumphed over his prejudices.

"Get on with it," he invited.

So I went on with it. In a very few minutes I had made a full disclosure of that curious array of facts passed on to me by my Chief and the head of MI7B in Louis' flat, during those few breathless moments before my rush to Euston.

With every word I uttered, the excitement of my auditor increased. I had finished and he was standing up, with a look of fury on his face and his thumb pressed to a bell-push, when he let me know my fate in a few blasphemous but convincing words.

"If it's the truth ye've bin tellin' me, me lad, it's the high spots ye'll be reaching. But if it's a lie, ye'll be at the bottom of the harbor to-night, and yer own mother wouldn't recognise ye when ye're dragged out."

"It will be the high spots," I assured him.

An hour later, side by side in a very sinister-looking motor boat, flying an exceedingly official flag, we made our way in and out of the crowded waterways of the harbor to where a single freight steamer—the Nordicka—flying the Norwegian flag, was lying anchored some quarter of a mile from the nearest wharf. I was seated between the Mayor of the Harbor City of Daghan and the Harbor-master. Three of the Harbor Police occupied the cabin.

"Will you refer to your papers, Mr. Mayor?" I asked.

"It's not necessary at all," was the gruff reply. "That's the Nordicka right enough. We'll go aboard her."

We shot round her hull to the port side. The gangway had been pulled up. The Harbor-master blew his whistle and the captain, struggling into his coat, made his appearance.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I'm the Mayor o' the City," the redhaired man called out. "This is the Harbor-master and those three are guards. We're comin' aboard. Let down yer gangway."

The evidences of authority were irresistible. The man did as he was told.

"What's all this?" he asked suspiciously.

"I'm goin' to examine yer cargo," the Mayor said. "It's me property, as ye're well aware. Where do ye suggest we begin?" he added, glowering at me.

I glanced at a packet of papers I was carrying, and we descended into the hold. The place was piled with cases. The Mayor pointed to one.

"Open that," he ordered.

The Captain shook his head doubtfully.

"I am not allowed to meddle with the cargo," he declared.

"Ye'll be in prison in an hour if ye don't," was the savage reply. "Them three men are Civic Guards and they'll give ye hell if ye don't do as ye're told. Here's me Harbor-master, too. Ye won't be disobeying his orders. Whatever's inside them cases is my property. Git on wid the job."

The Captain hesitated no longer. He blew his whistle. The boatswain and two seamen arrived, and in a few minutes several carpenters were at work. The lids of a dozen cases were soon prised off. The contents of every case consisted of a heterogeneous mass of scrap-iron.

"Try the other side," I suggested.

The Mayor, who was getting very red in the face, led the way. The same result was arrived at. He held up his hand.

"That's be all," he declared savagely. "Show us the way to yer cabin, Captain."

The cabin was a wooden structure on the forward deck. The Captain led us there, placed a bottle of whisky and some glasses upon the table and indicated seats. The others remained outside in a little bunch. The Mayor helped himself to whisky and pushed the bottle in my direction.

"Did ye know the nature o' yer cargo?" he asked the Captain.

"I did," the other answered. "I am not responsible."

"Ye have yer sailing orders?"

"Got them last night. I am Commodore, and my orders are to swap places with the captain of the Idona and to take her and the Katarette out to sea to-night, at the flow of the tide, on a certain course southward. I am to open papers for further orders at midnight."

"An' what will ye be doin' wid this craft here?"

"She's just got to stop where she is, until you have unloaded what may belong to you."

FOR about five minutes we were entertained by a volume of the most fluent and furious swearing I ever heard in my life. As its conclusion, the Mayor of the Harbor City of Daghan finished all the whisky that remained in the bottle, and called for the launch.

"And where might the Idona be lying?" he demanded.

"On our starboard beam. She's getting up steam."

The Mayor nodded.

"What might her cargo be?"

"Machine-guns."

"Where was she loaded?"

"Newcastle."

"Now listen to me, unless ye're lookin' for throuble and the devil of a lot of it," the Mayor said. "The man that sint ye those orders has no authority in these waters. I have. The Nordicka will stay where she is. The rest o' ye can git to hell out o' here!"

The Captain saluted.

"I'm puttin' a guard on this old hulk," the Mayor went on, rising to his feet. "The rest o' ye quit. That's clear? Come on, me lad," he wound up, turning to me. "That was a blazin' good idea ye whispered into me ear an hour or so ago. We'll see how it works."

We boarded the Idona, which was lying barely fifty yards away. The Master of the Nordicka led us down to the Captain's cabin. The latter, who was an Englishman, gazed at us in amazement.

"I'll be havin' ye know who we are, Captain," the man with the red tousled hair said, belligerently. "I am the Mayor of the Harbor City of Daghan. That's the Harbor-master behind me and we've the Harbor Police there, too. I hear ye're puttin' out to sea to-night."

The Captain glanced at the Master of the Nordicka in amazement. The latter shook his head helplessly.

"That's true, sir," he admitted. "I am changing over to the Nordicka myself, but the Katarette and the Idona are sailing."

"Hand over the ship's papers," the Mayor demanded. "I am takin' them over to the Customs House meself."

"The ship's papers?"

"Hand them over and no palaver. Ye'll get them back when I've done wid them," the Mayor promised. "Come on, you lads."

We made our way to the Katarette and went through the same programme. The Captain handed over his papers with obvious reluctance.

"But at midnight," he protested, "they must be here. We're to sail with the tide."

The Mayor, leading the way into the launch, turned round to the Captain, who followed him protesting.

"Here's your Commodore," he pointed out. "He'll lead ye out of the harbor all right, and he'll git your papers when the Customs officers have done wid them; but if ye'll take my advice, ye'll not hang around here five minutes after midnight."

We stepped into the launch.

"Git back to the Idona," the Mayor ordered the man at the wheel.

"But what will you do with our papers?" the Commodore demanded.

"Don't ye be wondering about that, me lad," the Mayor told him, as we drew up by the gangway of the Idona. "Here's yer ship. Git ye aboard and git ye out of this—ye and the Katarette—by midnight, according to orders given, and by the divil himself, if ye're here a quarter of an hour after the time, I'll have ye blown out of the water. Come along, me lad," he added, turning to me.

I shook my head.

"I'm going to make a passage on this old tub," I said. "I wouldn't miss the fun for anything."

"'Tis a pity—that. I might git to like ye a thrifle better if ye stopped the night wid me," he added, with something like a grin on his face. "I don't suppose ye've ever had a real drink of whisky."

We shook hands heartily, but I bade him farewell.

I told my story to Louis and the Chief some six or seven nights later. The latter, to whom some of the facts were already known, smiled with grim approval. Louis was a little bewildered.

"Don't you understand, Louis," I explained. "The Mayor of Ballydaghan was to have received the Nordicka laden to the brim with machine-guns, the possession of which would have made him easily the most popular man in the country, as a reward for sheltering the Katarette and the Idona in his harbor until the time when they could have been safely delivered over to the gentleman who was dining the other night.

"THE Chevalier tried to be too clever, however, and though the Idona and the Katarette carried a full cargo of machine guns, the Nordicka had nothing packed away in her hold but a lot of scrap-iron. It is not my place to suggest where the information came from, but MI7B has agents, of course, in the Harbor City of Daghan and it was through one of them, I suppose, that I received word of what had happened."

Louis was still perplexed.

"But tell me," he asked, "why would a cargo of arms and ammunition be of such value to the Mayor of Ballydaghan?"

"Don't you understand, Louis," I told him, a little impatiently perhaps, "that the Irish are born fighters? Ballydaghan is a city of fighting men. The city is rapidly becoming a harborage for Communists. The increase of their influence in the city is a terrible menace, and the possession of that shipload of arms would mean just the difference between security and danger."

"Ah, but now I understand," Louis said. "But there is one thing more. How did the other two boats put out to sea without their papers?"

"Well, as soon as His Worship realised that he had been sold," I explained, "he went completely mad. He not only ordered the other two vessels out of the harbor—they were leaving anyway at midnight—but he carried out a little idea of my own and he made derelicts of them. He confiscated their papers, forced them to leave and curiously enough, they steamed right into the jaws of a British gunboat, the Hero, who took us into Plymouth."

The Chief smiled.

"I think," he decided, "this young friend of ours almost deserves a pat on the back."

Louis pressed a bell by his side.

"I will give him something which I think we shall all appreciate better," he remarked. "One of the last bottles of my 1899 Veuve Clicquot Rosee."

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AND aren't they a happy family group! Here's a bright new study of the famous Dionne Quintuplets, having a great game with Doctor Dafoe. Marie and Cecile are perched in his lap, while Emilie, Yvonne, and Annette rally round.

The Quintuplets were tiny and weak when they came into the world on May 28, 1934. Each weighed about 2¼lb. Now they are as robust and strong as anyone could ask.

What science has found out about them will be told in the Australian Women's Weekly in a fascinating new series of articles, beginning this week on Page 3. The articles will be illustrated with the latest pictures of the "Quins."

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 8

"STIFF as a poker," said Hay. "Prussian style. They call him the Stabs-Captain."

"He's nice enough to look at," conceded Lady Georgiana, adjusting the folds of her olive-brown pelisse. "But he's only eighteen, and can't signify."

"Georgy!" protested Hay.

She laughed. "Well, but you don't signify either, Hay: you know you don't! You are just a boy."

"Wait until we go into action!"

"Certainly, yes! You will perform prodigies, and be mentioned in despatches, I have no doubt at all. I daresay the Duke will write of you in the most glowing terms. 'General Maitland's A.D.C., Ensign Lord Hay——'"

There was a general laugh.

"'I have every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of Ensign Lord Hay,'" said Hay in a prim voice. "Old Hookey write in glowing terms! That's good!"

"Hush, now! I won't hear a word against the Duke. He's quite the greatest man in the world."

It was not to be expected that Mr. Creevey, a confirmed Whig, could allow this generous estimate to pass unchallenged. Under cover of the noise of cheerful argument, Sir Peregrine Taverner moved to where his brother-in-law stood in front of the fire, and said in a low voice: "I suppose you don't know when the Duke is expected in Brussels, Worth?"

"No, how should I?" replied Worth in his cool way.

"I thought you might have heard from your brother."

"Your sister had a letter from him about a week ago, but he did not know when he wrote when the Duke would be free to leave Vienna."

"He ought to be here. However, I'm told that since Lord Hill came out the Prince has not been talking any more of invading France. I suppose it's true he was sent to keep the Prince quiet?"

"I expect your information is quite as good as mine, my dear Peregrine."

Sir Peregrine Taverner had attained the mature age of twenty-three, had been three years married, and two years out of the Earl of Worth's guardianship, and was besides the father of a pair of hopeful children, but he still stood a little in awe of his brother-in-law. He accepted the snub with a sigh, and merely said: "One can't help feeling anxious, you know. After all, Worth, I'm a family man now."

The Earl smiled. "Very true."

"I DON'T think, if I had known Boney would get away from Elba, I should have taken a house in Brussels at all. You must admit it is not a comfortable situation for a mere civilian to be in." He ended on a slightly disconsolate note, his gaze wandering to the scarlet splendor of Lord Hay.

"In fact," said the Earl, "you would like very much to buy yourself a pair of colors."

Sir Peregrine grinned sheepishly. "Well, yes, I would. One feels confoundedly out of it. At least, I daresay you don't, because you are a military man yourself."

"My dear Perry, I sold out years ago!" The Earl turned away from his young relative as he spoke, for Lady Georgiana had got up to take her leave.

Beside Judith Worth's golden magnificence, Lady Georgiana seemed very tiny. She submitted to having her pelisse buttoned close to her throat by her tall friend, for even on this 4th day of April the weather still remained chilly; stood on tiptoe to kiss Judith's cheek; promised herself the pleasure of meeting her at Lady Charlotte Greville's that evening; and went off under Hay's escort to join her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, at the Marquis D'Assche's house at the corner of the park.

Since Mr. Creevey showed no immediate disposition to go away, Lady Worth sat down again, and made kind inquiries after his wife and step-daughters. One of the Misses Ord, he confided, had become engaged to be married. Lady Worth exclaimed suitably, and Mr. Creevey, beaming all over his kindly face, disclosed the name of the fortunate man. It was Hamilton; yes, Major Andrew Hamilton, of the Adjutant-General's staff; an excellent fellow! Between themselves, Hamilton kept him pretty well informed of what was going on. He got all the news from France, but under pledge of strict secrecy. Lady Worth would understand that his lips were sealed. "And you, too," he added, fixing his penetrating gaze upon her, "I daresay you have information for your private ear, eh?"

"I?" said Lady Worth. "My dear Mr. Creevey, none in the world! What can you be thinking of?"

He looked arch. "Come, come, isn't Colonel Audley with the Great Man?"

"My brother-in-law! Yes, certainly he is in Vienna, but I assure you he doesn't tell me any secrets. We don't even know when we may expect to see him here."

He was disappointed, for news, titbits of scandal, interesting confidences whispered behind sheltering hands, were the breath of life to him. However, since there was nothing to be learned from his hostess, he had to content himself with settling down to what he called a comfortable prose with her. He had already told her, upon his first coming into her salon, of a singular occurrence, but he could not resist adverting to it again: it was so very remarkable. Sir Peregrine had not been present when he had first related the circumstance, so he nodded to him and said: "You will have heard of the new arrivals, I daresay. I was telling your good sister about them."

"THE KING?" said Peregrine. "The French King, I mean? Is he really coming to Brussels? I did hear a rumor, but someone said it was no such thing."

"Oh, the King!" Mr. Creevey waved his Sacred Majesty aside with one plump hand. "I was not referring to him—though I have reason to believe he will remain in Ghent for the present. Paltry fellow, ain't he? No, no, something a little more singular—or so it seemed to me. Three of Boney's old Marshals, no less! I had the good fortune to see them all arrive, not ten days ago. There was Marmont, who went to the Hotel d'Angleterre; Berthier, to the Duc d'Aremberg's; and Victor—now where do you suppose? Why, to the Hotel Wellington, of all places in the world!"

"How ironic!" remarked Worth, who had come back into the room from seeing his other guests off. "Is it true, or just one of your stories, Creevey?"

"No, no, I promise you it's quite true! I knew you would enjoy the joke."

Lady Worth, who had accorded the tale at this second hearing no more than a polite smile, said in a reflective tone: "It is certainly very odd to think of Marmont in particular being in the English camp."

"The Allied camp, my love," corrected the Earl, with a sardonic smile.

"Well, yes," she admitted, "but you know I can't bring myself to believe that the Dutch-Belgian troops count for much, while as for the Prussians, the only one I have laid eyes on is General Roder, and—well——!" She made an expressive gesture. "He is always so stiff, and takes such stupid offence at trifles, that it puts me out of all patience with him."

"Yes, he will never do for the Duke," agreed Mr. Creevey. "Hamilton was telling me there is no dealing with him at all. He thinks himself insulted if any of our officers remain seated in his presence. Such stuff! A man who sets so much store by all that ceremonious nonsense won't do for the Duke's headquarters. They couldn't have made a worse choice of Commissioner. There's another man, too, who they say will never do for the Duke." He nodded, and pronounced: "Our respected Quartermaster-General!"

"Oh, poor Sir Hudson Lowe! He is very stiff also," said Lady Worth. "People say he is an efficient officer, however."

"I daresay he may be, but you know how it is with these fellows who have served with the Prussians: there's no doing anything with them. Well, no doubt we shall see some changes when the Beau arrives from Vienna.'

"If only he would arrive! It is very uncomfortable with him so far away. One cannot help feeling uneasy. Now that all communication with Paris has been stopped, war seems so very close. Then Lord Fitzroy Somerset and all the Embassy people being refused passports to come across the frontier, and having to embark from Dieppe! When our Charge d'Affaires is treated like that it is very bad, you must allow."

"Yes," interjected Peregrine, "and the best of our troops being in America. That is what is so shocking. I don't see how any of them can be brought back in time to be of the least use. When I saw the Prince he was in expectation of war breaking out at any moment."

"No chance of that, I assure you. Young Frog don't know what he's talking about. Meanwhile, we have some very fine regiments quartered here, you know."

"We have some very young and inexperienced troops," said Worth. "Happily, the cavalry did not go to America."

"Of course, you were a Hussar yourself; but you must know very well there's no sense in cavalry without infantry," replied Peregrine knowledgeably. "Only to think of all the peninsular veterans shipped off to that curst American war! Nothing was ever so badly contrived."

"It is easy to be wise after the event, my dear Perry."

Please turn to Page 22

NIGHTFALL

The veils of evening drift to earth,
They are silver and pink and mauve,
The clouds are ships, with sails of fire,
And they ride where the night winds rove.
The stars are strung along the sky,
And their tinselly lights hang low,
And one tree curves across the moon
Like a heavenly archer's bow.

—*EDITH BECKETT.*
Milperra, N.S.W.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, M.-G.-M. star, chooses brown non-crushable linen trimmed with white braid for her sailor frock. Two large buttons decorate the belt.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

MENTAL FREEDOM

WOMEN are man-hunters; for generations they have been so termed. Why?

Why should we allow our sex to be scorned and abused for man-hunting propensities when we know that these are largely products of economic conditions?

Yearly hundreds of girls commence to battle for their living without the education or training to cope with the task. They crowd to factories, shops, domestic service, earning the noble sum of 10/- to £1 per week, and devoid of educational or financial facilities to enable them to rise much higher. The work is uncongenial and hard, they loathe it, but what escape have they? One in a hundred has the tenacious ambition to surmount these circumstances, the rest can only invest what little they have in cosmetics, seeking by every art to make themselves attractive to the local youths — their only avenue of escape. Thus does matrimony become a farce.

Cannot we agitate for restoration of woman's dignity through the mental freedom which would result if every girl had more than primary education to widen her outlook and a reasonable chance of earning a livelihood?

£1 for this letter to Miss K. M. Hughes, Box 3480RR, G.P.O., Sydney.

❖ ❖ ❖

MODERN READING

THE average young married people of to-day have much more artistic and attractive homes than did their parents, and, yet, despite the harmony of modern color and design, there seems to me to be something lacking!

Where are the bookshelves filled with old favorites that inspired and made happy many a lonely hour of the older generations? Have the libraries, the large influx of novels and detective yarns flooding the markets destroyed that worthy desire of ownership, or do the modern young folk care less for reading?

Mrs. M. A. Davis, 20 Milton Avenue, Fullarton, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

CARELESS ATTIRE

DISCUSSIONS are always raging regarding alleged carelessness in women's house attire, but in my opinion there is an equal amount of carelessness shown by the male population after business hours.

Very few even dream of shaving on Sundays, and many have adopted the awful habit of parading through the house and garden barefooted.

I have no desire to see men spend the week-end in heavy shoes and high collars, but with such a range of sports shoes on the market and all other needs comfortably catered for, there is no need for carelessness.

Barbara Duncan, 59 Bland Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPEAK OUT!

I THINK it is time that women of high moral standards spoke out about some of the evils of to-day. Certainly, it is good to be tolerant and broad-minded, but if you have principles you should be prepared to defend them.

I'm tired of flabbiness which calls itself "broad-minded," and of moral courage which refuses to speak at the right moment—afraid of offending other people.

If all women who believe in the decencies of life are silent, and allow others to do all the talking, the world isn't likely to improve.

Women should fight for their ideals.

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen Street, Ararat, Vic.

Should Wives Receive Weekly Wage?

I, TOO, was interested in the question raised recently in the Press whether wives should receive wages or not. But I take a different view from W. Cruse (1/1/'38.)

Most certainly wives should receive a small amount each week which they can call their own. Wives do get the biggest part of a man's wages, but how many will spend it on themselves while bills are to be paid?

Mrs. A. T. Jones, Mulwala P.O., N.S.W.

Unnecessary Item

A THRIFTY and reliable wife, I think, understands that her husband, who willingly hands over his weekly wage to her, is quite content to see his money spent as she thinks fit. With that understanding between them, she does not expect any weekly wage any more than he expects an over-supply of pocket-money.

Household expenses of various kinds, with perhaps a little saving, occupy the careful wife's attention. A weekly wage for a wife is unnecessary and not to be expected.

Mrs. H. G. Paahen, c/o. Mrs. N. S. Sutherland, Seabrook St., Kedron, Brisbane.

Feeling of Independence

WIVES should have pocket money, apart from the necessary housekeeping allowance.

I have heard a man say to his wife when she has displayed a new hat, "I knew you were cutting out the luxuries."

Why should a man have a few shillings pocket money and deny it to his wife? We all like the feeling of independence gained when we handle our own few shillings.

Mrs. E. H. Wallace, Rock Valley, via Lismore, N.S.W.

Best Plan?

IT seems to be the idea in many homes for the wife to handle all the money. This seems to me to be most unfair.

A certain amount should be set aside weekly to pay for everything in the home. The remainder should be equally shared between husband and wife as pocket-money.

Mrs. H. A. De Low, 65 Hillcrest Ave., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Shouldn't Expect Them

W. CRUSE is quite right in his views as to wives receiving wages. The average man has quite enough to do to meet household expenses without paying wages to his wife. As long as the wife is kept well and given all the necessities of life I see no reason why she should ask for them.

R. E. Carr, c/o C. E. Padgham, Cowell, S.A.

Happiest Wife!

ACTUALLY, the wife of the average fair-minded artisan has a much squarer deal than her middle-class sister.

Usually the former has the handling of all her husband's wages, and after

Should she have to ask for every penny?

paying all expenses, if she is a good manager, can bank a little each week.

This arrangement makes her feel on an equal basis with her husband, it brings out the best in her, and wages for herself don't come into the question.

On the other hand, the wife of the average middle-class man is only allowed to handle the housekeeping money.

Does not the wife of the artisan win every time?

M. G. Atkinson, Post Office, Caulfield East, Vic.

Qualities Needed to Attain Success

YOUTH of to-day certainly enjoys to the full, as never before, what privileges this world has to offer; and so we hear it called a "world for youth." But not in the way Miss Dudfield (1/1/'38) asserts!

For it is experience that must stand at the helm and steer us through those turbulent seas that go to make up life as a whole.

The youth who comes along, not knowing, or caring, what danger lurks around the corner, must come to grief; for the simple reason that he is unprepared and unequipped to face unknown danger.

Young men and women are courageous and daring, I know, and always trying to forge ahead, but without experience to back them up they cannot win.

Unfortunately, experience only comes with time—and time is fatal to youth.

E. Blackledge, 33a Penshurst Ave., Penshurst, N.S.W.

Youth's Courage

YOUTH'S courage knows no limit. It steps in where angels fear to tread. It embarks upon schemes experienced age would never tackle, and where it does not succeed it opens up new ideas. It will stop at nothing that absorbs its interest, and will work at its objective with industry, not because it knows how, but because it thinks it knows.

It is the spirit of youth that wins through always. Its persistence knows no end, while experience subsides into a rocking chair, and leaves its problems to another generation.

A. J. Grant, Wingello House, 7 Angel Place, Sydney.

Housing Scheme

ONE wonders if something cannot be done for old-age pensioners, who, by force of circumstances, are left to live alone.

They are quite capable of attending to their own personal needs, and only require one room at the rent they can afford—about 6/- a week.

Some scheme providing for small flats built round a plot of garden, allowing the pensioners to look after themselves, would be a definite blessing for the people and a paying proposition for some enterprising builder.

Miss O. Paddison, 38 Roslyn Gardens, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Understand Problems

I CANNOT possibly agree with Miss Dudfield, nor could any thoughtful person.

She admits the ignorance of youth which rushes in "where angels fear to tread." But can we anywhere find an example of fame, high positions of honor or any worthwhile place in the country having been won on a foundation of ignorance?

Those who have succeeded are not those irresponsibles who refuse to see obstacles, but those who, having seen and recognised them as such, have steadfastly set themselves to overcome them.

Mrs. D. McGrath, sen., Timmsvale P.O., via Ulong, N.S.W.

Not Age for Youth!

MISS DUDFIELD delightfully says that to-day is the age for youth.

What grounds has she for saying this? These days, influence and money count for more than ability or the high exuberance of youth. Young people full of ideals and plans soon meet with setbacks in this mundane world.

Nor do I think the youthful spirit all conquering, as Miss Dudfield declares. It has not the strong, enduring fibre that experience has, the ability to take knocks and still keep to the task in hand.

Miss Gordon, Stone Street, South Perth.

Do Hikers Pass By Nature's Beauty?

I DO not agree with Mrs. D. Graham (1/1/'38) when she says that hikers do not appreciate the beauty of the country through which they are passing.

Apparently Mrs. Graham has only noticed one or two hiking parties who were in a hurry to reach their destination, and consequently oblivious of surrounding scenery.

No time to admire?

As a rule, the average hiking party methodically plans the route it will take, makes a certain destination, and then sets out to enjoy the day's trip.

Australia can boast of some of the finest scenery in the world, and one will often see a party of hikers who have called a halt to admire these scenes.

Miss B. Granways, 206 Shaftesbury Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Few "Speed Hogs"

MRS. GRAHAM draws a picture of one type of hiker—a type which is in the minority—and omits to mention the majority, who do find in their walks an opportunity to see the countryside at its best. I often think that these hikers see the most of the countryside—far more than people in cars, the speed of which prevents them from taking in the beauty.

Since hiking became so popular, I think many people have seen and appreciated more of the countryside than they ever knew existed. Speed-hogs in hiking circles are few and far between.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Pt., N.S.W.

HAPPY SOLITUDE

THE time has long since passed when it was not "quite nice" for a woman to go out to an entertainment alone! She must have at least another woman. The effect of the old convention still remains, however, for most women will not visit even the pictures without "someone to go with."

What is there more restful and delightful than to go to a picture show, day or night, quite alone, to choose one's own seat, also time for leaving, to be free of irritating comments at one's side? I am quite convinced that many women deny themselves this for the silly reason, "it looks as if they could not get anyone to go with them."

A great deal of housewifely nervousness and irritation would be at an end if women indulged in a little "aloneness."

Rose Couper, Dawn, 15 Deighton Road, South Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

TOURISTS' OPINIONS

IT is becoming increasingly noticeable that every "celebrated" visitor to our shores is urged to express his or her opinion of Australia and Australians. The visitor's remarks are quoted in a manner which indicates that he is a recognised authority on social problems, housing schemes—or, as the case may be, beauty culture and fashion.

In the majority of instances this is not so, and as the statement given can only relate to isolated experiences taken from a brief stay here it does not necessarily follow that the visitor has his finger on the true pulse of Australia.

This is belittling, and places us in the same position as a woman who is not quite sure of her appearance, and indicates the fact by frequently drawing attention to her costume, hat or other article of attire.

Constructive criticism, coming from a competent critic, is to be commended—but we should have no use for casual and frequently unthinking opinions.

It takes more than a few rushed weeks, filled with sightseeing and social activities, to gain a true insight of a land as large as Australia.

J. Bentley, 7 Whitton Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.

What Sufferers from

INDIGESTION

really want to know

If you are a constant sufferer from digestive pains, if heartburn, wind, acidity and griping pains tell you of serious digestive disorder, the one thing you ask is: "How can I get quick relief?"

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3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for mealtimes and happily comfortable afterwards.

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'AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 20

LADY WORTH, who had listened to many such discussions, interposed to give the conversation a turn towards less controversial subjects. She was assisted very readily by Mr. Creevey, who had some entertaining scandal to relate, and for the remainder of his visit nothing was talked of but social topics.

Of these there were many, since Brussels overflowed with English visitors. The English had been confined to their own island for so long that upon the Emperor Napoleon's abdication and retirement to Elba they had flocked abroad. The presence of an Army of Occupation in the Low Countries made Brussels a desirable goal. Several provident mammas conveyed marriageable daughters across the Channel in the wake of the Guards, while pleasure-seeking ladies such as Caroline Lamb and Lady Vidal packed up their most daring gauzes and established their courts in houses hired for an indefinite term in the best part of Brussels.

The presence of the Guards was not, of course, the only attraction offered by Brussels. Mr. Creevey, for instance, had brought his good lady to a snug little apartment in the Rue du Musee for her health's sake. Others had come to take part in the festivities attendant upon the long-exiled William of Orange's instatement as King of the Netherlands.

This gentleman, whom Mr. Creevey and his friends called the Frog, had been well known in London; and his elder son, the Hereditary Prince of Orange, was a hopeful young man of engaging manners, and a reputation for dashing gallantry in the field, who had lately enjoyed a brief engagement to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The breaking-off of the engagement by that strong-minded damsel, though it had made his Highness appear a trifle ridiculous in English eyes, and had afforded huge gratification to Mr. Creevey and his friends, did not seem to have cast any sort of cloud over the Prince's spirits. It was felt that gaiety would attend his footsteps; nor were the seekers after pleasure destined to be disappointed. Within its old ramparts, Brussels became the centre of all that was fashionable and light-hearted. King William, a somewhat uninspiring figure, was proclaimed with due pomp at Brussels, and if his new subjects, who had been quite content under the Bonapartist regime, regarded with misgiving their fusion with their Dutch neighbors, this was not allowed to appear upon the surface. The Hereditary Prince, who spoke English and French better than his native tongue, and who announced himself quite incapable of supporting the rigors of life at The Hague, achieved a certain amount of popularity which might have been more lasting had he not let it plainly be seen that although he liked his father's Belgian subjects more than his Dutch ones he preferred the English to them all. The truth was, he was never seen but in the society of his English friends, a circumstance which had caused so much annoyance to be felt that the one man who was known to have influence over him was petitioned to write exhorting him to more diplomatic behaviour. It was a chill December day when M. Fagel brought his Highness a letter from the English Ambassador in Paris, and there was nothing in the austere contents of the missive to make the day seem warmer.

A LETTER of reproof from his Grace the Duke of Wellington, however politely worded it might be, was never likely to produce in the recipient any other sensation than that of having been plunged into unpleasantly cold water. The Prince, with some bitter animadversions upon the tale-bearers in general, and his father in particular, sat down to write a promise to his mentor of exemplary conduct, and proceeded thereafter to fulfil it by entering heart and soul into the social life of Brussels.

But except for a strong Bonapartist faction the Bruxellois also liked the English. Gold flowed from careless English fingers into Belgian pockets; English visitors were making Brussels the gayest town in Europe, and Bruxellois welcomed them with open arms. They would welcome the Duke of Wellington too, when at last he should arrive. He had been received with enormous enthusiasm a year before, when he had visited Belgium on his way to Paris. He was Europe's great man, and the Bruxellois had accorded him an almost hysterical reception, even cheering two very youthful and self-conscious Aides-de-Camp of his who had occupied his box at the opera one evening. That had been a mistake, of course, but it showed the good-will of the Bruxellois. The Bonapartists naturally could not be expected to share in these transports, but it was decidedly not the moment for a Bonapartist to proclaim himself, and these gentry had to be content with holding aloof from the many fetes, and pinning their secret faith to the Emperor's star.

The news of Napoleon's landing in the south of France had had a momentarily sobering effect upon the merrymakers, but in spite of rumors and alarms the theatre-parties, the concerts, and the balls had still gone on, and only a few prudent souls had left Brussels.

There was, however, a general feeling of uneasiness. Vienna, where the Duke of Wellington was attending the Congress, was a long way from Brussels, and whatever the Prince of Orange's personal daring might be it was not felt that two years spent in the Peninsula as one of the Duke's Aides-de-Camp were enough to qualify a young gentleman not yet twenty-four for the command of an army to be pitted against Napoleon Bonaparte. Indeed, the Prince's first impetuous actions, and the somewhat indiscreet language he held, alarmed serious people not a little. The Prince entertained no doubt of being able to account for Bonaparte; he talked of invading France at the head of the Allied troops; wrote imperative demands to England for more men and more munitions; invited General Kleist to march his Prussians along the Meuse to effect a junction with him; and showed himself in general to be so magnificently oblivious of the fact that England was not at war with France that the embarrassed Government in some haste despatched Lieutenant - General Lord Hill to explain the peculiar delicacy of the situation to him.

The choice of mentor was a happy one. A trifle elated, the Prince of Orange was in a brittle mood, ready to resent the least interference in his authority. General Clinton, whom he disliked, and Sir Hudson Lowe, whom he thought a Prussianised martinet, found themselves unable to influence his judgment, and succeeded only in offending. But no one had ever been known to take offence at Daddy Hill. He arrived in Brussels looking more like a country squire than a distinguished general, and took the jealous young commander gently in hand. The anxious breathed again; the Prince of Orange might be in a little huff at the prospect of being soon relieved of his command, but he was no longer refractory, and was soon able to write to Lord Bathurst, in London, announcing the gratifying intelligence that although it would have been mortifying to him to give up his command to anyone else, to the Duke he could do it with pleasure; and could even engage to serve him with as great a zeal as when he had been his Aide-de-Camp.

"I shall never forget that period of my life," wrote the Prince, forgetting his injuries in a burst of enthusiasm. "I owe everything to it; and if I now may hope to be of use to my country it is to the experience I acquired under him that I have to attribute it."

SUCH a frame of mind augured well for the future; but the task of controlling the Prince's martial activities continued to be a difficult one. The British Ambassador to The Hague transferred his establishment to Brussels with the principal motive of assisting Lord Hill in his duty, and found it so arduous that he more than once wrote to the Duke to tell him now necessary was his presence in Brussels. "You will see that I have spared no efforts to keep the Prince quiet," wrote Sir Charles Stuart in his plain style . . . "Under these circumstances I leave you to judge of the extreme importance we all attach to your early arrival."

Meanwhile, though the Congress at Vienna might declare Napoleon to be hors la loi, every day saw French Royalists hurrying a little ignominiously over the frontier. Louis XVIII, yet another of Europe's uninspiring monarchs, removed his Court from Paris to Ghent, and placidly explained that he had been all the while impelled, in France, to employ untrustworthy persons because none whom he could trust were fit to be employed. Certainly it did not seem as though anyone except his nephew, the Duc d'Angouleme, had made the least push to be of use in the late crisis.

Please turn to Page 42

GIRLIGAGS

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YOUTH SEEKS ITS *Place in the* WORLD

What Jobs are Available to Those Leaving School?

Every year round about January, business houses experience what they regard as a natural phenomenon. It is a floodtide of youth fresh from school seeking employment.

What has the State to offer these youngsters leaving school every year? How far will they be able to carry their ambitions fostered at school to reality? Will they get dead-end jobs or an opportunity of worth-while employment?

A BUSINESS SCENE frequently witnessed these days. Eager youngsters fresh from school crowd to the staff offices of business organisations discussing prospects of employment and registering for future jobs.

THEN comes the question what work do they seek?

A few years ago every boy wanted to be an engine-driver. Now they all want to be aeroplane pilots or mechanics. Actually, the demand for aviation workers is still so small as to be almost negligible.

Similarly, many girls wish to become nurses and typists without any chance of obtaining a start in these vocations, and the young people of both sexes desiring to enter the professions find the number of would-be professionals greatly outweighs the available openings.

It is a time of mixed hopes and fears for both parents and children. The child who has been a brilliant success at school has not always the right temperament for battling his way into a good job in the business world; the boy who has excelled at sport may rebel against the monotony of a nine till six office occupation; the girl who has been shy and retiring may be miserable among more worldly associates in office or factory.

Unskilled Work

THROUGHOUT the 12 months more than 30,000 boys and girls leave school. Despite fluctuations in the demand for different types of labor the number of boys and girls who enter the different groups of employment remains much the same from year to year.

The Education Department's statistics show that more than 15,000 boys and more than 13,000 girls finish school during each year.

Fewer than 8000 boys and under 3000 girls continue their studies at the University, the Teachers' Training College, technical schools, agricultural and military colleges, business or domestic science colleges, and non-State schools.

Every year about thirty per cent. of the boys are sure of jobs as unskilled workers, such as milkmen, bread-carters or laborers.

The next highest percentage are clerks and shop assistants, and after them skilled trades or agricultural employment.

Partly because there is an affectation among girls that they will not need to work when they leave school, and partly because many girls spend a few months or a year at home helping their mothers when their school days are finished, the number of girls recorded as "no occupation" on leaving school is 64 per cent.

The highest percentage among girls' careers is for shop assistants, followed by factory work, then office work.

The vocational guidance bureau attached to the Department of Labor and Industry assists parents and children to decide the rather terrifying question of how boys and girls are going to carve a career for themselves or merely earn a living.

About twenty consultations a day take place at the bureau.

Most of the boys and girls have fairly determined views about what they want to do, but the careers they have chosen for themselves are not always suitable.

So great is the demand for boys and girls in offices that many young people are beginning work without business training and studying at night.

Though no official figures are available yet, it is expected that there will be a big increase in night school attendances and a falling off in day-time attendances at the business colleges.

A business college head said that in his 26 years' experience he has never known such a demand for office workers.

"For several months," he added, "we have been able to fill only a fifth of the jobs offered to our pupils.

Dead End Jobs

"THERE is always the danger that girls and boys who take up office work without training will finish up in dead-end occupations, so that it is advisable for them to attend night classes.

"But we would much prefer it if their parents would keep them away from work so that they could receive their business training first.

"At night school they need five months to learn what would take them a month by attending longer day classes.

"And at night, at the end of their day's work, they have only the last remnants of their mental energy. It is a big strain on growing boys and girls."

Boys Want More Romantic Jobs

MANY parents consult vocational guidance experts when their sons and daughters are leaving school to find out the job their child is best adapted to.

Girls, the experts say, have more practical ideas about their future than boys.

They choose professions or trades that are orthodox, like office work.

Boys, however, are more romantic. They want to be firemen, engine drivers, policemen, or aviators.

WOMEN ARE BETTER *Haters Than* MEN

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

When it comes to real hate, women surpass men, who forget more easily.

Such is the opinion of a learned legal expert of the British Divorce Courts on what he calls a cruel streak in feminine make-up.

On the matter of "getting their own back," women are far more persistent and vindictive than men, D. Grazebrook, learned counsel, told Justice Bucknill, an English Judge in Divorce, recently.

ELABORATING his view afterwards, Grazebrook said:

"In my experience women seem to be considerably more vindictive than men, particularly when the object of their hate is another woman.

"In many cases which have recently come under my notice they have gone to the most drastic lengths to 'get even.'

"There have been instances of jilted women who have refused to give evidence against their husbands for fear it would be sufficient to free the man and enable him to marry again."

MARGARET RAWLINGS, a West-End actress, who has become prominent in Britain by her clever psychological studies of such women, takes an entirely opposite view.

"Women no longer have the need to 'get their own back,'" she declared.

"Women to-day have more to do than men, and less time to do it in. They are too busy to worry their heads with silly spites. And they are bigger-minded than men. In my opinion it is the blustering male whose pride has been assailed who harbors malice."

A London police court missionary, with wide experience of domestic cases, however, agreed with Grazebrook's view that women were more intensive haters.

"Men seem to forget more quickly," the police court missionary said. "Women, too, appear to be more persistent in sticking up for what they consider their rights.

"If they think they have been wronged, they will never rest until they get satisfaction."

"Little Peach" Dance Offshoot of "Big Apple"

From Our New York Office.

NEW YORK'S ballroom dance creators are plucking their rhythms from the fruit tree.

First it was the Big Apple, referred to in The Australian Women's Weekly recently.

Now it's the Little Peach, hailed as the daughter of the Big Apple, which had its official introduction at the annual Miami Fashion Show and Ball.

In the dance the man represents the tree and his partner, appropriately enough, is a peach. The dance is acclaimed by feminine New York as ideally suited to fashion's currently full-skirted evening mode.

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QUEEN MARIE of Rumania is a lover of flowers. The picture shows her in a Madonna-like costume among the tulips in the Royal gardens at Bucharest.

HOW ROYAL LADIES *of the* WORLD SPEND *Their* LEISURE

Queen Elizabeth Loves Paintings and the Ballet

By MAURICE DEVEREUX, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Time was when the Kings and Queens of Britain and Europe had time and enough to spare for pleasure and their favorite hobbies. The coming of constitutional monarchy changed all that.

Increased responsibilities and duties connected with the life and social welfare of the nation leave crowned heads fewer and more restricted opportunities for real rest and relaxation than anyone else. Nor are Queens exempt.

THEY are expected to play an active and important part, helping their Royal husbands in their responsible work, attending an endless number of receptions, functions, and official engagements.

No man or woman could stand the strain of these arduous duties—for the strain, both mental and physical, is very great—if there was no time for personal interests and pursuits.

Our own Royal Family realise the truth of this and have always shown a keenness for useful hobbies and recreations which has endeared them still more to their people from the human point of view.

From her earliest youth Queen Elizabeth has shown a fondness for the arts, music and painting. At Glamis, her family's ancestral home, she developed her talent for painting and needlework. **One of Her Majesty's most charming pictures is a water-color of the Princess Royal as a child.**

QUEEN ELIZABETH spends a good deal of her leisure hours visiting art galleries. A painter of talent herself, she is a great admirer of the Old Masters, and a frequent visitor to art shows.

It was, no doubt, her keen color sense as well as her love of music which first attracted Her Majesty to ballet.

As Duchess of York she attended many performances, and soon after becoming Queen she honored with her presence a special charity display of ballet dancing in London.

It is a genuine pleasure for Her Majesty to watch the graceful movements of ballerinas or listen to good music.

Queen Elizabeth has always been keen on encouraging the arts and crafts of her native Scotland. Only recently it was reported that she was initiating Princess Elizabeth into the mysteries of collecting agates and other precious stones found over the Border.

Before returning to London from her Scottish holiday this year, Her Majesty had a long talk with Mr. Norval Serymgeour, a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, who specialises in collecting native gems.

From him Queen Elizabeth accepted for the Princess several fine specimens of agates, and for herself a quaint "Grannie's Brooch," one of the old plaid jewels of Scotland.

In the summer and autumn the Queen likes to share King George's love of gardening and fishing. Often she accompanies him when he fishes a Highland river, or helps him plan alterations to the Royal gardens.

The beloved Queen Mother, Queen Mary, despite the time she still devotes to social and official engagements, maintains her life-long interest in antiques and art collecting.

She is an acknowledged authority on these subjects, and has often been of real assistance to experts and collectors.

Excellent Taste

ONLY a short time ago she helped a connoisseur correctly to identify and label some pieces of statuary.

Queen Mary pays frequent visits, often of several hours' duration, to art shops and antique dealers in London, Edinburgh, Brighton and other places.

Experts have long since learned to respect her good taste and keen eye for old pictures, china and furniture.

Her Majesty also visits picture galleries and seldom misses the annual exhibition of British art at Burlington House. She has purchased more than one picture from the Royal Academy.

She also keeps in touch with modern developments in architecture and decoration.

The theatre and cinema are also among Queen Mary's relaxations. **She honors the West End theatres by visiting well-established plays and makes a point of seeing that her favorite actors and actresses are presented to her.**

She is also interested in outstanding films, although previously this was not so, and her presence at film premieres has done much to encourage the British film industry.

The Princess Royal, King George's sister, has always been devoted to open-air pursuits. In early days she would go riding or walking with her brothers. She rides to hounds with her husband, Lord Harewood, and is never so happy as when she is free to indulge in country pursuits near her Yorkshire home.

Queen Marie of Rumania, a relative of the British Royal Family, is another lover of the open-air.

She is a keen horsewoman, and is one of the few Royal ladies of Europe to be really interested in flying.

She is one of Europe's most travelled Queens, and is popular wherever she goes. She is an assiduous reader, but she is also a charming and proficient writer herself.

Among her best books are "My Country," published during the Great War, and "Ilderim," which first appeared in 1925. Her devotion to England, her birthplace, is reflected in her books and in her zest for outdoor sports.

She is a talented musician, and a ballet by her is shortly to be produced in Warsaw.

Loves Winter Sports

KING GEORGE'S Royal aunt, Queen Maude, of Norway, who visits Britain as often as her State duties permit, and who attended King George's Coronation last year, is an adept at ski-ing and the other winter sports which are common in the land of her adoption.

Like Queen Ena of Spain, she also likes dancing, and when in London rarely omits to spend several evenings at the theatre.

Holland's much-esteemed Queen Wilhelmina has Queen Elizabeth's talent with brush and canvas. Exhibitions of her work have been held in the Netherlands at various times, and during her holiday in Scotland not long ago Her Majesty much enjoyed sketching Highland scenes.

She specialises in oils and pastels, particularly of mountain views not to be found in her country.

Her technique and sense of color color have been highly praised by eminent Dutch critics. Her Majesty is also a keen walker.

Princess Juliana, on the other hand, prefers more active pursuits such as tennis and motoring, although she is a musician and spends much time practising on her violin and piano.

Stately Queen Eleana of Italy, consort of King Victor Emmanuel, seeks relaxation from her busy official life in needlework and dress designing.

Starting life in the right way!

EVEN a child can perceive that an electric hot water system has a score of advantages over any other type. Whether regarded from the standpoint of economy . . . convenience . . . safety . . . reliability, or cost, the automatic, flameless, fumeless *electric* system, clean, efficient and modern, *must* be the choice for the home of to-day. If you are a customer of the Sydney County Council, you can have an electric hot water system. NO DEPOSIT. A few shillings per month.

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FARMER'S

Mail orders to P.O. Box 497 AA. Sydney. Telephone M2405.

1938 Sunbeams Exhibition of drawings and paintings submitted by prize-winning Children of all ages, will open officially in the Blaxland Galleries on Monday, 24th January, at 3 p.m. No charge.

Maternity Smock Sets

At left: You first put on the crossover frock, which may be constantly adjusted to the size you need. Over this you slip the enveloping smock and the result is quite a smart ensemble for street wear. Several different styles and trimmings all very well made. Sizes S.W. and W. The set costs only **39/6.** Navy, plum, bottle green. Why not make a lay-by?

HOSTESS COAT of floral patterned suede silk, cut on princess lines. Tulip and nasturtium designs. Bright colours. SW, W. **16/11**

NIGHTGOWNS of a cool lingerie voile. Floral effects on fine pink, primrose-yellow or white grounds. SW, W, OS. **13/11**

Underclothing on the Fourth Floor. Lay-By!

25/9
Ut. 39/6

8/6
Ut. 9/11

5/11
Ut. 7/11

7/6
Ut. 9/11

Shoe week sensations

Every type of walking, evening and sport shoe, from all leading manufacturers. Every heel height, every style, every size and every price. Entire summer stocks clear!

39/6 Shadow kid sabot bar by Westbrook. Navy, brown, black. Halfs 3 to 6, not each colour. **25/9**

9/11 Towelling beach sandal in blue, yellow, green designs. Most sizes; not each colour. **8/6**

7/11 Linen T-bar sandal in eight different shades. Covered Cuban heels. Most sizes. Now for **5/11**

9/11 Toeless black velvet evening sandal. Also in black satin, gold or silver cloth. All sizes,. **7/6**

Mail orders for last two only. Third floor.

White or natural sizol straws

"Light as a Feather"—a wisp in weight, but very full of fashion importance. Many styles from which to choose—all with grosgrain bands **13/11**

Millinery Salon—Third Floor

Knit this woollen coat yourself at 15/-

Start off your knitting with this slim cardigan coat in the new Rustic wool, with a zipp pocket. You need 12 ozs.—1/3 oz.

• JUST ARRIVED!

New Continental designs, pick-of-the-world wools, and cuddly children's wear. Our wool buyer has just returned from a world tour with an exciting selection of knitteds. So set those needles flying—for soon there'll be a nip in the air.

Knitting Wools—Ground Floor

Sequin bags for half, even less!

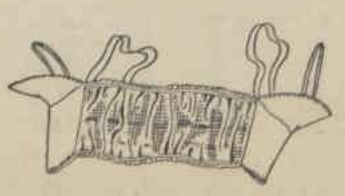
Sequins arrive from a triumphant season on the Continent. Well lined in silver or gold. Usual 12/6, 15/6, 17/6. **6/11**

Handbags—Ground Floor

A NON-ELECTRIC HAIR WAVER

Without the aid of electricity the "Castleray" permanent waver transforms you into masses of resplendent curls. Ideal for curly ends, fashionable roll, and page boy style.

From the Third Floor Salon



AMAZING BRASSIERETTE

Amazing new brassierette by Kleinerts, with dress shields! It eliminates sewing and makes for safety and comfort. Flesh and white 32-44 busts. **4/11.**

Swip. Belt Section—Ground Floor.

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Australian Women's Weekly Radio Sessions from Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, January 19.—11.45 a.m.: Serial (a modern romance). 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, January 20.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, January 21.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, January 22.—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Edith Lorand and her Viennese Orchestra and Heddle Nash (tenor).

SUNDAY, January 23.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, John McCormack. 6.10 p.m.: Orchestre Raymonde and Paul Robeson.

MONDAY, January 24.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, January 25.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

Beautiful—efficient—portable—inexpensive—this Radiola is Australia's most desirable table receiver. It provides excellent reception and has many features which are usually restricted to receivers much higher in price. The cabinet in full polished "Radelec" is available in colours from which selection can be made to harmonise with individual taste and furnishings.

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Books

By LESLIE HAYLEN

Surgery in the Days of the Pharaohs

Operation Scene Re-created

Reincarnation is a fascinating belief. It has been the theme of many novels. Marie Corelli, Rider Haggard, Jack London, many authors have expounded the idea.

Through the medium of fiction many people have returned to play their brief hour over again on the earth.

SO why should not Sekhet-a-Ra, Pharaoh and priest in Egypt thousands of years ago, in the days of the First Dynasty, return to tell her story through the lips of Joan Grant, English author?

"Winged Pharaoh" is the particular designation of those Pharaohs who were also qualified as priests . . . and a woman so qualified tells us her story, from before birth until after death . . . and what a story it is. The intimate life of Egypt, the children's pleasures, the daily round of the temple, the hall, and the home, battle and sacrifice and Mediterranean travel . . . all these are limned with a sureness and a definition that acclaims an incredible authenticity.

Who but an eye-witness could have given this circumstantial account of a surgical operation, for instance?

The lion had hurt Harka very badly.

I went ahead in a chariot to tell my mother what had happened, so that she could summon healers from the temple. For a lion bite is like the bite of a copper sword, and it must be healed quickly or the flesh will die round the wound while the person still lives.

Private Room

A ROOM in my father's private apartments was prepared. A high narrow bed, such as is used for rubbing, was put in the middle of the room and covered with several thicknesses of linen sheets. Beside it on a table were two jars of salves, made from my father's herbs, some bowls of water, and a jar of cane-spirit, which, though it feels like fire, is cleansing for a dirty wound.

Ptah-kefer and the healer in attendance on the Royal household were both waiting in the room when Harka was carried in.

Poor Harka! I went up to him and took his hand. He gripped mine, so I knew he had not yet left his body. The wounds on his side and shoulder had been covered with cloths of wet linen; but the bright blood soon stained them.

Another priest came into the room, a high-priest of Anubis.

He sat at the far end of the room, and seemed to sleep, while the healer pointed the fingers of healing between Harka's eyes and forced him to leave his body. I know that although the priest of Anubis seemed to sleep his spirit waited to take Harka far away from pain when he left his body, so that they might work upon his body and mend it as though they but stitched up a tear in an empty cloak. I felt Harka's hand grow limp.

Injured Skull

FIRST Zertar shaved the hair from the side of Harka's head, and on the smooth-shaven skin Ptah-kefer marked the place where the skull pressed.

Then Zertar took a small leaf-shaped knife and made three cuts like three sides of a square, and with two things like eyebrow pluckers he drew back a flap of skin. Then the pluckers were held by the healer, who with his power tightened the veins so that little blood should flow. Two silver mirrors, held in high stands, reflected strong sunlight on to Harka's head.

I could see the white bone of the skull, and there was a dent in it surrounded by fine cracks, like an egg that has been cracked by a spoon. Zertar took a little metal cylinder, the edge of which was notched with fine teeth like a saw, and, placing it against the skull, he spun it quickly between his hands, just as a goldsmith drills a hard stone bead.

JOAN GRANT, whose remarkable study of Egypt under the Pharaohs, called "Winged Pharaoh," has attracted world-wide attention.

Ptah-kefer, who all this time had been watching with the eyes of his spirit, told the healer to drive the life of Ptah into Harka's heart, for he was getting weak. When the healer moved to do it, I saw that an ivory plate had been fitted across the hole that Zertar had drilled; it was held to the fractured skull by little pins of gold. Then the flap of skin was put back and covered with a film of clear wax to keep it in place until the cuts were healed. When the wax had hardened, a pad of specially charged linen, which would ensure its healing cleanly, was put over the wound. And then his head was bandaged . . .

When all was finished, the Anubis priest allowed Harka to return to his body, and suddenly I felt his hand, which I still held, tighten on mine.

There is an astounding up-to-dateness about this picture . . . the operating theatre, the anaesthetist, the consulting psychiatrist, the surgeon . . . even the theatre sister holding the patient's hand as he "goes off."

Equally modern is the play-acting and playing of the young winged-Pharaoh and her brother.

But there is nothing twentieth-century in the temple training of Sekhet-a-Ra, her initiation into priestcraft, her journey through the underword, told elsewhere in an amazing book.

This is the Egypt of the Pharaohs, a picture overpowering and exasperatingly real.

"Winged Pharaoh," Joan Grant. (Published by Barker).

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BRIGHTLY COLOURED BATH TOWEL
23 x 46 inches.
ONLY 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

ADMIRALTY BATH TOWELS
with red stripe or plain white—23 x 46 ins.
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31½ x 21 inches—embroidered and hemstitched—made of best pillow cotton.
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Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK-STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post the wrapper-tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required to:—"SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

Did You Know—

That for the wedding of Norma Jefferson and Norman Ford, Christmas bush was sent specially from Sydney to Adelaide to add color to St. Peter's College Chapel?

Varsity Women Confer

UNIVERSITY women are in the news. By plane, car, train, and boat they have come from all the States to take part in the conference of the Australian Federation of University Women. Dame Constance D'Arcy, official hostess, and Camilla Wedgwood, hostess for the Sydney graduates, are having the busiest time attending to the intellectual as well as the social side of the occasion.

During the week-end, picnic parties to mountains and beaches were arranged for the delegates, and the conference began in earnest on Monday.

Among the highlights of the lectures will be addresses by Florence Eldershaw on Governor Phillip, and Margaret Preston, who will speak on the revivals of murals in U.S.A.

* * *

Of country interest is the announcement of the engagement of Sheila Maher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Maher, of Khancoban, Temora, and Edward Hayne, of Kingsvale, Young.

* * *

Popular Americans Leaving

SYDNEY will be sad at losing Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Squire, American visitors, who have endeared themselves to a large coterie of friends during their stay of seven years in Sydney. Mr. Squire is American Trade Commissioner in this country, and with his wife and children, Rosemary and Tony, will return to U.S.A. by the Mariposa in March.

His next appointment has not yet been decided upon, and Mrs. Squire hopes to see something of friends and relatives before dashing off to other ends of the earth.

Farewell to Lord Ranfurly

I AM sure that in the years ahead Lord Ranfurly, in the fastness of his ancestral home, will often look back with delight on the farewell party given in his honor at Admiralty House. The night was perfect, clear skies, and a soft breeze blowing from the south to cool the brows of the gay young dancers as they strolled about the lawns.

Lady Gowrie wore a very lovely gown of cyclamen with a self-colored floral design, and Lady Wakehurst chose white matte crepe relieved with pastel pink.

Among the very young girls I noticed Catriona Maclean, Betty Minnett, and Jocelyn Josephson, all looking particularly elegant.

Enjoying Holidays

BEFORE the final settling down in preparation for the Anniversary Celebrations, social Sydney is coming and going to beaches and mountain resorts with their enthusiasm unabated with the heat.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Owen and their daughter, Pamela, have taken a house at Jervis Bay, and very jolly are the week-end parties which they give to their friends.

Mrs. V. Thompson has arrived from Moss Vale and is staying at the Macquarie Club, and the Jim Kidds, of Tamworth, have decided on a holiday at Watson's Bay instead of their usual peregrination to Terrigal.

Naval Visitors From N.Z.

ARRIVING from New Zealand for the Anniversary Celebrations in the H.M.S. Achilles is Rear-Admiral E. R. Drummond, R.N. His wife, Lady Evelyn Drummond, will also be in Sydney for the festivities. Other Anniversary visitors from New Zealand will be Mrs. I. G. Glennie, wife of Captain Glennie, A.D.C., R.N., Mrs. A. J. Norris, wife of Commander Norris; Mrs. E. F. Berton, wife of Paymaster Commander Berton, and Mrs. A. S. Horn, wife of Surgeon Commander Horn, R.N.

Charming Olympians

IT seems to me that the presence among us of Olympic Games teams does more to encourage us to do our daily dozen, swallow our vitamins, and have an adequate supply of sleep than all our health campaigns.

The South African and Rhodesian teams were the first arrivals, and the fresh complexions, perfect figures, and effortless grace of the girls have made them noticeable during their strolls about our city.

I note that Margot Hamilton, the Scottish sprinter, devotes quite a bit of her time to pandering to feminine foibles. Her brunette hair is fashionably rolled off her forehead, and her frocks are the last word in smartness.

* * *

The Mervyn Crombies left in the Manunda last week for their home, Kalanda station, Townsville, after honeymooning in the south.

Dream Come True

MRS. HAMILTON KIRKLAND told me that she has wanted to go to England for the last ten years, and her wish will shortly be fulfilled. With her husband, Dr. Kirkland, she will sail via J.S.A. in April.

Sweden looms large on their travel itinerary, as it is there that the travellers, both sailing enthusiasts, intend getting plans made for a spanking new yacht.

* * *

Joan Willoughby Dowling and her hostess, Beryl Collins, of Nindooimbah, Queensland, are off to Southport (Q.) this week.

* * *

From the Country

THE Len Camerons have arrived from Tantitho station, Narromine, for the summer months. They are guests of Mrs. Cameron's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Crossing, at Edgecliff.

Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Robertson have returned from a holiday at the Links House, Bowral. Mrs. Robertson, wearing cool pastel linens, looks the acme of smartness on the hottest days.

MISS HOPE WESTON, pictured above, will make her debut at the Pioneers' Ball. Her period frock for the great occasion will be made of white taffeta with trimmings of blue forget-me-nots and beier roses. —Women's Weekly photo.

Nursery and Dance Room

MRS. WALTER KIDMAN, who was Muriel Moses, of Sydney, has solved the problem of entertaining guests who like to dance at the cocktail hour. The recently-built addition to her delightful house in Adelaide is a large day nursery with a well-laid floor which, in a twinkling, can be converted into a dance-room. Four huge bay windows draped in apricot curtains overlook the garden, and wall-lighting effects enhance the autumn colorings of the room.

At the first party held in the room, guests drank a toast to Walter's racehorse, St. Fox, from the cup St. Fox had won that day for its owner.

Motoring Honeymoon

THE Jim Bowdens—Mrs. Bowden was formerly Judith Dansey—have returned to town after a motoring honeymoon in the North. They bathed at Southport, Queensland, where Judith's already brunette coloring took on a deeper hue. They are staying with Mrs. St. John Dansey for a month or so, and then will leave for Melbourne, where their home will be for the next six months.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Donkin and small son Peter arrive this week from their home, Glendale, Tambar Springs, to spend a holiday with Mrs. Donkin's mother, Mrs. Clarence White, at Buckhurst, Double Bay.

* * *

Planning New Home

MAISIE HARDMAN, of Quirindi, whose engagement to Dr. Lee Tyndale Lloyd, of Warwick, Queensland, has just been announced, likes the heat, and so is not at all dashed at the thought of the Northern climate. Maisie is interested in interior decorating, and is naturally pleased that her future husband will have a new home built for her to experiment with. Both Dr. Lloyd and his fiancee are particularly keen about music, and Maisie is a good pianist.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. McNall, of Pine Hill Avenue, Double Bay, spent their holidays cruising to New Zealand.

* * *

Wedding of the Week

MUCH interest is attached to the wedding of Sue Stogdale and Mick Fairfax, scheduled for this Wednesday at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Sue's presents are really lovely, and among her gifts is a diamond and pearl pendant given by her grandmother, Mrs. Cudmore, who journeyed from Adelaide for the wedding.

The bridegroom's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, have given the young couple dining and bedroom suites of mahogany to adorn their country home, Tarnuk, Merriwa.

I Liked—

The two-centuries-old ring of gold and turquoise worn by Mrs. Ernest Colman (Eleanor Greer) on her wedding day last week.

Also the exquisite antique crested silver table given the bride by her mother as a wedding present.

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MANNEQUINS *At* SCHOOL . . .

THREE STUDENTS go over their lessons at Sydney's mannequin school. Centre is Miss Beth McKay, who will be "Miss New South Wales" in the pageants to celebrate Australia's 150th birthday.

PERFECT MAKE-UP is one of the first essentials for mannequins. Lipstick pencil outlines the shape of the mouth before using lipstick.

INCORRECT (left) AND CORRECT WAYS of sitting down, and wrong and right hand positions. Mannequins must know all these tricks of deportment.

Teaching Lovely Girls to be More Lovely

School has started for the mannequins of 1938.

Girls ambitious to follow the lead set by Margaret Vyner, Mary Maguire, and other beautiful Australians who have won fame as mannequins, models and film stars are hard at work in Sydney's most novel school.

IT is a school where the poetry of motion is set to modern melodies, for the lectures, lessons, and exercises proceed to the rhythm of radio music.

Here, lovely young Australians are learning to make the most of their natural charm and personality.

"Head up. Shoulders back. Tummy in. How are your feet?"

These are the prosaic phrases which begin the magic that changes ordinary girls into glamorous mannequins.

The stately glamor girl who glides across the showroom floor in a forty-guinea model; the fresh-faced, crisply-dressed young housewife who smiles at you from some household advertisement; the girl whose beautiful legs grace a stocking advertisement; the slim young things who strike various—but always graceful—attitudes in fashion photographs; the girl who wants to be in films—all begin their training to the tune of these phrases at the Annabella Deportment and Mannequin School.

The theory that blondes have an advantage over brunettes finds no support at the school, for one young principal, Miss Ann McLeod, is brunette, and the other, Miss Mildred Allen, is blonde.

Each says that girls of all types and coloring have equal opportunities in the world, if correctly groomed and "finished."

Jobs for Girls

THERE are phone calls all day from "Big Business" for girls to take part in mannequin displays, or to pose for advertisements for everything, from lovely frocks to motor-cars and soap.

Many Annabella students have already been chosen for roles in the pageants to celebrate Australia's 150th birthday.

"We can produce a society woman, debutante, sports girl, perfect housewife, sweet young mother, perfect ankles, perfect corset figure, perfect hands, or snappy business girl at a moment's notice," said Miss McLeod.

"The rarest type is the glamorous film star type. Most girls are too self-conscious to be thoroughly glamorous. They want to be their natural selves, and are diffident about heavy make-up and film star clothes.

"We usually train a girl for the one particular type of work which suits her best. A girl sufficiently versatile to be a bathing belle in the morning and a busy housewife in the afternoon is very rare.

"Self-consciousness is the greatest obstacle in training perfect mannequins. Most girls are naturally graceful once they overcome this defect."

THE six weeks' training begins with exercises to correct carriage, how to walk, how to sit down; correct positions for the feet and legs, hands and arms; how to display all types of frocks, hats, and furs; how to wear and carry all kinds of accessories from jewels to umbrellas; dress sense; care of the skin; make-up; photographic make-up; photographic posing; diet; care of the body; care of the hands; care of the hair.

THE PERFECT MANNEQUIN memorises the number and depth of the stairs at a glance, then steps down with her head correctly poised.

Unravelling the mysteries of modern social etiquette is another important part of the school's work.

"One of the first things we have to do," Miss Allen, co-principal went on with the story, "is to suggest a suitable hair style for our beginners.

Improves Appearance

"GIRLS very rarely dress their hair in a way that makes the most of their looks. The reason is that we see our faces in reverse as it were in the mirror. And having looked at our own faces all our lives we cannot see them as others see them.

"The greatest factor in a girl's success as a mannequin or in photograph-posing or film work is her personality. The most beautiful face looks dumb and cardboardy in a photograph if it is not enlivened with the mysterious light of personality.

"In mannequin work the bored, impersonal female is no longer wanted. The mannequin has to combine a fashion-plate aloofness with just the right amount of interest in the audience and enthusiasm for the frock she is wearing.

"If a girl has personality at all it will develop with her training."

FOR USE IN AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATORS OR HAND CHURNS

Good news for people who want to make Ice Cream at Home for Half Price!

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX IS NOW OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

FULL SUPPLIES OF HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX ARE NOW AVAILABLE, AND IF YOUR GROCER HAS NOT NOW GOT HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX HE CAN GET IT FOR YOU OVERNIGHT.

We regret that many thousands of housewives have been disappointed by being unable to procure HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX. We did not know, however, that the demand for this new product would be so phenomenal, following upon the first announcement in October last.

THERE IS ONLY ONE HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX, so be sure that you specify HANSEN'S when placing your order. It is procurable in your favourite flavours — strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla.

Everybody likes ice cream, and you will make perfect ice cream at home at your first attempt, by using the GENUINE Hansen's Ice Cream Mix.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

January 22, 1938 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER

from New York and Hollywood

Dietrich Loses Interest

MARLENE DIETRICH, who is leaving America for good after she completes her film with Paramount, is showing little interest in her last production.

She did not even know that John and Elaine Barrymore were reported to have been signed to appear with her.

✦ ✦ ✦

Filming "The Citadel"

ROBERT DONAT is being talked of for the leading part in "The Citadel," with Elizabeth Allan playing the feminine lead and Spencer Tracy also being featured.

Victor Saville will produce the film, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has not yet decided who will direct.

It will be the first important British film for production in 1938.

✦ ✦ ✦

Chaplin's Chance

MANY years ago Jackie Coogan stole the show from Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid."

Jackie, who will be grateful to Chaplin to the end of his days, invited the comedian to his wedding, saying:

"Now here's your chance to come and steal the show from me."

✦ ✦ ✦

Stokie Mouse

STOKOWSKI may enjoy an exalted position in the world of music, but in Hollywood he is just Stokie to his pals. Since the news is out that he has consented to orchestrate a Mickey Mouse film for Walt Disney his name has been changed to Stokie Mouse.

"Snow White" To Be Biggest Disney Film

● *"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," the first full-length Walt Disney cartoon, will be released early this year.*

Half a million drawings have been made already, but the work which began in 1934 is still unfinished.

The picture is said to include some songs which will extend the list of Disney musical hits.

Eddie Cantor Brightens Old Bagdad

● IN "Ali Baba Goes to Town," his latest musical, Eddie Cantor (above, left), takes an overdose of pills, and dreams he is Ali Baba. In this role he becomes Prime Minister of Bagdad, and his Government gives the Arabians some sleepless nights. Above, centre: Eddie, with June Lang and Louise Hovick. Above, right: John Carradine, one of the forty thieves. Below, left: June Lang and Tony Martin, the heart interest. Centre: Eddie in peril. Right: Roland Young as the sultan.

Hollywood Old-timers

HOLLYWOOD can be sentimental as well as glamorous, hard and ruthless. Mrs. Frank Borzage gave a party in honor of her husband's twentieth year in the colony. Among the 300 guests who assembled could be seen many an old-timer who has slipped quietly into oblivion—Jack Mulhall, Creighton Hale, Betty Blythe, Aileen Pringle.

Amidst the luxurious decorations of gardenias and orchids, many a tear was furtively wiped away.

Everyone made it a point to be specially nice to those who were once famous and idolised, but are now forgotten.

"Quins" Speak English

IN their next picture, the Quintuplets will speak English.

For the past six months an elocutionist has been working with the five little girls for their dialogue debut in "Mother Knows Best."

Production has been held up all this time because Darryl Zanuck wanted them to do more than just toddle around in their next picture, and six months ago they could just prattle a little French and no English at all.

Mae West's Ideal

MAE WEST has discovered her idea of the complete he-man, and he is not an actor. Gene Romer was working on the set of "Every Day's a Holiday" as physical instructor and technical adviser when Mae spotted him and had him put under contract by Major Pictures.

La West says Romer is an individual type, not another Gable or Taylor.

Since discovering this handsome he-man, Mae has dug out some boxing gloves given her by famous prize-fighters and practises shadow boxing by the hour to keep that girlish figure she acquired for the pictures.

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SHOTS WE Know TOO WELL

Tiny Garments and Big Ben

AS thrilling as yesterday's mashed potatoes—that description goes for a huge number of the camera shots by which film directors imagine they are lashing our interest.

When the locale of a film moves to New York, you may have noticed that this is always signified by a shot of the lights of Broadway or the Statue of Liberty—scenes we have been offered for the same purpose a hundred times before.

STALE camera shots like these are the abomination of all good directors, and no director in Hollywood dislikes them more than Harold Young, maker of the new musical, "52nd Street."

Writing in the "New York Times" recently, a friend of Harold Young has concocted an imaginary interview with the famous director on this gruesome subject. Here is their conversation:

Question—Mr. Young, you are a motion-picture director who deplores the use of stale camera-shots, are you not?

Answer—Yes, sir.

Q.—We may then presume that you are familiar with these devices—that you know whereof you speak?

A.—You may.

Q.—We shall very soon see. Tell me, Mr. Young—how would you indicate the passing of time on the screen—say three to six months?

A.—By riffling or blowing away the pages of a calendar. Or by fading out on a snow scene and fading in on a field of flowers.

Q.—Correct. How would you indicate that your hero and heroine were going to be reasonably happy at the finish of the film?

A.—Oh, that's easy. By a long shot of the two walking into a sunset.

Q.—That's all very well, but suppose they were married and about to become the parents of a child?

A.—The camera would pick up a sewing basket containing half-finished garments. Or, better still, the wife would be seen actually sewing on these garments.

From
JOHN B. DAVIES,
in New York.

Q.—What kind of garments?

A.—Tiny garments.

Q.—Mr. Young, if you went to a motion picture and saw a shot of skies clouding over, how would you interpret this? Would you assume that it was going to rain?

A.—Certainly not. I would assume that a misunderstanding had taken place between the lovers and that an emotional storm was brewing.

Q.—Very good. Very good indeed. And if you were shown a close-up of a tree withering, and then a fading of the same tree flowering, would you expect the hero of the picture to be a tree surgeon?

A.—Goodness no. I would realise that the winter of his discontent had passed. In short, that love was in bloom.

Q.—If the locale of your story were Paris, how would you indicate this economically, Mr. Young?

A.—By inserting a shot of the Eiffel Tower.

● *A SHOT of the Eiffel Tower (above) is a well-worn method of indicating that the scene of a film is Paris. Big Ben (right) is the symbol for London. A remarkable thing about the Lubitsch film "Angel" was that, although set in Paris, it did not show us the Eiffel Tower.*

Q.—And London?

A.—Big Ben. Or perhaps London Bridge.

Q.—Correct. But how about Venice?

A.—A gondola.

Q.—Who would be in the gondola, Mr. Young?

A.—A pair of lovers. And a gondolier.

Q.—Would the gondolier be whistling?

A.—No. He would be singing an aria from "Aida."

Q.—You have done very well, Mr. Young. Now, if a pair of young lovers met in the girl's drawing-room, how would you indicate that they are happily embracing, without a direct shot of them?

A.—I would take a picture of her little dog.

Q.—Would the little dog be barking, sleeping, or gnawing a bone?

A.—No. He would be wagging his tail.

Q.—Excellent. If you were directing a ballroom scene in a comedy made by a British studio, how would you make a female character laughable?

A.—I would have someone tread on her skirt, so that it would come off when she walked away.

Q.—Excellent. And if you were to show a scene in which a group of men were playing cards with their hats on, in a barely-furnished room, would you mean to convey that they were merely bridge fiends?

A.—No. Such men would be criminals during a slack period—killers killing time, probably in a hideout.

Q.—Tell me, when would you use a close-up of a woman's legs pounding the pavements?

● *MOTHERS WHO HAVE been parted from their children usually turn up in bad weather to gaze through the window at a family celebration. In "Stella Dallas" Barbara Stanwyck looks tearfully through the window at her daughter's wedding. She pleads with a policeman not to move her on.*

A.—Never. Except when they have a child and it is necessary for the child to press his nose against the windshield.

Q.—What does it signify when a child does this?

A.—He is wistful. Or if not wistful, then hungry.

Q.—Does an adult ever press his nose against a windowpane?

A.—Yes. A mother does. But only when she has deserted her husband and child and returns to her home years later to see her baby.

Q.—On what night does she return?

A.—Christmas. And it is snowing. So she stands in the snow and presses her face against the window. The child is having a birthday party or being married.

Q.—Does anyone see her?

A.—Only the butler. And he doesn't recognise her.

Q.—What happens?

A.—She goes away, because she realises it's for the best.

Q.—Now let us suppose, Mr. Young, that later on in the story she meets a wealthy bounder and they paint the town red. How would you indicate this?

A.—I would shoot a close-up of a derby on a saxophone.

Q.—You seem to know all the answers, Mr. Young. I should give you a rating of "excellent."

A.—That's because I have just directed a picture.

Q.—Does the title of that picture happen to be "Fifty-second Street"?

A.—It does.

Q.—Would you describe it as a saga of swing?

A.—Yes, and also as a kaleidoscopic panorama of New York night life.

Q.—And how many stale shots did you use in "Fifty-second Street," Mr. Young?

A.—Why, none.

Q.—I'm afraid you're not speaking the truth this time. Do you mean to tell me there isn't a single saxophone wearing a derby in the entire production?

A.—Not that I recall.

Q.—I thought you said it was a musical film?

A.—It is.

Q.—And no derbies?

A.—Not one. We use a Turkish fez instead.

● *YOUNG COUPLES must always ride in open cars. Joan Blondell and Errol Flynn, in "The Perfect Specimen," obey this rule. They are not allowed a hood for their car even during a heavy rainstorm. Yet bankers and captains of industry always ride in closed cars during the hottest weather.*

A.—When I wanted to show that she is no better than she should be.

Q.—And could you achieve this effect by photographing an empty bottle of champagne and two glasses on a table near a divan?

A.—I could.

Q.—But suppose the girl was a debutante and she had just met a young man who had fallen in love with her? Suppose they had fallen in love very quickly? Say in a week. How would you convey that to your audience?

A.—I would use shots of the boy and girl dining together, dancing together, ski-ing together, cantering on horseback, etc. And I would speed up the camera.

Q.—Haven't you left something out?

A.—Yes, I would also show them driving together in a fast car.

Q.—A car?

A.—An open roadster, I mean.

Q.—Correct. Who rides in big sedans, Mr. Young?

A.—Bankers. And presidents.

Q.—You would never show a young couple riding in a closed car, would you, Mr. Young?

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LOVE BY Remote CONTROL

How To Be Happy Though Separated

By MARY OLIVIER
from Hollywood

NEXT to publicity, the hazard that does most to roughen the path of true love in Hollywood is enforced separation.

Romance may be the life-blood of the film industry, but the industry often strikes the death-blow of romance. Professional engagements separate many couples by thousands of miles.

YET some of these long-distance romances are unexpectedly successful.

Take the case of Madeleine Carroll. Madeleine married Captain Phillip Astley, former Life Guards officer of the British army, in 1931.

At the time she was appearing on the stage and screen in England.

Three years later came the tempting offer from Hollywood that was too good to resist.

To refuse meant giving up the opportunity of a lifetime. To accept meant separation from her husband, whose business in England could not be neglected.

So they decided to go their own ways.

Distance, nevertheless, has made no difference to their marital happiness. Madeleine declares that she and her husband are more in love than ever.

Fabulous Phone Calls

SHE has contrived to confine her screen work to a certain period of the year, leaving her free to spend the rest of her time in London. Captain Astley, on the other hand, makes frequent visits to his wife in Hollywood.

Between them they spend a fortune in transatlantic voyages and telephone conversations, cables and gifts, one of which was a castle in Spain, and another a house on the Riviera.

When Irene Dunne married Dr. Francis Griffin she had no thought of a screen career.

She had retired from the stage to settle down to a life of domesticity as the wife of a prosperous New York dentist.

Then fate stepped in with a tempting offer to go out west and, with the doctor's wholehearted approval, Irene packed her make-up kit to embark upon an acting career.

The doctor's practice was too good to sacrifice, so whilst his wife was in Hollywood he remained at home, satisfying himself with telegrams, telephones and an occasional flying visit when the teeth of the great metropolis were not aching quite so often.

So heavy were the long-distance telephone bills becoming that Irene instructed the exchange not to transmit any more New York calls to her house.

Not to be outdone, the doctor motored to Newark and placed his call from there.

He now practises in California.

Ann Sothern could write a book on how to be happy though separated.

Marriage has made Ann Hollywood's leading air traveller.

Since becoming Mrs. Roger Pryor she has covered 34,000 miles in planes in order to spend time between pictures with her orchestra leader husband.

At other times it costs Roger up to £5 a night to ring Ann long distance.

When she visits him in New York he brings his band to the station or airport to welcome her.

Even when Roger is touring with his orchestra he has his particular method of letting his wife know he is thinking of her.

He arranges his band numbers in a certain sequence to which he and Ann alone hold the key. Nobody but the two of them know that the music he plays conveys a special meaning.

A couple burning up the telephone wires at the moment are Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor.

Bob rings Barbara every night from London, and it is a no mere three-minute call, either.

In return, Barbara is daily shopping for gifts for her boy friend, which she posts by every mail.

While Dolores Del Rio was working in England recently, husband Cedric Gibbons not only called her often on the transcontinental, transatlantic phone, but he put her pet pup on the line to bark greetings.

Even for the Gregory Ratoffs, 15 years married, there is still romance.

Theirs is one of the strangest among movie marriages.

Mrs. Ratoff (professionally famous as the European actress, Eugenie Leontovich) spends the best part of the year acting on the stage on the other side of the world, whilst Gregory is tied by his movie commitments.

Since the day they became engaged in Paris, where Ratoff was a pantomime artist and Miss Leontovich a singing dancer, the two have never failed to make a weekly telephone call, wherever they might be.

Miss Leontovich is at present visiting Hollywood—for the first time in two years.

GALLERY OF STARS

Nova Pilbeam
(Gaumont-British-Dominions)

Her next film will be "Young and Innocent"

No one ever deliberately wishes to be parted from the person who is nearest and dearest. But get a chance in pictures and there's no telling what will happen.

Madge Evans was about to marry a young New-Yorker when she won her movie contract.

She found that Hollywood changed her mind about a lot of things, including her fiance.

Eleanor Breaks Away

ELEANOR POWELL was romancing with orchestra leader Abe Lyman when she left New York for the film colony.

Before many weeks their affair was on the rocks.

During the most vital part of any marriage, its first year, Bette Davis was separated from Harmon Nelson for nine months.

At the time of their wedding Harmon was a struggling orchestra leader and Bette a rising starlet.

He was afraid to come to Hollywood, where he wasn't known and would perhaps be out of a job.

So he remained in New York whilst she went to Hollywood.

To-day Harmon has left his band and is in Hollywood, where he has opened an office. But Bette faces another difficulty.

He works at night, she during the day.

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert, though married, lived in different houses for ages, professing their love and devotion the while. The arrangement cracked up eventually, as was only natural.

The long-distance cooing of Harriett Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, New York orchestra leader, was feverish until he came to Hollywood for keeps a few months ago. Mink coats and cars passed hands as casually as if they had been handkerchiefs or studs. It was nothing for them to ring each other four or five times a night.

Yet another actress who sees little of her husband is Marlene Dietrich.

Rudolph Sieber is a German film director whose work keeps him in his native country, while hers demands her presence in America.

After every picture he completes Mr. Sieber hops aboard a boat to spend a brief holiday with his wife in Hollywood.

That the lovely Marlene is repeatedly reported in the company of one or many of Hollywood's elegibles does not seem to cause Mr. Sieber any consternation.

Marlene's explanation is that they have a perfect understanding into which jealousy does not enter.

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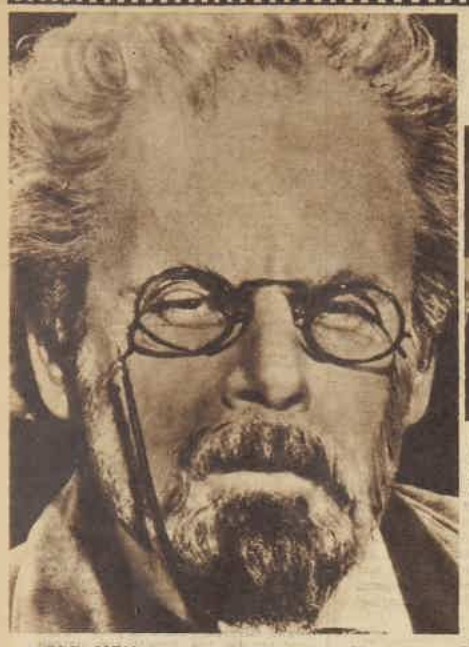
BEARDS BORE PAUL MUNI



● OLD MEN have been portrayed by Muni since he was a child. Emile Zola, the French novelist, is his latest role of this kind. Make-up for the part took three to five hours every day.

● WITH his wife, Muni arrives at the Hollywood preview of "Zola." Mrs. Muni first met her husband when they were acting in minor parts in New York's Yiddish Theatre.

● IN "BORDERTOWN," Muni played a Mexican. No other screen actor has undertaken a series of characterisations so different as Muni's.

● WANG, a Chinese peasant, was his role opposite Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth."

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

"No more bearded roles for me for a long time," said Paul Muni after the completion of "The Life of Emile Zola."

His latest role in "Zola" was one of the most arduous he has ever played, from the standpoint of make-up.

HE spent from three to five hours a day under the ministrations of Percy Westmore, Warner Brothers' make-up expert, while his features were transformed daily to resemble those of the famous author.

He not only was called to wear three different sorts of beards, but to don about two and a half pounds of tissue, wax and other materials.

One reason for Muni's astounding success in portraying old men in "Louis Pasteur" and "Zola" is that he has been taking roles of this kind since he was a child.

He had his first training in the Yiddish Theatre.

And as the boys of Shakespeare's theatre played women, so the boys of the Yiddish Theatre have for centuries played old men.

Muni made his stage debut at the age of eleven in Cleveland, as an old man in a sketch called "Two Corpses at Breakfast."

Like many other Jews who have reached artistic eminence, Muni developed his art in close contact with his own race.

Nomad Parents

IN 1897 he was born Muni Weisenfreund in a part of Austria which is now Poland, in the little town of Lemberg, which he left at the age of one month and has never seen since.

His parents were travelling actors who journeyed from one European capital to another, performing in the ghettos.

The nomadic life of the Weisenfreunds took them to London, where Muni went to his first school, and later, when Muni was six, to the goal of all the nomadic Jews of Europe, to the United States.

With a stage reputation in New York, Muni went to Hollywood in 1929.

His first appearance was a personal triumph but a box-office failure, both for the same reason. In "Seven Faces" he played seven different characters so well that no one knew they were all Muni!

"Scarface," his second movie, in which he was an underworld czar, started his comet upward, and, after returning to the New York stage to portray the brilliant and ruthless attorney of "Counsellor-at-Law," he went back to Hollywood to score a hit in "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

Then followed a series of character roles: an industrial magnate in "The World Changes," a newspaper man in "Hi, Nellie!", a Mexican half-breed in "Bordertown," a brawny Polish miner in "Black Fury," the title role in "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (for which he received the actor's award from the Motion Picture Academy in March, 1936), and the Chinese peasant Wang in "The Good Earth." He is paid about £25,000 a film.

On the set he does not laugh or tell stories or play cards, as other actors do to while away the intervals between shots.

He sits apart brooding.

Before taking a role he studies all the research which the writers used in preparing the script.

Once he went to a Warner Brothers producer and complained: "I don't understand this role."

"I thought we went over it pretty carefully," said the producer.

"I know," replied Muni, "I understand the character all right. But I have no idea about his ancestors."

On any Muni set the second most important person is Mrs. Muni.

If she likes a "take" she nods.

If not, she shakes her head, and even though Muni and the director are satisfied the scene is done over.

She married Muni when she was Bella Finkel, a slim, dark young Jewess who was playing opposite Muni in the New York Yiddish Theatre in 1923.

Their life together does not have much of the rackety Hollywood tone.

They are never seen in the night-spots.

Success, even the first exhilaration of it, did not change Muni's way of life.

He has never drunk much or gambled or painted any towns red.

He is dreamy, sensitive, unpractical.

When he bought a ranch in San Fernando Valley he mistook the irrigation standpipes for flower pots and planted geraniums in them.

When the water was turned on, the geraniums flew into the air.

● THE Motion Picture Academy award for the best acting of 1935 went to Muni for his work in "Louis Pasteur."

● IN "BLACK FURY" he was a brawny, heavy-witted Polish miner.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures).

At every year's end, *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer finds itself in receipt* of all sorts of acclaim and kudos, for it is then that editors and critics announce their lists of *Best Pictures of the Year*, and *Best Performances of the Year*.

★ ★ ★ ★

As usual, M-G-M is taking the *lion's share* of such honours again. We've already told you the results of the Film Star Popularity Contest in *"Woman"* — 1, Nelson Eddy, 2, Clark Gable, 3, Robert Taylor — *all M-G-M stars*. And now comes other honours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Picking *"THE GOOD EARTH"* as the best film of 1937, the *"Labor Daily"* (Sydney) says: "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has certainly won the palm again," and then includes *"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"*, *"MARIE WALEWSKA"* and *"LIBELLED LADY"* within the list of First Seven!

★ ★ ★ ★

"Sunday Sun" (Sydney) and *"Sydney Morning Herald"* each singles out *"THE GOOD EARTH"* as representative of the year's best films! And the *"Herald"* goes further by giving added mention to *"MAYTIME"*, *"ROSE MARIE"*, *"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"*, *"CAMILLE"*, *"LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"*, *"LOVE ON THE RUN"* and *"THEY GAVE HIM A GUN"*.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Daily Telegraph" (Sydney) names *"THE GOOD EARTH"* and *"MARIE WALEWSKA"* as two of the year's six best films "for all - round excellence"; *"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"* as one of the three best adventures; *"LIBELLED LADY"* as one of the four best comedies; and *"NIGHT MUST FALL"* for one of two awards "for courage and artistic integrity".

★ ★ ★ ★

Inasmuch as these are all M-G-M pictures, I know you'll pardon me for blushing with pride and pleasure!

★ ★ ★ ★

Yours for the best in entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

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Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope.

TELFORD SHAW, Box 3141P, Dept. T, G.P.O., Sydney.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, world-famous conductor, will sail for Europe at the end of February to join Greta Garbo.

He may meet her in Paris, or at her own beautiful estate near Stockholm.

Garbo does not plan to return to Hollywood until next summer, when she will be starred in a sophisticated comedy, "Love Is Not So Simple," now being written for her.

The story deals with a Russian girl who goes to Paris for a gay time.

George Cukor, her close friend and admirer, will direct her in it after he has completed "Gone With the Wind."

Garbo's fear of publicity is so intense, particularly since her friendship with Stokowski hit the front pages, that she slipped out of Hollywood without informing even her closest friends.

In order to avoid detection, she motored for miles out of Hollywood, and entrained at some out-of-the-way station.

In New York, she managed to get on board ship before the Press had a chance to capture her for an interview.

Stokowski hurried from Philadelphia to New York to bid her farewell on board ship, and also successfully eluded reporters.

When reporters rapped at the door of Miss Garbo's cabin, a woman's voice called out:

"Go away, please."

Garbo's intimate friends know that she hopes soon to retire from pictures and live a "normal life." This may or may not mean marriage.

Stokowski, who has just been divorced, has two daughters, aged 10 and 6.

✣ ✣ ✣

SONJA HENIE has been made a Knight of Saint Olaf by King Haakon.

✣ ✣ ✣

NANCY CARROLL was bruised and received severe shock when her automobile collided with another. Nancy herself was at the wheel.

An ambulance was rushed to the scene of the accident, and the physician in charge treated her, but she refused to go to the hospital.

Her thigh was painfully bruised. She is now recovering at home.

ANN HARDING told a Los Angeles court that she couldn't bear to be separated from her daughter during the winter months, which she will spend in the East, and she was granted permission to take little Jane with her to Baltimore.

Ann says she is willing to permit Harry Bannister, her ex-husband, to visit the child at specific times.

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AT the brilliant premiere of "Hurricane," Joan Crawford appeared in a new white fox wrap with the broadest shoulders so far seen in Hollywood.

Of all stars, Joan received the wildest ovation from the massed fans on the grandstands outside the theatre.

Franchot Tone and the other men in the party formed a flying wedge after the show in order to get into her car.

The lovely lei of gardenias flung about her neck was hopelessly crushed.

Always gracious, Joan would have stopped to sign innumerable books, but the mass of pushing humanity prevented her.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE latest fad among stars is the "efficiency housekeeper."

James Stewart was the first to startle the colony with his announcement that an efficiency housekeeper is running his bachelor home.

Formerly he had only ordinary servants, who failed to curb his many cats and dogs from killing off the neighbor's chickens.

Now James' expert has not only put an end to the barnyard slaughter, but has rearranged the actor's eating and sleeping schedules, and even budgets his expenditures.

The idea is spreading, and actresses have already declined invitations with the excuse that "my efficiency housekeeper insists that I get to bed by nine."

✣ ✣ ✣

ESTHER RALSTON now wants to be known as Jane Carleton.

Her first picture under that name will be "International Spy," at Universal, where she used to be a star.

DOTS... and DASHES

● Madeleine Carroll insisting the world's best-dressed woman is Marlene Dietrich. ● Claudette Colbert hoping to realise soon her dream of a trip abroad with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. ● Ronald Colman and Benita Hume continuing to go out together, often with their friend, Herbert Marshall. ● Mary Pickford and her husband, Buddy Rogers, planning to leave on a two months' tour through South America in February. ● Sonja Henie's picture held up by her fall on the ice. Her concussion is not serious. ● Frances Farmer claiming to possess only one evening gown. ● Bette Davis buying a print of "Of Human Bondage."

WILLIAM S. HART, who spent his 63rd birthday in a hospital bed, is recovering from an attack of pleurisy.

"I have a set of fractured ribs as an added attraction," said the two-gun Westerner of the silent screen.

"I was trying to dodge two 150 pound dogs up at my ranch, and I stumbled over the wire fence."

✣ ✣ ✣

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW has announced his intention of becoming a lawyer when he grows up, in spite of his distressing legal experiences.

● *HERE'S FUN: Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino toast each other at a party given by Mary Pickford.*

Enchanting fragrance

The fragrance of the perfume used in Charmosan face powder is irresistible and enchanting.

No other powder has this gorgeous fragrance which countless thousands of women simply adore.

Charmosan face powder is well described as the powder of Youth.

It gives instant charm and youthful looks to your skin, no matter how pale or spoilt or old looking it is.

It stays on for hours and you can go about your work, business or pleasure without worrying about your powder pad.

Charmosan face powder adds charm to your skin and it does it in such a subtly fascinating way that endears it to the women of to-day.

Charmosan face powder from Paris

All shades and suntan. Big box, 2/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. Removes "make up," dust, etc., from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crow's feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars, 2/6. Tubes, 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores including New Zealand ***

REDUCE SAFELY

with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Ed.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel., L1713.

END THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM

HERE IS

QUICK RELIEF - LASTING BENEFIT

Here is the remedy that has ended the chronic rheumatic pains and suffering of thousands. Its amazing success is due to the fact that it goes direct to the cause of your pain—weak kidneys. Famous for 50 years, De Witt's Pills give quick relief and lasting benefit in cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and other kindred troubles.

De Witt's Pills end rheumatism because they prompt weak, sluggish kidneys to action. With kidneys working healthily and actively, the pain-causing poisons, such as excess uric acid, are expelled from your system. Take De Witt's Pills regularly and no longer will you sit in despair, tortured by day, sleepless at night, because of your awful pain. There is no delay. Quickly your pain goes, and goes for good.

As your exhausting pain ends you get back all the old vigour and vitality to enjoy life. Men and women of even 70 and over have benefited. So can you. De Witt's Pills will start to free you at once from the cause of your terrible pain—kidney trouble.

HEED NATURE'S WARNINGS

Watch these symptoms:—Joint pains, baggy eyes, sallow complexion, headaches, dizziness, urinary troubles, bad back, too-old, worn-out feeling. These are all signs of kidney trouble. Get your supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. They will surely end your kidney trouble and keep you looking and feeling strong, healthy and vigorous.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/9, 3/- and 5/9. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

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They Must Be

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COILED-COIL LAMPS

If you want to see the bright lights, ask your nearest Crompton dealer about Crompton Lamps. No better lamp is made than a Crompton for brilliance and low consumption. The special Crompton Coiled-Coil filament gives as much as one-fifth extra light at no extra cost. Every Crompton stockist will gladly shed light on all your lighting problems.

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NOTICE TO PASSENGERS PER R.M.S. ORION

SAILING FROM SYDNEY . . . FEB. 23

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY OFFERS TO JOIN OUR EUROPEAN ESCORTED PARTY, DISEMBARKING AT NAPLES AND SPENDING 40 DAYS ON THE CONTINENT AND FOURTEEN DAYS IN LONDON.

Visiting Kandy: Cairo, Sphinx, Pyramids; Naples; Florence, Milan, Venice, Interlaken, Montreux, Lucerne, Geneva, Zurich, Heidelberg, Mainz, Cologne, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, London, etc.

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS—WONDERFUL SIGHTSEEING
For full particulars

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY. Tel., MA4496

PRIVATE VIEWS

★ SATURDAY'S HEROES

Van Heflin, Marian Marsh. (R.K.O.)

THE corruption of college football is the latest theme of Hollywood's moral indignation.

Here we are shown that "amateur" players are really professionals, hired by college presidents who are really venerable racketeers.

The sufferings of the players under this system are underlined.

One of these poor fellows goes and kills himself because people call him a "ringer."

But what is a "ringer"?

We don't know. Nor do we know anything about the other sporting technicalities in the film.

Still, it is mildly entertaining. Van Heflin, the lead, is a new player who looks like a less dangerous James Cagney and has some impertinent charm.

His little playmate is Marian Marsh, daughter of the football coach.

Some loud laughs are provoked by Al St. John as one of those old-timers of football who believe that the game lost its masculinity when players ceased to wear side-whiskers.

But it's time classes were started to explain what are "ringers" and so on, and educate us up to this branch of film art.—Cameo; showing.

★ THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR

Dame May Whitty, Lewis Stone. (M.-G.-M.)

SAHIBS are slain at Calcutta in this mystery film.

Occasional horror of an unsubtle sort is its chief interest.

Such as when during a spooky seance a maiden holds hands in the dark with a corpse.

Lewis Stone is the police wallah who probes the murders.

Like many mystery films, this one occupies too much time with examinations of suspects by the detective.

Prolonged conversation is not thrilling even when it is about corpses.

Dame May Whitty, who did such fine work in "Night Must Fall," has a less rewarding part here as a medium who improbably helps to trace the killer.

She looks daggers at people and is suspected of also throwing knives at them.

The cast is fairly good, with Elissa Landi, Ralph Forbes, and Madge Evans present. They are all very overwrought, and don't make any jokes.

Crowded together and getting on one another's nerves, they are meant to create a state of tension which somehow does not result except when that unpleasant corpse goes into action.

Spectators of the film will not be overwrought, though they may find interest in watching for clues.—Capitol and Cameo, showing.

IDOL OF THE CROWDS

John Wayne. (Universal.)

IT might have been an average picture if there were a lot of punch in the ice-hockey scenes.

But there isn't. The little thing they hit about with their sticks is so small and moves so fast that you find it hard to locate.

So most of the time chaps in armor seem to be sliding aimlessly about the rink.

This might not have mattered so much if the players had a lot of nice fights, the way they do in real ice-hockey.

But here they don't.

The human side of the film is poor. John Wayne, a grinning husky, lumbers along the path of true love with a rather nondescript young woman called Sheila Bromley.

Perhaps the thrill of ice-hockey will be conveyed to the screen some time. It has not been so far.—Capitol; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Maytime:** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; operetta.—Liberty, 19th week.

★★★ **100 Men and a Girl:** Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski; novel musical.—State, 3rd week.

★★ **Souls at Sea:** Gary Cooper, George Raft; sea drama.—Prince Edward, 5th week.

★★ **Stella Dallas:** Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles; family drama.—Embassy, 4th week.

★★ **Marie Walewska:** Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer; historical drama.—St. James, 4th week.

★★ **Night Must Fall:** Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell; spine-chiller. — Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★ **The Perfect Specimen:** Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell; comedy.—Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ **Wee Willie Winkie:** Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen; Indian adventure.—Regent, 3rd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

2'- Weekly

secures this cool looking frock for the smart woman, in floral sheer or printed crepe, and sent

On Approval

The frock has the new uplift line, a sash from side front tying at back, and has a 10 gore skirt. The collar is scalloped, and the garment is finished with a posy at the neckline of the frock. SIZES: XSSW, SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS, XOS. COLOURS: (Printed crepe) Black, navy, brown, saxe, pink, green, and also multiflora grounds. (Printed sheer)—Black, pink, saxe, natural, beige, white, tomato, green, and lemon. PRICE: XSSW, SSW, SW, W, 25/-; SOS, OS, XOS, 29/11.

This delightful ensemble for the smart woman, is printed centennial silk and sent

On Approval

The frock has the new uplift line, is belted and inverted pleat in skirt, the jacket has a loose sleeve, and the ensemble is finished with a posy at the neckline of the frock.

SIZES: XSSW, SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS.

COLOURS: Black, navy, brown, saxe, pink, green, and the same colours in multiflora grounds. Please state preference.

Price: XSSW, SSW, SW, W, ... 29/11
SOS, OS, XOS, ... 35/6
XXOS 38/6

All you have to do is send name and address, together with 5/- postal note, and 9d. for postage; balance to be paid in fortnightly payments of 4/-. Name of employer, if married, husband's name, and where employed. If under 21, parent's signature will suffice, and garments will be sent to you on approval.

Please state bust, hips, and length sleeve measurements; measure hips 9 inches below waist.

SILMAN MODES

Room 15, Bryant's Bldgs.,
545 George St., Sydney.

Address all mail to Box 352 Post Office, Haymarket.

If not satisfied, return frock unworn within 7 days and your deposit will be refunded.

Her Looks Have Improved

ALL HER FRIENDS SAY SO

"So many people have remarked on the improvement in my looks since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Miss M.H., of Tumbulgum, N.S.W. "For two years I was subject to fainting and giddy spells. I did not feel like eating. I was never well and felt listless and tired all day.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four bottles of these pills I feel better in every way and my health has improved immensely. I have never been so well in all my life and can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who is underweight and anaemic."

You may have lovely features and may dress well, but if you suffer anaemia, pimples, giddy turns, headaches and languor, your attraction and fitness are seriously impaired. But see what a short course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do. These pills help to create rich red blood in abundant quantities, which will give delicious colour to your lips and cheeks, banish unsightly pimples, blemishes and boils, and strengthen your nerves and system throughout. No sensible woman or girl who wants to look and feel womanly fit, high-spirited and attractive will hesitate to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At Chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.***

THEATRE ROYAL

J. C. Williamson, Ltd., presents The greatest success in the history of the Australian stage!

BALALAIKA

With ROBERT HALLIDAY, together with Margaret Adams, Marjorie Gordon and a wonder cast of 120.

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New Year Weddings and Happy Couples Furnish at

W.W. Campbells' WHO GIVE 2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders (Sydney & Suburbs) £25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly. £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly. £100 for 80/- deposit 20/- weekly. £150 for 120/- deposit 30/- weekly.

TRADE IN your old RADIO

FOR A NEW ALL METAL VALVE Dual Wave SET

Every family desires a 1938 Radio for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations; the Empire Games; and the Test Matches in England. You can obtain the latest 5 Valve Dual Wave Radio—using your old set in part payment. We will make a liberal allowance and you secure delightful Home entertainment. Not only the World's best programmes, but also perfection in Local and Interstate reception.

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Other Dual Wave Sets (full size) from £12/19/6

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OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

Here is the ideal Breakfast Room Cabinet at a price within the reach of all. 4ft. 6in. wide. In light Oak finish. It has ample storage room, including crockery cupboard with handsome leaded glass doors, three drawers (one divided for cutlery) and large ventilated provision cupboard with two doors. No home should be without a Breakfast Room Cabinet when this artistic model is procurable at

This Week's Cash Price 82/6 Or on Easy Terms:— 5/- DEPOSIT and 2/- WEEKLY

EST. 50 YEARS

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced Deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

Typical of our remarkable Furniture values is this handsome new Bedroom Suite with figured Walnut Veneers. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (Bow centre-door); 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table (Bow Pedestal doors); and 5ft. 6in. Tallboy are all fully fitted with dust proof drawers (not trays), etc. Inspect this bargain without delay, and secure at the

Introductory Cash Price £18/18/-
(Bedstead and Stool extra)
Or on Easy Terms:—

18/6 DEPOSIT 4/6

LISTEN IN to 2UW

8.30 p.m. Mondays, "HISTORY OF YOUR SUBURB,"
8.30 p.m. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays: "INSPECTOR SCOTT."
7.30 Every Morning and 7.15 p.m. Saturdays: "DARBY AND JOAN."
GEORGE EDWARDS' PRODUCTIONS

Quality of construction and chaste design are outstanding features of this new Lounge Suite. Appearance and comfort are all that can be desired and craftsmanship, with best quality Tapestry upholstery, ensures long life. Five loose cushions are super-sprung, and the whole Suite is built up to Usual Retail Value of £22/10/-. You can secure this week at the Special Cash Price

17/6 DEPOSIT 4/6

£17/19/6
(Or on Easy Terms)

10/6 DEPOSIT 3/-

This new Dining Room Suite is a revelation in value which will make every purchaser a permanent customer. Beautified with handsome Walnut Veneers the 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has well top and three cupboards fitted sliding trays and shelves; 4ft. 6in. Refectory Table is finished to match; Four Chairs have lift-out, upholstered seats. Do not miss at This Week's Cash Price.

£10/10/-
(Or on Easy Terms)

This fully-fitted Laughboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, useful mirror and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this Bargain. Special Cash Price This week.

59/6 Or on Easy Terms:— 5/- DEPOSIT 2/- WEEKLY

Inspect our large stock of Laughboys and Tallboys—qualities and styles to suit everyone.

JUST OPENED New Season's CARPETS, LINOLEUM, Soft FURNISHINGS

British Felt Base LINO SQUARES

Size	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
Usually	32/6	37/6	42/6
Special Price	21/6	23/6	25/6

BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM TWO YARDS WIDE FROM 8/6 PER YARD

Genuine Cork Lino TWO YARDS WIDE 5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.

Imit. Linoleum (2 YARDS WIDE) 2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

AXMINSTER SQUARES

	9ft.x12ft.6	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.	12ft.x10ft.6	12ft.6x12ft.6
Usly.	£5/15/6	£6/19/6	£7/19/6	£8/19/6	£12/19/6	£14/19/6
Now	£4/19/6	£5/19/6	£6/15/-	£7/15/-	£10/15/-	£12/19/6
	9ft.x12ft.6	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.	12ft.x10ft.6	12ft.6x12ft.6
Usly.	£7/10/-	£8/18/-	£9/19/6	£11/19/-	£13/19/6	£16/18/-
Now	£6/5/-	£7/10/-	£8/15/-	£9/15/6	£11/19/6	£14/18/-

Easy Terms for Carpets from 5/- Deposit, 2/- Weekly

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

WILTON Width	Per Yard	AXMINSTER Width	Per Yard
22½in.	New 6/3	22½in.	New 10/6
27in.	New 7/9	27in.	New 11/6
36in.	New 10/6	36in.	New 16/6

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LOVELY NAILS

THIS EASY

CUTEX WAY

Use the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover to keep your finger-tips well-groomed. It contains a special oil that helps prevent parched, ragged cuticle.

Remove old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Its lubricating action benefits the nail and cuticle. Then apply the new Cutex Polish that flows on more smoothly... wears longer...and is usable to the last drop.

You'll want to choose one of the Cutex "smoky" shades that are so soft and glowing—so flattering to your hands—

Old Rose Mauve
Rust Robin Red

Send 9d in stamps for Cutex trial kit containing materials for complete manicure, including the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. SW—1
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CUTEX
Everything for Lovely Nails

America's Greatest Radio Show Comes To

2GB

The story of modern society. Voted by radio critics as the most outstanding comedy-drama of 1937 over American networks.

"ONE GIRL IN A MILLION"

Commencing JAN. 26

Watch For it!

RUTH DRAPER, famous impersonator, shown in one of her greatest successes, "The Court of Domestic Relations." In this sketch Miss Draper plays the part of daughter, mother, and grandmother.

GARBO OF STAGE *To Tour Australia* THIS YEAR

Famous Entertainer Who Really Shuns Publicity

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

Known in America as the "Garbo of the stage" because of her dislike of interviews and publicity, Ruth Draper, famous entertainer and impersonator, will visit Australia this year, after her tour of India.

Ruth Draper is really one of the great names of the theatre in America and Europe, although she shuns all publicity and display.

THIS genuine distaste of the limelight may be the reason why Ruth Draper is not well known in Australia, but Australians will like her because she is a great artist and a fascinating personality.

She shuns public notice as consistently as Garbo, with the difference that she has no publicity agents to exploit her aversion to limelight.

She refuses to be lionised by celebrity-hunting hostesses and grants few interviews. Yet the "house full" sign appears every time she gives a performance in her native America, England or Europe.

After a season in London she is now on her way to India, and after appearances there she will go to the Straits Settlements and Java.

From Java she will go to Australia, where she hopes to appear in all States.

I went to see Ruth in her recent performance here in London.

The curtain rose on a stage hung with velvet curtains and empty except for a desk and small chair.

Out stepped Ruth Draper, slim, dark-haired, and with magnetic brown eyes.

For two hours, with no "character" aids but a scarf, a hat, a feather-boa and a pair of gloves, she became in turn an English duchess opening a bazaar, an Irish peasant woman, the "perfect" secretary to an American business magnate, the magnate's wife, a Scotch immigrant, and a socialite entertaining her friends to lunch.

So great is Miss Draper's power of characterisation that, although she is alone on the stage throughout the performance, one can "see" the people to whom she talks.

Not only that, but so perfect are her gestures that also "visible" is the "cake" she "eats," the "telephone" she "uses," the "bouquet" she "receives," and the "glass of water" she "drinks."

Her sketches, which are entirely original—fragments of conversation picked up here and there—can move an audience to tears or laughter all in a minute.

She has the perfect gift of acting, which makes one feel as well as see.

After the final curtain I called on her in her dressing-room and found a charming woman, natural and humorous, who hates interviews and loves life.

She told me she began her sketches as "after-dinner" entertainment for her friends. Then, in 1918, she commenced giving performances for the American soldiers behind the lines.

At the end of the war she was persuaded to come to London, where she was an instantaneous success. Since then she has travelled about the world, visiting South Africa, Sweden, Finland and other parts of Europe.

She told me she is looking forward eagerly to her Australian visit.

"Not only to experience your audiences," she added laughingly, "but I'm hopeful I might find some 'victims' for new sketches."

Things You Didn't Know About The Quins

Continued from Page 3

SO the children at St. George's School have to learn the rules, have to learn how to obey; have to learn how to do things for themselves.

When Dr. Blatz began to draw cards in the situation at Callander, he suggested the same sort of procedure for the quintuplets. This linked very well with the ideas of Dr. Dafoe—who could clearly see how these little girls might easily grow up spoiled and pampered.

Mrs. Dionne's Respect

THE result was that in the quintuplets' hospital at Callander there at once became available the best knowledge about child rearing, as evolved by the specialists from Toronto.

As soon as the five sisters were old enough to understand what was going on, this knowledge was put into application.

As the girls went on their scientific bringing-up routine, Dr. Blatz and his staff began to make those investigations whose fruits are being harvested to-day.

The psychologists who went to Callander got some unlooked-for experiences out of it. There is the case, for instance, of the personable young woman who fell into conversation one day with Mrs. Dionne.

Mrs. Dionne speaks practically no English, so the conversation had to be in French; and this particular psychologist's French had bad gaps in it.

So when she tried to tell Mrs. Dionne about the nursery school back at the university she got somewhat mixed up. Instead of saying, as she meant to say, "We have 30 children there," she actually said, "I have 30 children."

"Ooo la!" cried Mrs. Dionne. To this day, that psychologist has the respect and the awed admiration of the mother of the quintuplets.

NEXT: What biologists found about the quintuplets' remarkable similarity.

YOU CAN ENJOY EASY DIGESTION *today and always*

With 'BiSoDoL' you can count upon enjoying and digesting your very next meal without any of the pain, heartburn, wind and bloating you now suffer after meals. That is because 'BiSoDoL' makes food agree, prevents it souring and fermenting in the stomach, so that digestion is easy and thorough. You get all the possible nourishment and strength from your food. 'BiSoDoL' soothes and strengthens the gastric nerves which regulate the acidity of the stomach. It thus keeps the stomach sweet and healthy so that you cannot help but enjoy good digestion. More and more doctors are prescribing this new and better remedy for acid stomach and indigestion. Every post brings us letters from people who have completely recovered from stomach trouble by means of 'BiSoDoL'. Of all chemists 1/9 and 2/6.

"I can eat anything I like now".

Mr. D. Daly, 14 Glen Street, Milson's Point: "For years I have suffered from digestive troubles mainly caused by duodenal ulcer. Now after taking BiSoDoL for a few weeks, I can eat anything I like. I had a meal of corned beef the other day, the first for years. No one could say it's a digestible food, yet I enjoyed every mouthful and felt no bad after effects."

B.S.6.12.

BiSoDoL

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STARS *He Helped* to FAME

Clarence Badger's Hollywood Talks

HOLLYWOOD, in 1913, a collection of tin barns known as studios: Hollywood, to-day, palatial, sumptuous city of glamor and make-believe.

There is one man in Sydney to-day who has shared in that tremendous development. His name is Clarence Badger, and 2GB listeners can meet him in the "Clarence Badger Studio Party," a delightful radio feature.

Clarence Badger, quiet-spoken, sun-tanned American, who is anything but the familiar caricature of a film producer, first came to Australia to produce "Rangle River," the Zane Grey picture which has proved as popular in England as it did in Australia.

Behind that production was a quarter of a century of experience gained from making 75 pictures, starring such artists as Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Clive Brook, Jack Buchanan, Richard Dix, William Powell, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, and Will Rogers.

Of these people, Mr. Badger has many interesting stories to tell, including the manner in which he made Elinor Glyn's "indefinable something" which she called "It" world-famous.

"Elinor Glyn had written a magazine article," said Clarence Badger,

CLARENCE BADGER, whose "Studio Party" is a popular feature broadcast from Station 2GB.

"in which she discussed that quality of personality which she defined as 'It.' The article had the whole of America talking, and Jesse Lasky, of Paramount, decided to make a picture upon the subject. I was asked to find a girl in whom 'It' was personified and I immediately thought of an extra I had used in a number of pictures. Her name was Clara Bow.

"Fashions have changed since then. 'It' has given way to 'sex appeal' which in its turn has been ousted by 'glamor.'

"To-day, Clara Bow," continues the man who made her famous, has abandoned her screen career in favor of domesticity, but Hollywod is still reminded of her by her business venture which she has called the 'It' Cafe."

Another star whom Clarence Badger discovered for the talkies is none other than our old friend, William Powell.

"He is one of the five greatest actors in Hollywood to-day, but I doubt if anyone recalls his first picture, a comedy in which he played the part of a bogus sheikh with Bebe Daniels.

"To-day Jack Buchanan is a master of microphone technique, but when I made his first picture with Irene Bordoni Jack suffered terribly from 'mike' fright.

"Still, in spite of his nervousness, Jack was wonderful to work with, and his popularity is well-deserved," concludes Clarence Badger.

They are but a few of the famous stars that Clarence Badger has directed in the course of 75 pictures.

His anecdotes and reminiscences of Hollywood over a quarter of a century are a popular feature of his radio appearances in the Studio Party, which is broadcast from 2GB six nights a week, at 7 o'clock.

SCHOOL WEAR for GIRLS Less 2/- in the £ DURING JANUARY

GRACE BROS

JANUARY BACK TO SCHOOL OFFER

MAN-TAILORED REGULATION SCHOOL TUNIC
of good quality
ALL WOOL SERGE

DM1E.—A weave that will give long service. Three-inch hem.

Lengths	22	24	27	30in.
Prices	8/11	9/11	11/11	13/11
Lengths	33	36	39	42in.
Prices	14/11	16/11	18/11	19/11

ALL PRICES LESS 2/- IN THE £

GIRLS' TUNIC of British Guaranteed LINORA

DM2E.—Well cut, box pleats at back and front, giving full make, and 3in. hem.

Sizes: 24, 27in.	Sizes: 30, 33in.
2/11	3/6
36, 39in.	42, 46in.
3/11	4/9

PRICES LESS 2/- IN THE £.

ALL DESIGNS OF CONVENT TUNICS

DM3E.—Chosen by all the leading Convents throughout the State. Made of good quality Serge.

24 inch, 24/6; 39 inch, 32/6
27 inch, 25/11; 40 inch, 34/9
30 inch, 27/6; 42 inch, 38/6
33 inch, 28/11; 44 inch, 40/11
36 inch, 30/6.

LESS 2/- IN THE £.

MAN - TAILORED THE NEW IDEAL GIRLS' TUNICS
In Heavy or Lightweight
QUALITY SERGE

DM4E.—Full, roomy make, with 3-inch hem.

Lengths	22	24	27	30in.
Lightweight	11/9	12/11	14/3	15/3
Heavyweight	16/3	17/9	19/3	20/9
In Tobralco	9/9	10/3	10/11	11/6

Lengths	33	36	39	42	45in.
Lightweight	16/6	18/3	20/6	21/6	22/9
Heavyweight	22/6	24/6	25/11	27/6	28/11
In Tobralco	12/6	13/6	14/6	15/6	15/11

ALL PRICES LESS 2/- IN THE £.

DM11E
Girls' All Wool
MAN - TAILORED
BLAZERS
Of heavy quality Flannel. Pockets and armholes reinforced; bound with Black or Navy flat braid.
Busts, 20, 22 in. 24, 26, 27 in.
14/6 14/11
Less 2/- in the £

DM10E
Girls' All Wool
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BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

Short Odds And Long Faces At The Canterbury Races

By BETTY GEE

What good is an even-money chance in a day of 11 races when you're busy trying to pick every winner on the programme?

That's what I asked the Head Waiter Saturday night after Canterbury races. His "good thing," Panaster, provided 5 to 4 against, but the starting price was evens.

The Head Waiter regretted the short odds, Miss, and apologised for having overlooked the fact that the bookmakers at Canterbury are tighter than a wasp-waisted French model.

TO appease me he promises something "extra special" for Randwick on Saturday.

"Dastur's a certainty for the Hurdle," he says.

Well, I hope he doesn't do too much loitering at those brush jumps, and the Head Waiter ought to know that I don't like betting on hurdle races, but I suppose this should be an occasion when I break resolutions.

There were truly some long faces at Canterbury on Saturday.

They started with the success of Chicola in the first race, and grew longer as the programme of 11 events unfolded, and reverse followed reverse.

My pound was on Rudyard in that first Maiden, and if Kipling had had to depend upon him he'd never have written a line.

Watchman Failed Me

What of the night? Ask Watchman who ran sixth and I'd put an other pound on him to come first in the Second Maiden.

Then there was Lord Charis, favorite for the third Maiden, who represented a further liability of £1 in the third heat, and Tom Cobley who cost me only 10/- because the bank was getting low in the fourth heat.

What I say about these maiden races is that if the Canterbury Club MUST run them, let them start off in the morning before the public come, and then when we arrive we can settle down to steady horseracing.

These four maidens were simply brumby events, calculated to cost the punters much money.

There's one rare advantage about my non-laying of odds-on rule. When your fancy is the odds-on favorite, and you are one of those incorrigibles who must have a bet on every event, well, you simply turn to the next-best creature in the race.

And when I heard Bill Mackay say that his Royal Ensign had a good chance against Bofield, I took £3 10s to £1, and he led all the way.

Having thus restored my fortunes by shrewd judgment, I could afford to follow Darby Munro (£4 to £1) on Holbein, in the Park Stakes, and £5 to £1 on Bianconi, because I had it from Mrs. M. L. Dwyer, the owner, and she is the lady who recently inherited substantially from the Clouston millionaire estate.

Judgment again!

They ran first and second, but my £2 should have gone on Darby holus bolus, because there's no gainsaying it, he DID steal the race

But unfortunately I was swift enough to get the even money about Early Bird in the second Nursery, and this was one of the occasions when no succulent worm was the reward.

Early Bird was late leaving the barrier, and the bookie still has my £2 if he hasn't spent it at one of the fashionable grills.

Not to be disheartened by this unfortunate incident, I again hastened to the ring for Canegrass for the first Flying Welter, and was just in time to get £2 10s to £1 before he shortened to 7 to 4, and this old but sprightly gentleman of the Turf who, I am told, is rising 11 years of age, demoralised the field, and won in a puppy-dog trot.

He's simply marvellous the way he keeps his youth.

When my wrinkles begin to appear I'll go into Jack King's stable, and ask for the elixir he gives Canegrass.

Of course I simply had to plonk it on Panaster, short as were the odds.

"I backed Panaster," said Betty. "When the bookie called the odds I couldn't get on quick enough."

When Joe Matthews called 5 to 4, I grabbed four out of the bag and had £5 to £4 and I hope the Head Waiter isn't going to let me down.

But he knew what he was talking about.

Panaster couldn't go slow enough for his weary rivals, and little Willie Cook took him to the front at the half mile, and he won it easily.

Harlowe Unlucky

AH, but now listen to the tragedy that was unfolded in the last two races, when Harlowe let me down for £2 in the Flying Welter, and, worse than all, Viceroy was beaten a head by Sailmaker in the last event, and me with £50 to £2 10s.

I had the tip from Mr. Craft, who owns Viceroy couldn't believe my ears when the books impudently shouted 20 to 1.

But, never mind, it's Randwick next Saturday, and here's hoping.

Don't forget to be there in time for Dastur in the Hurdle, and the Head Waiter was so chirpy about Panaster's win he said to follow him up at Randwick if he starts. "He'll either win again or run a place," he whispered, "so back him each way on the tote, because he'll be better odds this time."

So he should be.

The ice man's tip is Ocation.

The baker's new delivery man says they won't see the way Miltiades goes in the Nursery.

Remember, we said we'd have to follow up Rosmead in a mile race.

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without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

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Are You Sure You Were Born On Your Birthday?

Do all parents correctly register the births of their children? Apparently not!

A Sydney man who for years has celebrated his birthday on December 9 had to get a birth certificate for insurance purposes. He then discovered that his birthday was registered as December 6.

IT is not uncommon for births to be registered incorrectly, and if in later years proof of this can be produced the entry can be corrected.

Excited young fathers who register their first-born are sometimes distinctly hazy about the correct date, particularly if the baby was born round about midnight.

But even when he is sure of the date there is one the father is rarely likely to remember—that is the date of his wedding.

However, the mothers always know.

There is a story of a girl who always celebrated her birthday on January 19, but found long after she was married that her birth certificate showed January 29.

Most women would have been pleased to find themselves ten days younger than they thought, but not so this one.

She happened to live and plan her life by her horoscope, had always prided herself on her Capricornian qualities, trustworthiness, capability for assuming positions of authority, and for achieving success in general.

It was rather a blow to find herself born under the sign of Aquarius, and find she should have characteristics she did not like so well.

She had even chosen her husband by Capricornian standards, and doubted if he would measure up so well for an Aquarian, so she decided that her mother knew best, and there had been a mistake in the written figures when her birth was registered.

She was probably right.

Some parents, particularly fathers, make a mistake in spelling the name they are giving their offspring.

Suitable Name

FREQUENTLY couples cannot agree upon a suitable name, and the position becomes so serious that the appellation is finally decided by the one who gets to the registry office first.

Sometimes a mother comes in to register one name, finds that her spouse has already got in first with another, and finding that it cannot be altered, she goes home and sets about calling the little dear by her own choice in spite of all officialdom.

That is one of the reasons why some people who have been signing their names one way all their lives suddenly find they have no right to that name at all, but are down on the register as something quite different.

TRAVEL

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Capricornians—the Salt of the Earth

Capricornians (those people born between December 22 and January 20) are the salt of the earth. They will tell you so themselves.

And to doubt the veracity of this statement or to call down ridicule on the Capricornian head is to risk earning an enmity which must not be under-estimated.

CAPRICORNIANS are very strong-charactered folk. They are seldom immoderately modest, but neither are they outrageous boasters. Rather do they state facts which seem justified to themselves though they may raise the ire of listeners.

JUNE MARSDEN, who conducts the astrology page for The Australian Women's Weekly, snapped in New York recently on her world tour.

The trouble is that Capricornians can be a little too dogmatic and dictatorial, and thus earn disfavor.

Yet, when they like, Capricornians can be also extremely diplomatic and conciliatory, especially when dealing with superiors or those who can do them favors. They are quick to see when co-operation is better than competition, and can sink personal matters in favor of more general projects.

In addition, they are extremely shrewd and far-seeing, practical, and economical. They are excellent buyers and sellers, can spot a bargain a long way off, and can drive a hard deal.

In fact, Capricornians will nearly always win in any financial bargaining, but they will win honestly and by open methods. For there is an innate streak of such pure honesty and trustworthiness in these people that they will seldom lower their dignity sufficiently to allow of committing a shady or unjust action.

Most Ambitious

FOR this reason, if for no other, it will usually be found that Capricornians earn the sincere regard and trust of their employers and associates, and that when people are wanted to fill positions of responsibility and reliability the Capricornians are well to the fore.

These people actually thrive on responsibilities and the shouldering of other people's burdens. They glory in authoritative positions, and though inclined to lay down the law a little will do so with strict justness and logic.

Strangely enough, although Capricornians are some of the most ambitious people in the world, life seems to bring them many obstacles and disappointments before they really achieve success. But achieve success they almost always finally do.

It would seem, in fact, that the setbacks and difficulties act rather as spurs than deterrents, for the Capricornian can fight persistently and patiently and in so doing build exceptionally solid foundations upon which to pin future successes.

Moreover, as life advances, the Capricornian seems to grow steadily stronger and more prosperous, so that he usually reaches a position of power of some kind in his own particular work.

Ideal Careers

MANY Capricornian children are subject to poor health during the early years of life, but once these years are safely past those of this sign seem to grow "tougher" and more wiry with every year.

Between the years of fourteen and twenty-one, Capricornian people should strive to develop the mind and direct their vocational faculties into the most promising channel of expression possible.

Matters to do with the earth and its products, with building, manufacturing or constructional work of any kind, with business or politics, and with acting will usually prove especially productive of success for these folk.

From his twenty-first to his twenty-eighth year the Capricornian will usually seek more and more responsibilities in order to express his exceptionally fine organising and executive abilities.

Business matters may be allowed to dominate domestic affairs and interests. This reaction is unwise and should not be encouraged.

Marriage during these years will usually prove both desirable and beneficial. They are test-years for Capricornians, and according to his or her strength may decide whether the future is to be successful or mediocre.

Between the forty-second and forty-ninth birthdays wisdom dictates the slowing down of high-pressure work and worry, for if the body and mind are allowed to revitalise themselves at this time there is every reason for the Capricornian to expect to reach a hoary old age.

THE DAILY DIARY

Try to utilise the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Jan. 18 may be fair, but live cautiously and attempt no important ventures.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Finalise important affairs or start new ones on Jan. 19 and 20. The stars favor you then. Work hard; seek advancement.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Have your plans ready to start important enterprises, make changes and ask favors on Jan. 21, 22, and a.m. of 23. Work hard then, and good results should follow.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Affairs will take a turn for the better for you on Jan. 23 (after noon), 24, or 25, but live quietly on 21 and 22.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make the most of Jan. 18, but thereafter live quietly for some time. Be particularly careful on Jan. 23, 24, and 25. Losses, opposition, or estrangements are likely if you are rash.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Work hard on Jan. 19 and 20, starting new ventures and completing old ones. Be confident and optimistic.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Good times ahead now, and a cessation of the worries and upsets of the immediate past. Plan to begin some important matters and seek promotion or make changes on Jan. 21, 22, and early 23.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Fair on Jan. 19 and 20; doubtful on 18, 23, 24, and 25. Caution in all affairs advised.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Fair for you on Jan. 18, but poor on 19 and 20.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Waste no time on Jan. 19 and 20. Concentrate on perfecting recent ventures and begin any new ones planned. You should realise certain small desires then.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be prepared for opportunities, and plan to begin something important on Jan. 21, 22, and early 23. Do not waste time. Seek advancement and make changes then. Luck should favor you.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Not spectacular. Jan. 23, 24, and 25 fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor. A.W.W.)

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Rejuvenator

Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, Age 55. Taken July, 1936.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, after 16 applications of New Plasmic. Taken August 18, 1936.

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Upset Stomach quickly put right

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Stomach disturbances such as gastritis, heartburn, flatulence, and feeling of revolt at the sight of food, are invariably the result of "acid formation" which, unless counteracted, steadily gets worse until it ultimately defies all treatment based on restriction of diet. I have found that 'Bisurated' Magnesia, by neutralising excess acid and preventing its formation, quickly puts right an upset stomach; pain disappears instantly, fermentation and flatulence are banished and soothing relief supersedes uncomfortable disturbance. Medical records show that thousands have ended stomach trouble with 'Bisurated' Magnesia — you can do the same! It is available of all chemists. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag.'

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Contributors' Note

CONTRIBUTORS are advised that Real Life Stories and So They Say letters sent to this office must be accompanied by return postage, otherwise they will be destroyed.

Real Life Stories

Prizes for Stories

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories."

STALKED BY LIONS *in an* AFRICAN JUNGLE

Ordeal of Ranger's Wife

To be stalked by lions in an African jungle was the real life experience of Mrs. O'Keefe, of 146 Victoria Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

Her entry wins this week's prize of £1/1/- for the best story submitted.

When I lived in Africa I was quite accustomed to wandering about the jungles with my husband, who was the district forester, she says.

ONCE we were passing a spot where 19 lions had been seen feeding some time before.

My husband was driving the car, and I was seated beside him, with some native soldiers in the back of the car.

As we passed the spot two lions crossed the path in front of the car.

The car was stopped, and my husband and the soldiers followed the lions, leaving me alone in the car, which was laden with game of all kinds.

When the lions saw that they were being followed they returned and remained prowling near the car for about ten minutes. During that time I was nearly driven to distraction. I dared not remove my gaze from those glittering eyes for fear of disaster.

The lions walked up and down, lashing their tawny tails, and occasionally glancing at me and the game in the car.

Minutes that seemed like years passed, until at last I heard the welcome report of a rifle, and one of the kings of the jungle fell to the ground with a roar of pain.

The companion, terrified by the sudden death of its mate, gave a mighty bound and disappeared into the jungle.

My joy was indescribable when I saw my husband and the soldiers emerge from the jungle safe and sound after their dangerous adventure with Leo.

£1/1/- to Mrs. O'Keefe, 146 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W.

"MY HUSBAND was the district forester and I was accustomed to wander about the jungle with him."

Baby's Escape

ONE night last summer as it was frightfully hot in my bedroom I decided to sleep outside on the lawn with my seven-months-old baby.

Placing the child on his cot mattress I lay down alongside on a rug.

During the night I woke and looked to see if baby was all right, but, to my horror, he was gone.

I groped around his mattress in the dark, but could not find him. Nearly frantic, I switched on the verandah light.

To my relief I could see a white bundle lying some 10 feet away from where we had slept.

Baby had either rolled or crawled away while I slept, but Providence had been watching over him, as he had stopped not three inches from where the lawn ended with a sharp drop to a cement path.

5/- to Mrs. J. H. Gunton, Box 19, Gwalia, W.A.

Attacked by Bushrangers

THIS happened many years ago, when my grandmother was a girl of nineteen. She was on her way to Warren, and was on a lonely spot on the road, just about to pass over a creek, when her black mare, on which she was riding, halted.

My grandmother dismounted and listened. Suddenly she heard the tramping of horses in the distance. This tramping was getting closer to my grandmother, so she at once surmised that bushrangers were coming. She then hid her purse.

By this time the men were in sight. They demanded money, but my grandmother told them she had none. Knowing that bushrangers were everywhere, she did not wear any valuables, so the only thing that was left to take was the beautiful mare.

They took this, and left an old, hungry and fatigued horse in its stead, then rode away, leaving my grandmother to get assistance as best she could.

My grandmother gave the horse some water from the creek, and fed it. This enabled the horse to take my grandmother to the nearest house, where she received assistance. Later she was told that she had been held up by Ned Kelly and his gang.

5/- to Miss Betty Fuller, 15 Hopetoun Street, Dubbo, N.S.W.

Adventure in "The Centre"

WHEN the stockmen of the interior were rehearsing for Sir Sidney Kidman's birthday rodeo, I stood inches from death.

It was a day of acute heat even for that district.

For my benefit a rude shelter of poles and bags was hastily erected, and this activity distracted the attention of the stockrider guarding the opening into the corral, so that one of the bullocks escaped.

It gave one snort, then lowered its massive head and charged straight at the improvised shelter under which I stood.

The men who were putting on the bag roof gave a warning shout and scattered. But I was petrified.

I felt my bones turn to water and broke out into a profuse perspiration.

Paralysed, I watched the beast's flaring nostrils, red, piggy eyes, and great sabrelike horns coming nearer and nearer. A chain ... ten yards ... a rod ... and a black stockrider thundered alongside the bullock.

He stooped low in the saddle, seized the outflung tail of the bullock and, as the beast stretched its forefeet forward for the last stride, he straightened in the saddle, caught the animal offstride, and sent it crashing to the ground at my feet.

A shower of dirt and dust blinded me for a moment, but when it cleared away the boy had the bullock pinned to the ground by the simple expedient of lying on its head.

He grinned widely at me and said something about a close shave, but I never heard the rest of it.

I had yielded to a very feminine weakness and fainted.

5/- to Mrs. Jean Verrier, 48 Sheffield St., Malvern, S.A.

Sea Danger

I WAS born on a small tropical island, and knew the sea as well as I did the land.

Once, while fishing in a small canoe with a typical flimsy outrigger, a sudden squall overwhelmed me, the outrigger broke, and I lost my paddle. I clung to the capsized canoe, shook the water out as only islanders know how and hand-paddled through tremendous seas to be hurled upon a jagged coral reef.

On the reef I had just time to get my breath when another roller swept me into the lagoon where the water was considerably quieter, but still rough.

How I escaped being torn to pieces by jagged live coral I do not know, except that it might have been the flood tide that saved me. It gave greater depth. I was almost exhausted when something wound round my arm. It was a fairly long piece of stout rope.

Desperation gave me an idea. I looped the rope, intending to use it, if possible, by throwing it over projecting dark points of rock, many of which studded this part of the lagoon.

By good luck the rope caught on one. On again getting my breath I looped the other end under my armpits. This gave me a spell and allowed me to snatch breaths of air.

I managed to ride out the squall, but was given up for dead when my broken canoe was found.

With great difficulty I later reached the shore to the amazement of everybody. I have had other accidents at sea, but I think this is the narrowest escape of all.

5/- to Mrs. Rita, Apia, Western Samoa.

Was It a Spirit?

I WAS a probationer on night duty in a big hospital. We had to go to supper at midnight to the women's medical ward pantry.

To get to this pantry one had to go along a dark hall, dimly lit, pass a lift with closed wire doors, a dark staircase at the side of the lift, along another narrow passage, and then up the back stairs to the pantry.

On this occasion I was running along this hall to get to supper on time; I got as far as the lift, when I was transfixed.

I couldn't move. Something crossed my path. I could feel the faint breeze of it, yet I could see nothing.

It must have only been a second yet it felt hours before I could move. I then ran up the back stairs. When I got to the top, the nurse on duty dashed out, and, seeing me, said: "Quick, ring the doctor. Mrs. Brown has just died, and she was to go home to-morrow!"

I still wonder if it was Mrs. Brown's spirit I passed in the hall, coming down the lift, or stairs, from the women's ward.

5/- to Mrs. Olive Saunders, 83 Lawley Crescent, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

An Unconventional Sprint

I WAS a schoolmistress in the hill town of Simla, India, and with a young lady assistant I made an Easter holiday visit to the neighboring native State of Patiala, where my sister had charge of a hospital.

We had to be back at our work at 9.30 on the Tuesday morning, and in order to do that we required to leave the local railway station at a very early hour that morning.

Instructions were given to the chowkidar (native nightwatchman) to arouse us in time to catch our train, but, alas for the human factor, he overslept!

The first I knew was that my sister had burst into our room calling upon us to get up at once. The train already was approaching the station.

My friend and I jumped out of bed and, hastily gathering together our garments and snatching up our cases, ran from the house in our nighties!

Dawn was breaking, and along that road in the semi-darkness we sped as for dear life, two English girls, very much deshabille, to the amazement of the natives whom we met wending their way to the plain of morning devotions.

We arrived panting at the station. The train was still there, and we tumbled into the first ladies' compartment we could see. Those on the platform must have been astonished at the sight of two feminine representatives of the British raj so unusually attired for public gaze.

5/- to Mrs. Ellen C. D. Bothwell, 10 Saywell Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

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CHEMIST KNOWS . . . AND TELLS

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have been called in by
DR. ANDRE PETAIN: Physician, to investigate the strange case of
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist and father of
SUZETTE: Dr. Petain's lovely fiancee. M. Duchamp received a block of metal anonymously through the post, which he took to his laboratory to analyse. Its strange glow seemed to hypnotise him, and a week later he was found apparently dead. When Mandrake goes to examine the body, however, both it and the metal block have disappeared. Later, in his absence, Duchamp, who has awakened from his deathlike trance, returns—still under some evil hypnotic influence—and kidnaps Suzette. Mandrake, recalled by Petain, quickly realises that the dread
COBRA: Adept at hypnosis and telepathy, has Duchamp in his power. With Petain and Lothar, he drives in a high-powered car to catch the train on which he believes Duchamp has taken Suzette. NOW READ ON—

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 22

THAT gentleman had raised a mixed force at Nimes, and was skirmishing in the south of France, egged on by a masterful wife. His brother, the Duc de Berri, who had accompanied his uncle into Belgium, found less dangerous employment in holding slightly farcical reviews of the handful of Royalist troops under his command at Alost.

These proceedings were not comforting to the anxious, but the proximity of the Prussian Army was more reassuring. But as General Kleist's notions of feeding this army consisted very simply of causing it to subsist upon the country in which it was quartered, the King of the Netherlands, who held quite different views on the subject, and was besides on bad terms with his wife's Prussian relatives, refused to permit of its crossing the Meuse. This not unnaturally led to a good deal of bad feeling.

"Your Lordship's presence is extremely necessary to combine the measures of the heterogeneous force which is destined to defend this country," wrote Sir Charles Stuart to the Duke, with diplomatic restraint.

Everyone agreed that the Duke's presence was necessary; everyone was sure that once he was in command all the disputes and the difficulties would be immediately settled, even Mr. Creevey, who had not been used to set much store by any of "those darned Wellesleys."

It was wonderful what a change was gradually coming over Mr. Creevey's opinions; extraordinary to hear him adverting to the Duke's past victories in Spain, just as though he had never declared them to have been grossly exaggerated. He was still a little patronising about the Duke, but he was going to feel very much safer, tied as he was to Brussels by an ailing wife, when the Duke was at the head of the army.

But he thought it very strange that Worth should have had no news from his brother in Vienna. Probe as he might, nothing could be elicited. Colonel Audley had not mentioned the subject of his Chief's coming.

Mr. Creevey was forced to go away unsatisfied. Sir Peregrine lingered. "I must say, I agree with him, that it's odd of Charles not to have told you when he expects to be here," he complained.

"My dear Perry, I daresay he might not know," said Lady Worth.

"Well, when one considers that he has been on the Duke's personal staff since he went back to the Peninsula after your marriage in August of 1812 it seems quite extraordinary he should be so little in Wellington's confidence," said Sir Peregrine.

His sister drew her work-table towards her, and began to occupy herself with a piece of embroidery. "Perhaps the Duke himself is uncertain. Depend upon it, he will be here soon enough. It is very worrying, but he must know what he is about."

He took a turn about the room. "I wish I knew what I should do!" he exclaimed presently. "It's all very well for you to laugh, Judith, but it's curst awkward! Of course, if I were a single man I should join as a volunteer. However, that won't do."

"No, indeed!" said Judith, rather startled.

"Worth, what do you mean to do? Do you stay?"

"Oh, I think so!" replied the Earl.

Sir Peregrine's brow lightened. "Oh! Well, if you judge it to be safe —I don't suppose you would keep Judith and the child here if you did not?"

"I don't suppose I should," agreed the Earl.

"What does Harriet wish to do?" inquired Lady Worth.

"Oh, if it can be considered safe for the children, she don't wish to go!" Sir Peregrine caught sight of his reflection in the mirror over the fireplace, and gave the starched folds of his cravat a dissatisfied twitch. Before his marriage he had aspired to dizzy heights of dandyism, and although he now lived for the greater part of the year on his estates in Yorkshire, he was still inclined to spend much thought and time on his dress. "This new man of mine is no good at all!" he said, with some annoyance. "Just look at my cravat!"

"IS that really necessary?" said the Earl. "For the past hour I have been at considerable pains not to look at it."

A grin dispersed Sir Peregrine's worried frown. "Oh, be darned to you, Worth! I'll tell you what it is, you did a great deal for me when I was your ward, but if you had taught me the way you have of tying your cravats I should have been more grateful than ever I was for any of the rest of the curst interfering things you did."

"Very handsomely put, Perry. But the art is inborn, and can't be taught."

Sir Peregrine made a derisive sound, and, abandoning the attempt to improve the set of his cravat, turned from the mirror. He glanced down at his sister, tranquilly sewing, and said in a burst of confidence: "You know, I can't help being worried. I don't want to run home, but the thing is that Harriet is in a delicate situation again."

"Good heavens, already?" exclaimed Judith.

"Yes, and you see what an anxious position it puts me in. I would not have her upset for the world. However, it seems certain Boney can't move against us yet. I shall wait until the Duke comes before I decide. That will be best."

The Earl agreed to it with a solemnity only belied by the quivering of a muscle at the corner of his mouth. Sir Peregrine adjured him to let him have any reliable news he might chance to hear and took himself off, his mind apparently relieved of its care.

HIS sister was left to enjoy a laugh at his expense. "Julian, I think you must have taken leave of your senses when you permitted Perry to marry Harriet! Two children, and another expected! It is quite absurd! He is only a child himself."

"Very true, but you should consider that if he were not married we should have him enlisting as a volunteer."

The thought sobered her. She put down her embroidery. "I suppose we should." She hesitated, her fine blue eyes raised to Worth's face. "Well, Julian, our morning visitors have all talked a great deal, but you have said nothing."

"I was under the impression that I said everything that was civil."

"Just so, and nothing to the point. I wish you will tell me what you think. Do we stay?"

"Not if you wish to go home, my dear."

She shook her head. "You are to be the judge. I don't care for myself, but there is little Julian to be recollected, you know."

"I don't forget him. Antwerp is, after all, comfortably close. But if you choose I will convey you both to England."

She cast him a shrewd look. "You are extremely obliging, sir! Thank you. I know you a little too well to accept that offer. You would no sooner have set me down in England than you would return here, odious wretch!"

He laughed. "To tell you the truth, Judith, I think it will be interesting to be in Brussels this spring."

"Yes," she agreed. "But what will happen?"

"I know no more than the next man."

"I suppose war is certain? Will the Duke be a match for Bonaparte, do you think?"

"That is what we are going to see, my dear."

"Everyone speaks as though his arrival will make all quite safe—indeed, I do myself—but though he was so successful in Spain, he has never fought against Bonaparte himself, has he?"

"A circumstance which makes the situation of even more interest," said Worth.

"Well!" She resumed her stitching. "You are very cool. We shall stay then. Indeed, I should be very sorry to go just when Charles is to join us."

The Earl put up his quizzing-glass. "Ah! May I inquire, my love, whether you are making plans for Charles' future welfare?"

Down went the embroidery; her ladyship raised an indignant, rueful pair of eyes to his face. "You are the most odious man that I have ever met!" she declared. "Of course I don't make plans for Charles! It sounds like some horrid, match-making mama. How in the world did you guess?"

"Some explanation of your extreme kindness towards Miss Devenish seemed to be called for. That was the likeliest that presented itself to me."

"Well, but don't you think her a charming girl, Julian?"

"I daresay. You know my taste runs to Amazons."

Her ladyship ignored this with obvious dignity. "She is extremely pretty, with such obliging manners, and a general sweetness of disposition which makes me feel her to be so very eligible."

"I will allow all that to be true."

"You are thinking of Mr. Fisher. I know the evils of her situation, but recollect that Mr. Fisher is her uncle only by marriage! He is a little vulgar perhaps—well, very vulgar, if you like—but I am sure a kind, worthy man who has treated her quite as though she were his own daughter, and will leave the whole of his fortune to her."

"That certainly is a consideration," said Worth.

"Her own birth, though not noble, is perfectly respectable you know. Her family is an old one—but it does not signify talking, after all! Charles will make his own choice."

"Just what I was about to remark, my dear."

"Don't alarm yourself! I have no notion of throwing poor Lucy at his head, I assure you. But I shall own myself surprised if he does not take a liking to her."

"I perceive," said the Earl, faintly amused, "that life in Brussels is going to be even more interesting than I had expected."

WHEN Judith, on setting out for Lady Charlotte Greville's evening party, desired Worth to direct the coachman to call at Mr. Fisher's for the purpose of picking up Miss Devenish, she could not help looking a little conscious. She avoided his ironic gaze, but when he settled himself beside her, and the carriage moved forward over the pave, said defensively: "Really, it is not remarkable that I should take Lucy with me."

"Certainly not," agreed Worth. "I made no remark."

"Mrs. Fisher does not like to go into company, you know, and the poor child would be very dull if no one offered to escort her."

"Very true."

Judith cast a smouldering glance at his profile. "I do not think," she said, "that I have ever met so provoking a person as you."

He smiled, but said nothing, and upon the carriage drawing up presently in front of a respectable-looking house in one of the quiet streets off the Place Royale, got down to hand his wife's protegee into the carriage.

She did not keep him waiting for many seconds, but came out of the house, escorted by her uncle, a little stout man of cheerful vulgarity who bowed very low to the Earl, and uttered profuse thanks and protestations. He was answered with the cool civility of a stranger, but Lady Worth, leaning forward, said everything that was kind, inquired after Mrs. Fisher, who had lately been confined to the house by a feverish cold, and engaged herself to take good care of Miss Devenish.

"Your ladyship is never backward in any attention—most flattering distinction! I am all obligation!" he said, bowing to her. "It is just as it should be, for I'm sure Lucy is fit to move in the first circles—ay, and to make a good match into the bargain, eh, Lucy? Ah, she don't like me to quiz her about it: she is blushing, I daresay, only it is too dark to see."

Judith could not but feel a little vexation that he should expose himself so to Worth, but she passed it off with tact. Miss Devenish was handed into the carriage, the Earl followed her, and in a moment they were off, leaving Mr. Fisher bowing farewell upon the pavement.

"Dear Lady Worth, this is very kind of you!" said Miss Devenish, in a pretty, low voice. "My aunt desired her compliments. I did not keep you waiting, I hope?"

"No, indeed. I only hope it won't prove an insipid evening. I believe there may be dancing, and I suppose all the world and his wife will be there."

It certainly seemed so. When they arrived, Lady Charlotte's salons were already crowded. The English predominated, but there were any number of distinguished foreigners present. Here and there were to be seen the blue of a Dutch uniform, and the smart rifle-green of a Belgian dragoon; and everywhere you should chance to look you might be sure of encountering the sight of scarlet: vivid splashes of scarlet, throwing into insignificance all the ladies' pale muslins, and every civilian gentleman's more sober coat. Civilian gentlemen were plainly at a discount, and the young lady who could not show at least one scarlet uniform enslaved was unhappy indeed.

Please turn to Page 43

HIS BLESSINGS ARE ALWAYS DOUBLE

PICTURED WITH five of his six sets of twins is Farmer Fifield, of Putnam, Conn., U.S.A. The sixth set, recently arrived, are still in hospital with their proud mother, Mrs. Lydia Fifield.

KEPT FROM HIS SHIP BY SCIATICA

Sailor Who Could Hardly Walk for Pain

Rheumatism had so crippled this old sailor that he could only make his way about with pain and difficulty. Here he tells how a friend introduced him to a remedy which made him perfectly fit for the hard seafaring life again within a week :—

"I have been a seaman and travelled all over the world in sailing ships. Some time ago I was taken bad with sciatica and rheumatism. If I went out I had to rest two or three times before I got home. One day an old mate of mine asked me what was the matter, and he said 'get some Kruschen Salts.' So I got some and I am pleased to say I felt a great ease. After continuing for a week, I was a great deal better and on the Saturday I was back on my ship."—T.R.W.

The pains of rheumatism and sciatica are caused by too much uric acid accumulating in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of uric acid crystals, then dissolve them away altogether. Other ingredients of these Salts assist Nature to wash out these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

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THE SECRET OF YOUTHFUL SKIN

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

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WITS and savants went by the board; the crowd was thickest about Lord Hill, who had dropped in for half an hour. His round face wore its usual placid smile; he was replying with inexhaustible patience and good humor to the anxious inquiries of the females clustering round him. Dear Lord Hill! So kind, so dependable! He was not like the Duke, of course, but one need not pack one's trunks and order the horses to be put to for an instant flight to Antwerp while he was there to pledge she his word the Corsican Monster was still in Paris.

He had just reassured the Anneslay sisters, two ethereal blondes, whose very ringlets were appealing. When Worth's party came into the room, they had moved away from Lord Hill, and were standing near the door, a lovely, fragile pair, so alike, so dotingly fond!

They were both married, the younger, Catharine, being one of the season's brides, with a most unexceptionable young husband to her credit, Lord John Somerset, temporarily attached to the Prince of Orange's personal staff. It was strange that Catharine, so much her sister's inferior in beauty and brain, should have done so much better for herself in the marriage-market. Poor Frances, with her infinite capacity for hero-worship, had made but a sad business of it after all, for a less inspiring figure than her tow-headed, chattering, awkward Mr. Webster would have been hard to find. You could hardly blame her for having fallen so deep in love with Lord Byron. Quite an affaire that had been, while it lasted. Happily that had not been for very long—though long enough, if Catharine's indiscreet tongue were to be trusted, to enable her to secure one of the poet's precious locks of hair. That was more than Caro Lamb could boast of, poor soul.

She, too, was in Brussels, quite scandalising the old-fashioned with her gossamer gauzes, always damped to make them cling close to her limbs, generally dropping off one thin shoulder, and allowing the interested an intimate view of her shape. Old Lady Mount Norris was ready to stake her reputation on Caroline's wearing under her gauze dresses not a stitch of clothing beyond an invisible petticoat. Well, her own daughter might possess a lock of Byron's hair, but one was able to thank Heaven she did not flaunt herself abroad next door to naked.

LORD BYRON was not in Brussels. Perhaps he was too taken up with that queer, serious bride of his; perhaps, guided by his instinct, he knew that even a poet as beautiful and as sinister as himself would not make much of a mark in Brussels on the eve of war.

His marriage had been a great shock to Caro Lamb, said the gossipers. Poor thing, one was truly sorry for her, however ridiculous she might have made herself. It was quite her own fault that she no-looked so haggard. She was unbecomingly thin, too; every lady was agreed on that. Sprite? Ariel? Well, one had always thought such nicknames absurd; one really never had admired her. Only gentlemen were sometimes so silly.

There were quite a number of gentlemen round Lady Caroline, all being regrettably silly. A murmur from Miss Devenish reached Lady Worth's ears: "Oh, she's so lovely I like just to look at her!"

Judith hoped that she was not uncharitable, but had no wish to exchange more than a smile and a bow with Lady Caroline. One was not a prude, but really that lilac gauze was perfectly transparent. And if it came to loveliness, Judith considered her protegee quite as well worth looking at as any lady in the room. If her eyelashes were not as long and curling as Lady Frances Webster's the eyes themselves were decidedly more brilliant, and of such a dove-like softness. Her shape, though she might conceal it with discretion, was quite as good as Caro Lamb's; and her glossy brown curls were certainly thicker than Caroline's short feathery ringlets. Above all, her expression was charming, her smile so spontaneous, the look of grave reflection in her eye so particularly becoming. She dressed, moreover, with great propriety of taste, expensively, but never extravagantly. Any man might congratulate himself on acquiring such a bride.

These reflections were interrupted by the necessity of exchanging civilities with the Marquise d'Assche. Judith turned from her presently to find Miss Devenish waiting to engage her attention.

"Dear Lady Worth," said Miss Devenish, "you know everyone, I believe. Only tell me who is that beautiful creature come into the room with Lady Vidal. Is it very wrong?—I could not but gasp and think to myself: 'Oh, if I had but that hair!' Everyone is cast into the shade!"

"Good gracious, whom in the world can you have seen?" said Judith, smiling with a little amusement. However, when her eyes followed the direction of Miss Devenish's worshipful gaze, the smile quickly faded. "Good heavens!" she said. "I had no idea that she was back in Brussels! Well, Lucy, if you are looking at the lady with the head of hair like my best copper coal-scuttle, let me tell you that she is none other than Barbara Childe."

"Lady Barbara!" breathed Miss Devenish. "I wondered—— You must know that I never till now set eyes on her. Yes, one can see the likeness; she is a little like her brother, Lord Vidal, is she not?"

"More like Lord George, I should say. You do not know him; a wild young man, I am afraid; very like his sister."

Miss Devenish made no reply to this observation, her attention remaining fixed upon the two ladies who had come into the salon.

The elder, Lady Vidal, was a handsome brunette, whose air, dress, and deportment all proclaimed the lady of fashion. She was accompanied by her husband the Marquis of Vidal, a fleshy man, with a shock of reddish hair, a permanent crease between thick, sandy brows, and a rather pouting mouth.

Beside Lady Vidal, and with her hand lightly resting on the arm of an officer in Dutch-Belgian uniform, stood the object of Miss Devenish's eager scrutiny.

Lady Barbara Childe was no longer in the first flush of her youth. She was twenty-five years old, and had been three years a widow. Having married to oblige her family at the age of seventeen, she had had the good fortune to lose a husband three times as old as herself within five years of having married him. Her mourning had been of the most perfunctory; indeed, she was thought to have grieved more over the death of her father, an expensive nobleman of selfish habits, and an unsavory reputation. But the truth was she did not grieve much over anyone. She was heartless.

It was the decision of all who knew her, and of many who did not. No one could deny her beauty, or her charm, but both were acknowledged to be deadly. Her conquests were innumerable; men fell so desperately in love with her that they became wan with desire, and very often did extremely foolish things when they discovered that she did not care the snap of her fingers for them. Young Mr. Vane had actually drunk himself to death; and poor Sir Henry Drew had bought himself a pair of Colors and gone off to the Peninsula with the declared intention of being killed, which he very soon was; while, more shocking than all the rest, Bab had allowed her destructive green eyes to drift towards Philip Darcy, with the result that poor dear Marianne, who had been his faithful wife for ten years, now sat weeping at home, quite neglected.

It was a mystery to the ladies what the gentlemen found so alluring in those large green eyes, with their deceptive look of candor. For green they were, let who would call them blue. Bab had only to put on a green dress for there to be no doubt at all about it. They were set under most delicately arched brows, and were fringed by lashes which had obviously been darkened. That outrageously burnished head of hair might be natural, but those black lashes undoubtedly were not. Nor, agreed the waspish, was that lovely complexion. In fact, the Lady Barbara Childe, beyond all other iniquities, painted her face.

It became apparent, to those who were gazing at her, that the Lady Barbara had not, on this night of April, stopped at that. One foot was thrust a little forward from under the frills of a yellow-spangled gown, and it was seen that the Lady Barbara, wearing Grecian sandals, had painted her toe-nails gold.

Miss Devenish was heard to give a gasp. Lady Sarah Lennox, on the arm of General Maitland, said: "Gracious, only look at Bab's feet! She learned that trick in Paris, of course."

"Dashing, by Jove!" said the General appreciatively.

"Very, very fast!" said Lady Sarah. "Shocking!"

Please turn to Page 44

Arithmetic

With solemn eyes, you listen
and believe
That three and three make six,
and two and two are four;
And, with no trace of doubt,
in your small world
Will five and five be ten for
evermore.

To match such faith, there's
nothing I can give,
Against your trust my know-
ledge seems still less;
I cannot tell you what adds
up to truth,
Or what makes up the sum of
happiness.

J. Pine.

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SAVE 26 BLUE CROSSES

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DESSERT SPOON
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SAVE 24 BLUE CROSSES

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2½ pint saucepan. Australian made. Strong, splendidly finished, coloured heat-proof knob.
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9" in diameter, made of "Strong-lite" 99% pure aluminium. Close-fitting lid, with green heat-proof knob.
SAVE 104 BLUE CROSSES

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Fine close-set bristles, nicely finished.
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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 43

IT was not the least part of Barbara's charm that, having arrayed herself in a startling costume, she contrived thereafter to seem wholly unheedful of the appearance she presented. She was never seen to pat her curls into place, nor to cast an anxious glance towards the mirror. No less a personage than Mr. Brummell had taught her this magnificent unconcern. "Once having assured yourself that your dress is perfect in every detail," had pronounced that oracle, "you must not give it another thought. No one, I fancy, has ever seen me finger my cravat, twitch at the lapels of my coat or smooth creases from my sleeve."

So the Lady Barbara, in a shimmering golden gown of spangles which clung to her tall shape as though it had been moulded to it, with her gold toe-nails, and her cluster of red curls threaded with a golden filet, was apparently quite unconscious of being the most daringly dressed lady in the room. Fifty pairs of eyes were fixed upon her, some in patent disapproval, some in equally patent admiration, and she did not betray by as much as a flicker of an eyelid that she was aware of being a cynosure. That dreadfully disarming smile of hers swept across her face, and she moved towards Lady Worth, and held out her hand, saying in her oddly boyish voice: "How do you do? Is your little boy well?"

In spite of the fact that Judith had been by no means pleased, three months before, to see her infant son entranced by the Lady Barbara's charms, this speech could not but gratify her. "Very well, thank you," she replied. "Have you been back in Brussels long?"

"No, two days only."

"I did not know you had the intention of returning."

"Oh—! London was confoundedly flat," said Bab carelessly.

Miss Devenish, who had never before heard such a mannish expression on a lady's lips, stared. Lady Barbara glanced down at her from her graceful height, and then looked at Judith, her brows asking a question. A little unwillingly—but, after all, it was not likely that Bab would waste more than two minutes of her time on little Lucy Devenish—Judith made the necessary introduction. The smile and the hand were bestowed; Barbara made a movement with her fan, including in the group the officer on whose arm she had entered the salon. "Lady Worth, do you know M. le Capitaine Comte de Lavisse?"

"I believe we have met," acknowledged Judith, devoutly hoping that Brussels' most notorious rake would not take one of his dangerous fancies to the damsel in her charge.

However, the Captain Count's dark eyes betrayed no more than a fleeting interest in Miss Devenish, and before any introduction could be made a young gentleman with embryonic whiskers, and a sandy head at lamentable difference with his scarlet dress-coat, joined them.

"Hallo, Bab!" said Lord Harry Alastair. "Servant, Lady Worth! Miss Devenish, do you know they are dancing in the other room? May I have the honor?"

JUDITH, smiling a gracious permission, could not but feel that the path of a chaperon was a hard one. The reputation of the Alastairs, from Dominic, Duke of Avon, down to his granddaughter, Barbara, was not such as to lead a conscientious duenna to observe with pleasure her charge being borne off by any one of them. She comforted herself with the reflection that Lord Harry, an eighteen-year-old Ensign, could hardly be considered dangerous. Had it been Lord George, now! But Lord George, happily, was not in Belgium.

By the time Lord Harry had escorted Miss Devenish to the ballroom, the inevitable crowd had gathered round his sister. Lady Worth escaped from it, but not before she had been asked (inevitably, she thought) for news from Vienna.

Rumors and counter-rumors were as usual being circulated; the English in Brussels seemed to be poised for flight; and the only thing that would infallibly reassure the timorous was the certain news of the Duke's arrival.

It was easy to see what Brussels would make of him when he did come. "The pedestal is ready for the hero to climb on to," said Judith, with rather a provocative smile. "And we are all ready to kneel and worship at the base. I hope he may be worthy of our admiration."

General Maitland, to whom she had addressed this remark, said: "Do you know him, Lady Worth?"

"I have not that pleasure. Pray do not mention it, but I have never so much as laid eyes on him. Is it not shocking?"

"Oh!" said the General.

She raised her brows. "What am I to understand by that, if you please? Shall I be disappointed? I warn you, I expect a demi-god!"

"Demi-god," repeated the General, stroking one beautiful whisker. "Well, I don't know. Shouldn't have called him so myself."

"Ah, I am to be disappointed! I feared as much."

"No—no," said the General. "Not disappointed. He is a very able Commander."

"That sounds a little flat, I confess. Is it only the ladies who worship him? Do not his soldiers?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that!" said the General, relieved to be able to answer a plain question. "I believe they rather like him than not; they like to see his hook-nose among them at any rate; but they don't worship him. Don't think he'd care for it if they did."

She was interested. "You present me with a new picture, General. My brother-in-law is quite devoted to him, I believe."

"AUDLEY? Well, he's one of his family, you see." He observed a bewildered look on her face, and added: "On his staff, I should say. That's another matter altogether. His staff know him better than the rest of us."

"This is more promising. He is unapproachable. A demi-god should certainly be so."

He laughed suddenly. "No, no, you won't find him unapproachable, Lady Worth. I pledge you my word."

Their conversation was interrupted by Sarah and Georgiana Lennox, who came up to them with their arms entwined. The General greeted the elder sister with such a warm smile that Lady Worth was satisfied that rumor had not lied about his purpose of remarriage. Lady Sarah went off on his arm; Georgiana remained beside Judith, watching the shifting crowd for a few moments. She presently said in rather a thoughtful voice: "Do you see that Bab Childe is back?"

"Yes. I have been speaking to her."

"I must say, I wish she had stayed away," confided Georgiana. "It is the oddest thing, because, for myself, I don't dislike her, but wherever she is there is always some horrid trouble or unhappiness. Even Mama, who is never silly, is a little afraid she may cast her eyes in March's direction. Of course, we don't breathe a word of such a thing at home, but it's perfectly true."

"What, that your brother——"

"Oh no, no, but that Mama fears he might! One can't blame her. There does seem to be something about Bab which drives quite sensible men distracted. Dreadful, isn't it?"

"I think it is."

"Yes, so do I," said Georgiana regretfully. "I wish I had it."

Judith could not help laughing, but she assured her vivacious young friend that she was very well as she was. "All the nicest men pay their court to Gorgy," she said. "It is men like the Comte de Lavisse who run after Lady Barbara."

"Yes," sighed Georgiana, looking pensively in the direction of the Count. "Very true. Of course one would not wish to be admired by such a person."

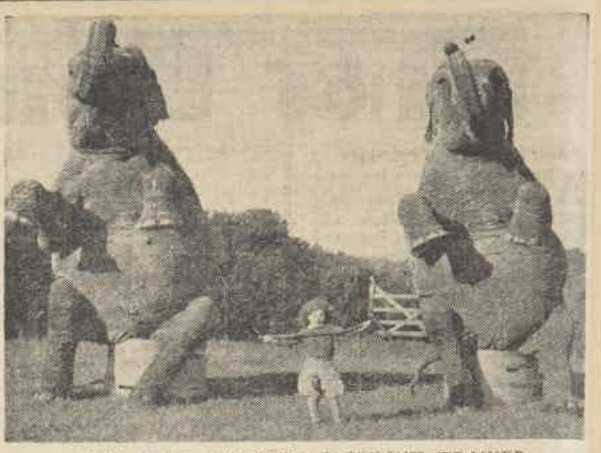
This sentiment was echoed by the Lady Barbara's brother, much later in the evening. As his carriage conveyed him and his ladies home to the Rue Ducale he said in a peevish tone that he wondered Bab could bear to have that foreign fellow for ever at her elbow.

She only laughed, but his wife, who had been yawning in her corner of the carriage, said sharply: "If you mean Lavisse, I am sure I don't know why you should. I only wish Bab may not play fast and loose with him, I believe he is extremely rich."

This argument was one that could not but appeal to the Marquis. He was silent for a few moments, but presently said: "I don't know about that, but I can tell you his reputation doesn't bear looking into."

"If it comes to that, Bab's own reputation is not above reproach!"

Another gurgle of laughter came from the opposite corner of the carriage. The Marquis said severely: "It's all very well to laugh. No doubt it amuses you to make your name a byword. For my part, I have had enough of your scandals."



ENGLAND'S YOUNGEST ELEPHANT TRAINER
JOAN, THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER of Zena Rosaire, was born in the circus and is equally at home with lions, bears and elephants. She does not fear any of the animals, and the elephants will actually go through their act with her. Picture shows Joan with her big charges.

"Oh, pray, spare us a homily!" said his wife, yawning again.

"Don't be anxious, Vidal! They're laying odds against Lavisse's staying the course for more than a month."

The carriage passed over an uneven stretch of pave. Unpleasantly jolted, the Marquis said angrily: "Upon my word! Do you like to have your name bandied about? your affairs made the subject of bets?"

"I don't care," replied Barbara indifferently. "No, I think I like it."

"You're shameless! Who told you this?"

"Harry."

"I might have known it! Pretty news to recount to his sister!"

"Oh, lord, why shouldn't he?" said Lady Vidal. "You'll be a bigger fool than I take you for, Bab, if you let Lavisse slip through your fingers."

"I don't let them slip," retorted Barbara. "I drop them. I daresay I shall drop him, too."

"Be careful he doesn't drop you!" said her ladyship.

THE carriage had drawn up before one of the large houses in the Rue Ducale, facing the park. As the footman opened the door, Barbara murmured: "Oh, no, do you think he will? That would be interesting."

Her sister-in-law forbore to answer this, but, alighting from the carriage, passed into the house. Barbara followed her, but paused only to say good night before picking up her candle and going upstairs to her bedroom.

She had not, however, seen the last of Lady Vidal, who came tapping on her door half an hour later, and entered with the air of one who proposed to remain some while. Barbara was seated before the mirror, her flaming head rising out of the foam of sea-green gauze which constituted her dressing-gown. "Oh, what the deuce, Gussie?" she said.

"Send your girl away; I want to talk to you," commanded Augusta, settling herself in the most comfortable chair in the room.

Barbara gave an impatient sigh, but obeyed. As the door closed behind the maid, she said: "Well, what is it? Are you going to urge me to marry Etienne? I wish you may not put yourself to so much trouble."

"You might do worse," said Augusta.

"To be sure I might. We are agreed, then."

"You know, you should be thinking seriously of marriage. You're twenty-five, my dear."

"Ah, marriage is a bore!"

"If you mean husbands are bores, I'm sure I heartily agree with you," responded Augusta. "They have to be endured for the sake of the blessings attached to them. Single, one has neither standing nor consequence."

"I'll tell you what, Gussie: the best is to be a widow—a dashing widow!"

"So you may think while you still possess pretensions to beauty. No longer, I assure you. As for dashing, that brings me to another thing I had to say. I believe I'm no prude, but those gilded toe-nails of yours are the outside of enough, Bab."

Barbara lifted a fold of the gauze to observe her bare feet. "Pretty, aren't they?"

"Vidal informs me he has seen none but French women (and those of a certain class) with painted nails."

"Oh, famous!"

Barbara seemed to be so genuinely delighted by this piece of news that Lady Vidal thought it wiser to leave the subject. "That's as may be. What is more important is what you mean to do with your future. If you take my advice, you'll marry Lavisse."

"No, he would be the devil of a husband."

"And you the devil of a wife, my dear."

"True. I will live and die a widow."

"Pray, don't talk such stuff to me!" said Augusta tartly. "If you let slip all your opportunities of getting a husband I shall think you are a great fool."

Barbara laughed, and getting up from the stool before her dressing-table, strolled across the room to a small cupboard and opened it. "Very well! Let us look about us! Shall I set my cap at dear Gordon? I could fancy him, I believe."

"Sir Alexander? Don't be absurd! A boy!"

Barbara had taken a medicine bottle from the cupboard, and was measuring some of its contents into a glass. She paused, and wrinkled her brow. "General Maitland? That would be suitable: he is a widower."

"He is as good as promised to Sarah Lennox."

"That's no objection—if I want him. No, I don't think I do. I'll tell you what, Gussie, I'll have the Adjutant-General!"

"Good heavens, that would not last long! They call him the Fire-eater. You would be for ever quarrelling. I wish you would be serious! You need not marry a soldier, after all."

"Yes, yes, if I marry it must be a soldier. I am quite determined. The Army is all the rage. And when have I ever been behind the mode? Consider, too, the range of possibilities! Only think of the Guards positively massed in the neighborhood. I have only to drive to Enghien to find an eligible parti. The Cavalry, too! All the Household Troops are under orders to sail, and I had always a liking for a well-set-up Life Guardsman."

"That means we shall have George here, I suppose," said Augusta, without any appearance of gratification.

"Yes, but never mind that! What do you say to a gallant Hussar? The 10th are coming out and they wear such charming clothes! I have had a riding dress made a la Hussar, in the palest green, all frogged and laced with silver. Ravishing!"

"You will set the town by the ears!"

"Who cares?"

Please turn to Page 46

EVEN THE MOST MODERN HOME IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT A...

Piano by Nicholson's

SOMETIME in our colorful moods of planning and dreaming we picture the things we would like to possess—This has happened to us all. Foremost we visualise the home, surrounded by gardens marked by flowers in profusion, the green gables, the stone pathway lending itself to the already quiet, but striking picture.

Yet, in realism, all this could bring part only of the pleasures and happiness which we seek—for to-day even in the most modern home there must be the love of music—however small this interest, there is need for a piano of quality and finish.

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What Women Are Doing

Australian Broadcasts

AUSTRALIANS should feel proud when they pause to think just how well musicians from this country do overseas. Miss Ivie Stevenson, a West Australian soprano who went to England for the Coronation, sang from the B.B.C's short-wave station at Daventry recently in a broadcast to Australia.

Miss Stevenson's trip to the Coronation was not merely taken for curiosity, for she was one of the singers in the choir at Westminster Abbey during the Coronation ceremony—an honor of which she was justly proud.

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Woman Unveils Memorial to Grandfather

AS the granddaughter of the South Australian explorer, Robert Cock, Miss E. Jane Cock, of Adelaide, was recently requested to unveil a monument to her grandfather, and to Mr. John Dunn, at Bridgewater. The unveiling ceremony was one of the highlights of a week of festivities, and the date chosen was as near as possible to Christmas Day, 1937, as exactly 100 years before Robert Cock had camped at Bridgewater. The ceremony was performed by Miss Cock on New Year's Day.

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Joining the Throng in Sydney Celebrations

THE Brisbane Lyceum Club will be represented at the 150th Anniversary Celebrations in Sydney by its president, Mrs. E. A. D. Amos.

Mrs. Amos —Roy Cooper.

Mrs. Amos is also a member of the National Council of Women in Queensland, so she will attend the conference and various gatherings, including many attractive social ones, which this society is organising. The Pan - Pacific Women's Association is another organisation in which Mrs. Amos is interested, and she is looking forward to meeting its members from various States while she is in Sydney.

Off To New York

MISS JESSIE BROOKES, daughter of the very public-spirited Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brookes, of Melbourne, made up her mind to go to America only a fortnight before she left.

She holds her Diploma of Social Service in Melbourne, and plans to study for the American diploma in New York. She will attend the New York School of Social Work and lectures at Columbia University, concentrating on family welfare. She will be in New York for about six months and plans to visit England and Europe to further her studies.

Prepared Paper on Household Employment

AFTER a five weeks' visit to her brother, Mr. R. J. S. Spain, and Mrs. Spain, Malhoura Rd., Toorak, Mrs. P. W. Martin is now on her way home to Geneva, where her husband is attached to the economic section of the International Labor Office.

Although on a holiday visit, Mrs. Martin, who is tremendously interested in household employment, having prepared a paper on the subject for the World's Y.W.C.A. at Geneva, addressed members of the Y.W.C.A. Household Employment Committee in Melbourne.

The paper prepared by Mrs. Martin has been used as a text book by the Melbourne committee in its work.

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Success Rewards Courage and Enterprise

AN example of what can be done by a little courage and a great amount of perseverance is shown by the creditable success achieved by two Australian girls, who, having come to the end of a holiday in England, and not wishing to return at once to Australia, decided, all in a minute, to start a shop of hand-knitted jumpers.

Their total capital was £10, previous experience in business nil, and previous knitting experience the occasional making of a jumper or sweater for their own use.

That was how Miss Phyllis Smallman and Miss Eva Owen, both Melbourne girls, set up a hand-knitwear business in London.

They took a basement room in a smart shop in Davies Street, with a right to display their goods in the window, which, when the shop opened, amounted to two jumpers, at which they had worked day and night to get finished in time.

Now, four years later, their business has so flourished and increased that the firm, supplying regularly five large firms in London and 20 to 30 smaller shops, keeps a staff of 50 to 60 workers. Suits are now the main line, and every week one large London firm alone takes about £40 worth of collars and cuffs.

Miss Smallman is now sole owner of this flourishing concern, her partner having married and gone to live in Calcutta, India.

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Is Secretary of New Nurses' Christian Movement

WITH the object of giving nurses an opportunity for Christian fellowship and providing them with a rest-room, a branch of the Nurses' Christian Movement has been formed in South Australia, with Miss Jean Clarkson as its organising secretary.

Miss Clarkson —Thelma Duryea.

The movement's headquarters, which opened at the beginning of January, are in the Liberal Club Building, Adelaide, and Miss Clarkson is there every weekday to receive nurses, for whom a rest-room is provided. At present the movement is confining its activities to an interdenominational service at its rooms once a week, but the committee hopes to organise services in each of the various hospitals in Adelaide before very long.

Miss Clarkson, who is a trainee of the Adelaide Hospital, has also trained at the Melbourne Bible Institute.

Well-known Teacher Joins Conservatorium Staff

MISS DOROTHY GLEADALL, one of Melbourne's most successful teachers of pianoforte, harmony and counterpoint, has returned to Melbourne after accompanying her clever young pupil Shirley Paton, to England, to take up her studies under the terms of the Royal Trinity College overseas scholarship.

Miss Gleadall —Broothorn.

While in England Miss Gleadall was fortunate in hearing many famous pianists, singers, conductors and others at the Queen's Hall.

Besides enjoying the musical life in London, she did much sightseeing all over England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland.

Miss Gleadall visited the home of Richard Wagner in Lucerne, Switzerland, which is preserved as a museum.

On her return to Melbourne Miss Gleadall, who is on the staff of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, East Melbourne, St. Mark's, Camberwell, and Carey Grammar School, in addition to a large private connection, was appointed to the staff of the Albert Street Conservatorium of Music as chief study teacher of pianoforte and harmony.

* * *

Motherhood Endowment For Finland

THE Finnish Government has instituted a scheme of motherhood endowment which it is estimated will benefit about 70 per cent. of all mothers in Finland, and will cost the State approximately 25 million Finnish marks to finance.

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Has Done Silhouettes of Well-known People

LEAVING New Zealand on January 20, and travelling to England via the Panama Canal, is Mrs. John Collins, of Christchurch, who is a very talented person. She is very gifted at silhouette drawing, and has done many celebrated characters.

Mrs. Collins is going to England to place her son John in the Army. She is one of Christchurch's indefatigable charity workers, and many times during each year lends her beautiful home in Springfield Avenue, St. Albans, to various organisations to help them raise funds.

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Thirty-six Nations Interested in Conference

THE representatives of 36 nations will attend the 50th anniversary of the International Council of Women to be held—as a compliment to the Marchioness of Aberdeen, president of the Council for many years—in Edinburgh.

The meeting, to be held in July, will occupy a fortnight, and emphasis will be laid on peace and the contribution the International Council of Women has made to world friendships.

At a reception during the gathering, guests will dance in their national costumes—from the Far East, Europe, South America, China, Japan, Latin countries, and the Dominions. Preliminary organisation of the conference is being done by Mrs. Eva Hartress, last year's president of the council, and Dame Ogilvie-Gordon, vice-president since 1908, who is at present in Australia as the guest of the New South Wales Government for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

Three Delegates to Motor From S.A.

AMONG the South Australians to be represented at the Australian Federation of University Women's Conference in Sydney at the end of January will be Miss Anna Menz, who is motoring to Sydney and taking two other representatives, Mrs. H. W. Lewis (who is to deliver a paper) and Miss Winifred Berry, formerly headmistress of St. Peter's Girls' School, Adelaide, and now of Hamilton, Victoria. Miss Berry has been holidaying in Adelaide.

Miss Menz, after being a member of the committee of the Graduates' Association in Adelaide for two years (the maximum term), is an ordinary member of the association this year. Among her other activities are being a vice-president of the Women's Non-Party Association in Adelaide (she was treasurer for eight or nine years), and a committee member of the Y.W.C.A. Thrift Club.

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Smile That Added to Her Charm

LADY McLAREN, who, with her two daughters, is now visiting her native Sydney, was, before her marriage, Miss Millie Wynne, a brilliant soprano.

When Dolores was giving a series of concerts in Sydney, she good-naturedly gave auditions to aspiring vocalists. Among these was Millie Wynne. After she had sung a couple of songs, Madame, after complimenting her upon the fine quality of her voice, added, "But you should smile more when you sing, dear—don't look so serious."

This advice was heard by other youthful vocalists who happened to be within earshot. They evidently took Dolores' words to mean that to sing without a smiling face was bad style, no matter whether the song were sad or merry. Consequently during the whole of that concert season our young amateurs, with nauseating monotony, never sang without the meaningless smile. Even Tosti's "Good-bye" was sung with a smiling face.

Miss Wynne, however, grasped Dolores' meaning, and from that time her appropriate facial expression when singing was one of her charms.

* * *

Married Women Workers in the Argentine

ACCORDING to English newspaper reports a motion was recently proposed in the Argentine Senate by Dr. Palacios, a Socialist member, requesting the Government to prohibit the dismissal of women employees on marriage.

Dr. Palacios stated that the British-owned Buenos Aires Great Southern Railway had given notice to several women employees about to get married, and quoted various authorities to show that such dismissals were illegal.

As the Republic has only four inhabitants to the square kilometre it was essential to increase the population. He therefore asked the Senate to take measures to prevent foreign companies from acting in a way which impeded the establishment of Argentine families. The motion was carried unanimously.

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To Represent Queensland National Council of Women

MRS. HENRY ROBERTSON, of Brisbane, will represent the Queensland National Council of Women at the conference and various official events being organised by the National Council of Women of New South Wales in connection with the 150th Anniversary Celebrations in that State. She is president of the Queensland Council.

Mrs. Robertson. —Dorothy Coleman

Mrs. Robertson is one of the busiest women in Brisbane. She is a member of the executive of the Victoria League, director of the Junior Red Cross in Queensland, president of the Lady Musgrave Lodge and Archibald House, vice-president of the Queensland Social Service League, women's section, and founder of the Red Cross Link.

To Represent Students At Conference

THE only South Australian woman representative at the National Students' Union Conference, which will follow the conference of University women graduates in Sydney, will be Miss Helen Wighton, who had her Bachelor of Arts degree conferred upon her in December.

Miss Wighton was last year elected president of the Adelaide University Women Students' Union, and was the first undergraduate to hold the position. She has been holidaying at Robe, South Australia, and planned to go straight on to Sydney without returning to Adelaide first. Miss Wighton during the last Varsity year was also a member of the International Relations Club, and a committee member of the Arts Association, as well as a joint editor of "On Dit."

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Travelling by Pack Horses In Tasmania

SEVEN members of the Melbourne Women's Walking Club are spending an ideal holiday.

Led by Mrs. E. M. Bishop, of Kew, well known through her long association with the Melbourne City Mission, and who has been a member of the club for many years, they set out for Tasmania for a three weeks' tour to Cradle Mountain, in the Midlands, and to National Park.

During the trip they will travel by pack horse, and sleep out.

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Scored Great Success in America

BRUNA CASTAGNA, who sang Amneris in "Aida," Azucena in "Il Trovatore," and Carmen in the opera of that name so beautifully when she visited Australia with an Italian Opera Company some years ago, is now regarded as the chief exponent of these roles in America.

Bruna Castagna

During the season recently begun her plans included appearing in the San Francisco, Los Angeles and St. Louis Opera Companies and at the famous Hollywood Bowl, before returning to New York for her regular Metropolitan Opera season.

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SHOULD GIRLS RETURN *Their Engagement* RINGS?

What Law Says About Gifts When Romances Clash

By a Woman Barrister

Have you ever wondered about the apparently simple question as to who owns the engagement ring?

I do not mean, of course, before the instalments on it have all been paid; but, presuming such difficult preliminary hurdles to have been negotiated safely, it rests sparkling and unencumbered upon the lucky girl's finger.

PROVIDED a wedding ring follows from the same source to keep it company, there is, of course, no doubt about it at all. It belongs to the lady—not even the Divorce Court can alter that.

But when the engagement does not culminate in marriage, what happens then?

Perhaps you already know and wonder how there could be any doubt about it. In which case it may come as a surprise to find that it is not so very long ago that the lawyers themselves were not quite sure.

As recently as 1926, the late Mr. Justice Macardle, England's well-known bachelor Judge, while hearing an action for breach of promise to marry, was asked by counsel to determine the points of law regarding the rights to the engagement ring. In delivering his judgment, His Honor said:

"It is curious that, after the centuries in which so many engagements to marry have been made in hope, but dissolved in disillusion, the questions now before me have not been long ago determined by direct decision."

Before examining the conclusions to which His Honor came, however, it is interesting to trace the history of the engagement ring, and this can be done as far back as to the Book of Genesis.

Rights Forfeited

WE read there that Abraham presented ear-rings when Rebecca was betrothed to Isaac, and, no doubt, the story represents the ring in those days as a sign or symbol of an agreement to carry out a sale of the woman, in much the same way as not so very long ago in English law the sale of land could be effected by handing over to the purchaser a clod of the earth.

When one comes to the time of civilised law, the woman ceases to be a chattel, and one finds in "Justinian's Codification of the Roman Law" the ring is used as a pledge for the "sponsalia," or contract of marriage. This found its way even into English law.

TIMES, however, are now changed; but, although the origin of the engagement ring has been forgotten, it still retains its character of a pledge or something to bind the bargain or contract to marry.

Thus it is given on the understanding that the party who breaks the contract must forfeit the right to the ring.

If it is the woman who does not fulfil her promise to marry, even though she is prevented from doing so through no fault of her own, she must return the ring.

So, on the other hand, if the man, without recognised legal justification, has refused to carry out his promise of marriage, he cannot demand the return of the ring, and she is entitled to keep it.

The fact that the repudiation of the promise may turn out to the ultimate advantage of both parties makes no difference in law.

The issues in these two cases are quite clear-cut. But it sometimes happens that an engagement is broken by mutual consent, or, after frequent quarrels and misunderstandings, it is taken for granted by both parties that the engagement is at an end.

In these cases if it can be definitely shown that one or other was the one to break the engagement, all gifts on either side should be returned to the donor—and this includes the ring.

As far as gifts other than the engagement ring are concerned, Lord Hardwicke said in 1742:—

SHOULD SHE return the ring? The question is discussed by a woman barrister in this article.

"I think that if a person makes his addresses to a lady for some time upon a view of marriage, and, upon reasonable expectation of success, makes presents to a considerable value and she thinks proper to deceive him afterwards, it is very right that the presents themselves should be returned or the value of them allowed to him.

"But, where presents are made only to induce a person to a woman's acquaintance, and by means thereof to gain her favor, I look upon such person only in the light of an adventurer, especially where there is a disproportion between the lady's fortune and his—and therefore, like all other adventurers, if he will run risks and lose by the attempt, he must take it for his pains."

So that where two engaged people decide to end the engagement any gifts given which were merely to gain favor in the other's eyes need not be returned.

You may eat your chocolates and admire your flowers then, without the lurking fear that the day of reckoning may yet come.

But it appears that all motor cars, aeroplanes and diamond rings, including the engagement ring, will most surely have to be returned.

As early as in 1576, a gentleman sued for the return of a gold pomander.

"left (so the report says) "with the female defendant as a token at such time as he was a suitor for marriage with her."

It appears that the lady defendant, after receiving the pomander from the plaintiff, had married another man.

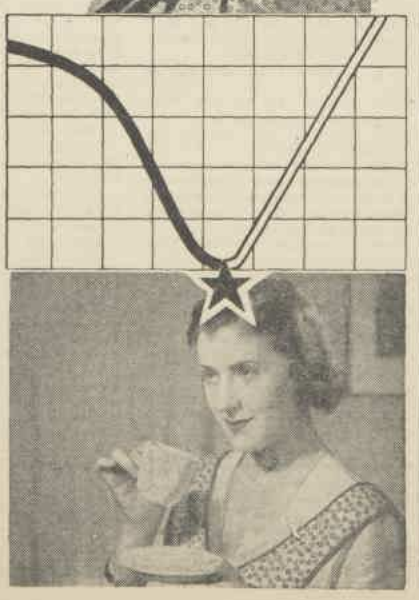
The Court ordered that the pomander should be returned to the plaintiff. Apparently the Court did not consider whether it was the man or the woman who broke off the engagement. (Nowadays, as I have indicated, if it were the man, the gold pomander would not have to be returned.)

Avoid the DEAD-POINT

THE graph on the right shows how your energy drops when heat, humidity, and a morning's heavy housework combine to tire you out. Unless you renew that constantly falling vitality, you soon reach the point where you feel you can't go on, the point where mistakes, mishaps, and even accidents often occur—the "Dead-Point."

That is why you need more Tea than ever in summer. Tea has a mild tonic action that quickly lifts vitality and keeps you high above the "Dead-Point" . . And doctors agree that Tea is the best cooler of all. It not only reduces body temperature, but keeps it at a comfortable level for hours afterwards.

Remember this whenever you feel the "Dead-Point" approaching, and rely on Tea to revive you and *keep* you cool.



TEA revives you keeps you cool

AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 44

"YOU may not, but it is not very agreeabe for us. I wish you would consider me a little before you put Vidal out of temper."

Barbara came back into the middle of the room, holding the glass containing her potion. "Where's the use? If I don't, George will. Vidal is such a dull dog!"

Augusta gave a laugh. "I had rather have him than George, at all events. What are you taking there?"

"Only my laudanum drops," replied Barbara, tossing off the mixture.

"Well I take them myself, but I have the excuse of nervous headaches. You never had such a thing in your life. If you would be less restless——"

"Well, I won't, I can't! This is nothing; it helps me to sleep. Who was the demure lass dancing with Harry? She came with Lady Worth, I think."

"Oh, that chit! She's of no account; I can't conceive what should possess Lady Worth to take her under her wing. There is an uncle, or some such thing. A very vulgar person, connected with Trade. Of course, if Harry is to lose his head in that direction it will be only what one might have expected, but I must say I think we might be spared that at least. I can tell you this, if you and your brothers create any odious scandals, Vidal will insist on returning to England. He is of two minds now."

"Why? Is he afraid of me, or only of Boney?"

"Both, I daresay. I have no notion of staying here if Bonaparte does march on Brussels, as they all say he will. And if I go you must also."

Barbara shed her sea-green wrap and got into bed. The light of the candles beside her had the effect of making her eyes and hair glow vividly. "Don't think it! I shall stay. A war will be exciting. I like that!"

"You can scarcely remain alone in Brussels!"

Barbara snuggled down amongst a superfluity of pillows. "Who lives will see."

"I should not care to do so in your situation."

A gleam shot into the half-closed eyes; they looked sideways at Augusta. "Dearest Gussie! So respectable!" Barbara murmured.

Lady Worth walked into her breakfast-parlor on the morning of the 5th April, to find that she was not, as she had supposed, the first to enter it. A cocked-hat had been tossed on to a chair, and a gentleman in the white net pantaloons and blue frock-coat of a staff officer was sitting on the floor, busily engaged in making paper-boats for Lord Temperley. Lord Temperley was standing beside him, a stern frown on his countenace betokening the rapt interest of a young gentleman just two years old.

"Well!" cried Judith.

The staff officer looked quickly up, and jumped to his feet. He was a man in the mid-thirties, with smiling grey eyes, and a mobile, well-shaped mouth.

Lady Worth seized him by both hands. "My dear Charles! Of all the delightful surprises! But when did you arrive? How pleased I am to see you! Have you breakfasted? Where is your baggage?"

Colonel Audley responded to this welcome by putting an arm round his sister-in-law's waist, and kissing her cheek. "No need to ask you how you do; you look famous! I got in last night, too late to knock you up."

"How can you be so absurd? Don't tell me you put up at an hotel!"

"No, at the Duke's."

"He is here too? Really in Brussels at last?"

"Why, certainly! We are all of us here—the Duke, Fremantle, young Lennox, and your humble servant." A tug at his sash recalled his attention to his nephew. "Sir! I beg pardon! The boat—of course!"

The boat was soon finished, and put into his lordship's fat little hand. Prompted by his mama, he uttered a laconic word of thanks, and was borne off by his nurse.

To Be Continued

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FOURTH OFFENCE

ODETTE had indeed become a sort of tradition. She had an army of polite and respectful acquaintances, but no girl friends, and she had never been alone for half an hour with a young man.

Having never savored the salty taste of freedom, she did not rebel, although there were times when she experienced dissatisfaction, resentment at her lot, and felt that she was paying a pretty heavy price for stardom.

More poignant by far, however, was her regret that she was mute. So far she had never been given a song to sing, nor a line to speak. To the public she remained a lovely automaton, a voiceless creature of surpassing grace and intoxicating beauty; and that, too, was Sophie's doing, for in the mother's eyes all art abided in the dance.

The very passion of Sophie's ambitions wore her out at last. She went to sleep comfortable in the knowledge that Odette was the highest salaried danseuse in the world, and had a sizable fortune in the bank. It never occurred to her that she had robbed the girl of her dreams and had broken the wings of all her butterflies.

Lucille, Odette's maid and dresser, arrived with the luggage, and in frank amazement she stared at the new apartment. Lucille's real name was Mary, and she was a middle-aged Irishwoman.

"Glory be!" she exclaimed. "It's as beautiful as a stage set."

"I—I've been trying to think up words to fit it," Odette told her.

"Um-m! Well, your mother would have found something to say about all this extravagance. I can hear her . . . Tse! Tse! It's not much like the old place, is it? How two women with your money could live like you did——"

"It was one of her economies."

"Good heavens! Is that a yard yonder?" The dresser peered out upon the tiled terrace hung twenty storeys above the street. "As I live! Flowers growing and little Christmas trees! Mind, now, that you never go out there unless I have hold of your hand."

"This is a penthouse. Isn't it perfect?"

"I can tell better when I see the kitchen."

It was later. Lucille had unpacked the hand baggage and the trunks which followed it; she was busy now in the white-tiled kitchen.

Odette had finally found her voice, joy intoxicated her, and she twittered like a bird. Like a bird, too, she had flown from one thing to another.

She had changed into peche velvet pyjamas; she had bounced into and out of every chair in the place; she had tested every hot and cold water faucet; she had turned on the radio and the gramophone and had danced to both; she had thumped the piano and sung snatches from a dozen songs. She was flushed, vibrant, happy, and hungry.

While Lucille, a handy woman indeed, prepared their first meal, her mistress chattered.

"Mother never let me have any friends, but I'll have oodles of them now. Nice people who don't know anything about the theatre. Nobody has every heard my voice; they think I'm deaf and dumb, but wait! I'm going to sing and talk and laugh.

"I'm going to parties and meet ladies and gentlemen and have them here. That's why I got this place and made Clifton's fit it up. . . . Smart people, who don't have to work in their evening clothes. They'll say pretty things and make love to me and use long cigarette-holders. I'll throw dinner-parties and use that crystal set, and we'll have cocktails and wine and cigars.

"I'll have to pretend to drink—touch my lips to the glass, you know. Maybe I'll learn to really drink. But I guess not. Gee! It's good to be free and rich enough to buy everything you want. Why shouldn't I enjoy my money? I've danced for every penny of it. I'll invite artists and dramatists and big writers to dinner. I—I'll have a salon."

Lucille laughed heartily at the thought of it.

The reviewers always wrote about Odette Newman's smile; the tender, joyous, wistful smile that curled her lips when she was dancing. They praised the dancing itself, of course, and her beauty, ever fresh and haunting, but that smile had made a million friends, a thousand lovers.

Packed houses watched her nightly, and she took bow after bow. Women exclaimed, "Isn't she adorable?" "You want to hug her." Men pounded their palms and murmured, "What joy and grace and winsomeness!" "She's a peach!" "Makes a fellow feel young and romantic, doesn't she?" "Lord, I'd like to meet that kid!"

BEAUTY, glamor, innocence, the breath of spring—in their minds she stood for all those; and while her disconsolate admirers went to bed sighing she ate her bread and milk and cried herself to sleep, the loneliest creature in New York.

Mr. Ollie Drake was one of those thousand lovers. Three times this week he had paid his six-sixty to see the show, and 19 dollars and 80 cents ran into a lot of money with Mr. Drake at the moment.

So keen was the thrill she awoke in him that he loitered in the lobby after the performance to gaze at her pictures. As usual, he was tempted to join the crowd at the stage entrance and get a look at her in the everyday flesh, but he resisted it.

Mr. Drake was something of an idealist and he clung to the few illusions he had left. He knew a good deal about Miss Newman, for he read the newspapers. He knew, for instance, that she was single, had wavy brown hair, loved animals, wore Feinberg's short vamp shoes, and had lost her mother and her tonsils.

But he had no desire to part the veil that shrouded her private life. That life, he assumed, was similar to the life led by other famous stage beauties, and he knew it would give him no lasting pleasure to see her claimed by some top-hatted gallant and borne away to a fashionable night-club or some similar rendezvous.

With a scowl on his face, Mr. Drake shoved his fists deeper into his pockets and strolled down the street.

As he stood on the corner waiting for the light to change, a girl passed him. She was walking swiftly, and profiting by a momentary break in the hurrying line of vehicles she sped out into the street.

What happened thereafter came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and Drake himself acted so swiftly that memory of the precise sequence of events remained blurred. There was a shout, a blare of klaxons, and a car swerved crazily, tossing the girl aside with a glancing blow from a polished fender.

A phalanx of juggernauts with glaring, lidless eyes bore down upon her, brakes squealed; there was a crash as a taxi collided with its neighbor.

Drake leaped forward. He snatched the girl to her feet and held her in the crook of his arm; he

Continued from Page 5

flung out his free hand and stiff-armed himself from contact with a skidding limousine, then he arched his back inward to avoid a blow from a fender behind him. There were only inches to spare. The cataract of vehicles slowed. There were shouts, oaths, queries.

Through the confusion he won his way back. An excited chauffeur, whose cab stood with its front wheels on the sidewalk, was gesticulating and bawling curses at him.

"Back in your crate!" Ollie barked at him. "Whadda you mean, running people down?"

"Please! It was my fault!" the girl exclaimed faintly.

"Are you hurt?"

"No. I'm—all right. Don't call the police. I didn't look—"

"Lucky for you," Drake told the chauffeur. He hated taxi drivers, anyhow. To the girl he said with equal heat, "What a swell chance you've got to grow up. Can't you tell red from green?"

"It was—so sudden. I thought I——" Her voice caught, she turned away, then stumbled and uttered a faint cry.

"Hey! I thought you said you weren't hurt? Wait a minute, driver. I'll take your number."

"Let him go. It serves me right. Anyhow, it's nothing much."

Drake stooped and ran a large, capable hand down the girl's calf; he felt her ankle. His head was still whirling; he was angry, but something about the appearance of that leg, or the foot in its high-heeled, short-vamp shoes, caused him to raise his eyes. For the first time he got a good look at the owner's face. He rose, his dizziness increased.

The girl was saying something, but he did not hear her. The bystanders were walking away, the stream of traffic was pouring past as usual.

"If you'll call a taxi and—help me into it . . ."

"Of course. But don't you think I'd better get a doctor, Miss Newman?"

"It does hurt. I—think there's a doctor in my apartment building. I'm sure nothing is broken." She moved her ankle, then gingerly put some weight upon her foot, holding Drake's arm meanwhile.

A taxi drew in to the kerb and he helped her into it, then he introduced himself. "My name is Oliver Drake. I was in the eighth row tonight. Won't you let me see you safely home?"

"Why, if you don't mind." A moment later she said: "Thanks ever so much for saving me. I—thought I was a goner. Isn't it a dancer's luck to sprain an ankle?"

"It's the best luck I ever had," the man said awkwardly. She looked at him to find that he had a pleasant, friendly face. "I've seen your show ten times, Miss Newman. I—didn't recognise you at first."

"That's because of the wig."

"I must be dumb not to know you—anywhere." Evidently this was intended as a compliment.

Odette smiled. He was a nice, natural young man, and there was no affectation about him.

She managed to enter the building, leaning upon him, but when the elevator stopped at her floor and she undertook to step out, her lids fluttered and she bit her lip.

"Pardon me," he said, and, stooping, he gathered her into his arms. He wondered if he could be dreaming, and if she could feel the violent pounding of his heart. Odette Newman, the darling of Broadway, on his breast, her arm about his neck, her cheek brushing his! What sort of delirium could this be?

Odette managed to unlock the door while he still held her. He carried her inside, then stood staring about him.

"Well!" The girl was smiling. "This is the end of the line."

"Oh!" He came to himself abruptly. "Where shall I put you?"

"On that sofa. Thanks!" She lifted her eyes to his; each held the other's gaze for a moment. He was the first to speak.

"Where is your maid?"

"I just remember that I let her go. She's my dresser, and——"

"What's the name of your doctor?"

Odette shrugged. "I only know one, and he takes out tonsils."

"Didn't you say there was one in the building?"

"Yes. The phone is in my bedroom. If you don't mind——"

Drake disappeared. Odette heard him call the office and make the situation known. When he returned she had her shoe and stocking off and was frowning at a swollen ankle. She wriggled her toes.

"I'm pretty handy at first aid," he announced in a matter-of-fact tone. "I know just what that doctor will do when he gets here, so why wait for him? Let's put that foot into some hot water. Have you got a foot-tub?"

"I think so. In the kitchen——"

"Fine." He passed through the dining-room, pausing long enough to run his eye over its furnishings. Real silver! Sterling! Just so much ready money, he told himself.

When he returned with the pan and asked for a tin of bicarbonate of soda Odette directed him to her bathroom. While he waited for the water to run hot he noticed on the washstand three diamond rings in platinum settings, and these he examined with the appraising eye of an expert. They were lovely. He tucked them into his waistcoat pocket.

"This will burn at first," he announced as he set the steaming pan on the floor. He wetted his hands and rubbed the injured foot, then gradually immersed it. Next he arranged some cushions at Odette's back.

"I don't know what to say," she began in natural embarrassment. "I can't let you—wait on me."

"Why not?"

"You're a total stranger. Those people in the office can get somebody——"

"The doctor will be here in a few minutes." Drake knelt, wrung out a towel and wrapped it around Odette's calf.

"Isn't this—funny?" she inquired after a while.

"Peculiar, but scarcely humorous."

"I mean about you—us. Fifteen minutes ago I'd never seen you . . . We might have been killed in that traffic."

"Yeah? Well, what ailed you to take a chance like that?" he demanded with a frown.

"Oh, I didn't much care."

"Hot enough?"

"It's scalding. My foot is done."

For a while they talked; he added more hot water to the pan. When perhaps fifteen minutes had passed he again called the office, and Odette smiled at the way he laid out the clerk. Here was a man who could make a telephone smoke. He could swear without saying a bad word.

"THAT pill-roller is out on a call, but I've got 'em on the hop for another." Again Drake massaged the ankle. "So you didn't care whether you were run over or not?"

Odette nodded.

"That's funny."

"Peculiar or—humorous?"

"I just don't understand it . . . I'm afraid you're going to be laid up for a while. Have you got an understudy?"

"Of course. Why have you seen our show ten times, Mr. Drake?"

"Oh, nothing to do. Business is slack."

"What business are you in?"

"Steel." After a moment he said, "You'd better let me phone one of your friends and get her to spend the night with you."

"I wish there was somebody I could call on."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that—I don't know a soul. I was born in New York, and I've lived here most of my life, but I'm not acquainted with anybody outside of the theatre. Honest. Of course, I know hundreds of people to speak to, but not where they live, or where to phone them, or anything. Nobody ever comes to see me. This—this is the longest I was ever alone with a man. It's quite an adventure."

"Well, I'll be——" Mr. Drake sat back on his heels and stared queerly at the speaker. "Now tell me the one about the great big bear and the middle-sized bear and the little bitty bear."

"It's true! There are lots of girls in the profession like me. Mother put me in training when I was a child. Dancers must work, you know."

When her listener gazed about him, frankly bewildered, Odette answered his unvoiced question. "Oh, I know this looks like Du Barry's flat and you think all actresses are raging vamps, but—listen. Mother was a slave, first to the stage, and then to her school. She never gave a thought to anything else, and all her interests lay in the theatre.

"She made me follow in her tracks. She saved every dollar I earned and put it away for me. Not a nickel for herself; all for me. Why, we lived like two vaudevillians. Cheap rooms, poor food, scarcely a decent thing to wear.

"I never went out—there wasn't time—and naturally I never met anybody. When I lost her I burst into bloom. I rented this place and hired people to fix it up, so I could really live and make friends. But—I couldn't get started. I—I didn't know how or where to begin. I've been here three months and you're the first—no, the second—man to see the inside of the place, and I had to cripple myself to get this far.

Please turn to Page 48

OVER HER NAVY CREPE DRESS Gladys George, M.-G.-M. player, wears a short coat of white lace appliqued over net for formal afternoon occasions.

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FOURTH OFFENCE

"THE other fellow did the decorating; he comes back to look at it. He thinks I keep the place full of guests and hold high jinks every night, and I pretend I do. Lonesome! Oh, golly . . .!"

Odette's voice trailed off into a fluttering sigh, her lip trembled. "I guess I'm about the lonesomest girl in the world. That's why I didn't look where I went. I was hurrying to a midnight picture and my eyes were all blurry. Anything rather than come back here."

"Gee, kid—I mean Miss Newman—that's tough!"

"I don't know what made me tell you this unless it's because you're so—comfortable. Maybe I'm just desperate——"

The door-bell rang and Drake admitted the doctor. Briefly he explained the nature of the accident, and the doctor examined Odette's foot.

"It's merely a sprain," he told her. "I can bandage it or put it in a cast, but I assume you want to get back to work as soon as possible. That means heroic treatment. Keep up the hot fomentations every hour. I'll be back in the morning."

"Can you send me a nurse?" Odette inquired.

"Nonsense! Anybody can bathe your foot." He addressed himself to Drake. "You did well to start promptly. If she'll keep it up tonight she'll gain a week's time. See that she's put to bed at once. These capsules will ensure her a night's rest. She can take one now." He scribbled some directions upon a pill-box.

"Okay!" Mr. Drake nodded.

"What a comfort he was," Odette complained after the medical man had gone. "How am I going to get anybody at this hour?"

"Maybe the clerk can dig up a chambermaid. The first thing is to get you into bed. Think you can make it if I carry you to your room?"

"Certainly. But . . ."

"I'll keep the hot towels coming until help arrives." For a second time Drake stooped and gathered the girl into his arms.

He deposited her upon her bed, then telephoned the office once more. As he turned to leave the room he fished the three rings from his pocket and dropped them upon her dressing-table, saying casually, "Here's some stuff I found on your washstand. Watch out you don't lose it."

Mrs. McCabe let herself into the kitchen and started breakfast as quietly as possible, but before she had gone far with it she paused, bread knife in hand, and cocked her head attentively. A moment later she tiptoed into the dining-room and listened again.

Her eyes widened, incredulity, dismay smote her. From the living-room came the unmistakable sound of a snore; not a loud, but a comfortable snore, in a man's voice, if that can be said to describe it.

The good woman stiffened, her bosom swelled with wrath; she strode through the door.

A young man in shirt sleeves was sprawled in an easy chair. His collar was unbuttoned, his head was back, his mouth was open. Lucille prodded him with the blunted point of the bread knife and spoke harshly:

"Hey!"

He opened his eyes, yawned and said, "I must have dropped off. You're Lucille."

"I am. And who are you?"

"Sh-h!"

"Don't shush me, you—you dirty devil. Heavens!" Mrs. McCabe's strident voice broke, a sound like a sob issued from her throat. Her world had crashed, Odette. The pride of her heart! That's what came from leaving her alone. Sophie Newman's ghost would haunt her for ever.

A moment later Lucille stalked with heavy tread into Odette's bedroom and demanded loudly, "What's going on here? Wake up! I'm talking to you, young lady!"

There was a stir among the pillows, a pair of black pansy eyes fluttered open, a sleepy voice answered languidly:

"Oh, hello, dear! . . . Where's Ollie?"

"That limb of Satan? . . The nerve of you lying there as bold as brass! Am I—dreaming?" The speaker rocked from side to side, her face puckered itself into lines expressive of amazement, grief, despair.

"Lucille! Look! Look!" Out from under the covers came a foot, a leg bare to the knee. The ankle was swollen and discolored, but Odette eyed it fondly. There was a note of pride, of triumph in her voice as she explained: "The most wonderful thing happened. I sprained it, see? I almost got killed, but, Mr.—but Ollie saved me. He brought me home and got a doctor and—and everything. He tried to get a nurse or a maid from the hotel, but it was too late, so he stayed and bathed it in hot water every hour, waiting for you——"

"He—what?" Lucille collapsed into a chair. "All night! Alone with a stranger!"

"Oh, he isn't like—like that! He's the nicest person, and he has a sister who sprains her ankles, and he thinks it's awful that I'm lonesome, and he doesn't like girls who run around and act wild. He's a perfect gentleman, really, and so high-principled. Lucille! I've got a boy friend. I'm so glad!"

In the days that followed Mr. Drake proved himself to be a comfortable person, indeed, to have around, and the scandalised Lucille finally admitted as much. They became fast friends, and took turns waiting upon the invalid.

Odette was spoiled; she had never learned to amuse herself, so she monopolised Ollie and made him entertain her. Thanks largely to him, she genuinely enjoyed this, her first vacation. During the fortnight following her accident she saw him daily—not infrequently he had both lunch and dinner in the apartment.

Lucille liked him because he was rough, direct, and because there was no foolishness about him. He was as hard as granite, and he nursed a perpetual grouch.

He was an amusing sceptic, a genial sorehead. Before long he had constituted himself a brother, a watch-dog, a balance-wheel which kept the erratic household running smoothly.

Drake did not fancy Mr. Warburton, the magnificent gentleman from Clifton's. The latter had formed the habit of dropping in unexpectedly with news of exciting opportunities in antiques, and having conceived the decorative scheme of Odette's place he considered himself licensed to modify and to better it. He came at all hours, and he

Continued from Page 47

made himself as much at home in her bedroom as elsewhere.

Drake felt compelled to tell her darkly. "Lay off Bertie the Beautiful Cloak Model. I don't like male heroines."

"He's an artist in his line, really, and they have such lovely things at Clifton's. I can't resist them."

"He's got this place looking like an auction-room already."

Lucille nodded her agreement. "That's what I say. And the prices he gets for those—dust-catchers!"

"He's slipping you all the worm-eaten plunder he can't peddle on Park Avenue, just because you don't know better. And another thing I don't like: he's a boudoir salesman. He can't talk business outside of a bedroom. If I catch him in there again I'll lay a knuckle on him."

Odette dimpled. "You're a fine one to talk, a man who sits up all night rubbing a girl's bare leg. And the very first night you meet her."

Drake stirred uneasily; he frowned. "That's not smart and it isn't funny. I hate to hear a nice kid like you make cracks like that."

"Thank Heaven it was you did it and not him," Mrs. McCabe exclaimed devoutly.

When Odette went back to work she naturally saw considerably less of Drake, but usually he took her home after the performance, and they had supper together either in the flat or at some quiet place.

It was an odd friendship. He never became sentimental, he never talked about himself. He was a queer, diffident person, and as impassive as a frog. There were times when Odette surprised a look in his eyes or heard a note in his voice that bespoke more than a brotherly interest, but she ignored them, for she was well content with him as he was and with their relations as they stood.

Drake was harsh, but gentle; he was gusty and forceful; nevertheless he was as considerate as a girl where she was concerned. She felt safe with him.

One afternoon Warburton called while Lucille was doing her marketing. To avoid meeting him Drake stepped out on the roof. He could overhear a word or two of what was being said, and his face fell into unpleasant lines. If Odette didn't give this fellow the gate, he'd have to speak to her . . .

He heard a movement, a sound that suddenly galvanised him.

"Let go of me! Don't—do that!" It was Odette's voice. Above her choking protest came the vibrant, hoarsened murmur of Warburton's bass. He held the writhing girl in his arms and was kissing her, a sacrilege which roused murder in Ollie's breast.

He entered the living-room silently but purposefully. There was a feline swiftness to his movements. Before Warburton sensed the presence of a third person, he felt himself wrenched backwards, and turned to meet a slashing blow. It was not the blow of a fist, but the crashing impact of a hand weighted with metal.

A heavy automatic crashed upon his skull and he fell, lay motionless; blood flowed from him.

Odette screamed. It was a moment before Ollie could quiet her. He paid not the slightest heed to his victim until the girl had regained control of herself; then he dragged the limber Warburton off her expensive rug.

"You've—killed him!" she cried in horror.

"I'm afraid not." Drake was as neat as a cat, so he went to the bathroom and got a towel for the decorator's head—it would be a job to tidy up after him. Thus engaged, he heard Odette frantically phoning the office.

He was still trying to reassure her that no serious damage had been done, and that the romantic Mr. Warburton would undoubtedly live to pursue other and more profitable adventures in love, when the bell buzzed violently.

He went to the door and admitted the day clerk and the head bellman, casually explained the accident that had befallen the representative of the Clifton shops, then warned them sharply not to let him bleed on the furniture.

A moment or two later the manager puffed into the room with a uniformed policeman, and again Drake spoke his piece.

"We got to talking politics and I bumped him harder than I meant to." He shot a warning glance at Odette.

"Is he—dead?" she asked the limb of the law.

"No, but he needs help. I'll phone for an ambulance." When the officer returned to the room he said to Drake, "Now then, who is this fella?"

"Name's Warburton. He's a salesman for Clifton's. My name's Drake; I'm in the steel business."

"And so you socked him with a crow-bar . . . Drake? Haven't we met before?"

"Not that I remember."

"Let's have the rod you bent on him."

Drake handed the policeman his revolver.

"Got a permit?" the latter inquired.

"A—permit?"

"Oh! You're from Montana, where they don't need permits. Just so! After we hear Mr. Warburton's story you and I will step over to the station house."

"You—you can't arrest him!" Odette protested. "He's a friend of mine. That man grabbed me and tried——"

"Odette!"

"He tried to kiss me. Ollie was out yonder—he did just what you'd do, officer."

"Ollie Drake!" The patrolman looked incredulous. "A friend of yours? Well, well! Have you ever missed anything, Miss Newman?"

"Listen, you——!" Drake exploded. "He's in the steel business all right. He steals plenty."

"So you say."

"So the book says."

"Ollie!" Odette turned a tragic, startled face upon him. "What is this?"

"Just a bad break," he told her evenly. "Seven thousand cops in this town, and in creaks one who knows me!"

There came a movement from the prostrate Warburton; sounds issued from him, but they were unintelligible. Nor could much be made out of them during the wait for the ambulance.

When he was finally removed and the policeman beckoned to Drake, Odette roused herself from her daze. She had been trying to think, trying to grasp the significance of this appalling ruin amid which she crouched, but she was stunned. Thought, reason yielded finally to impulse; she spoke to Drake as he was midway out of the room.

"Ollie!" she wailed, "I don't care." She groped towards him with imploring, outstretched arms. "I love——"

"Shut up!" he snapped at her. "Close your mouth, stupid!" There was such venom in his tone, his face was so forbidding that she paused, shrank as if he had slapped her, tears filmed her eyes.

"I don't care who you are, or what you've done. Take me with you."

"Great!" Mr. Drake wet his lips and grinned mirthlessly at the attentive witnesses of the scene. His face was bloodless as he went on. "Who says this kid can't act? They think she's just a dancing doll, but she's got the best of 'em licked. All she needs is an audience. See you later, Miss Newman."

At the door, in answer to her strangled cry, he muttered to the policeman, "Just a minute, fella." He turned his back to his captor, took Odette's hand in his muscular palm and crushed it. Under his breath he said, "Gee, kid, I'm wild about you!"

Then he was gone.

The newspapers made a lot out of the Drake arrest: "Famous Dancer and Romantic Gunman." "Gorilla Wins Heart of Broadway Beauty." Headline writers rang a dozen changes on that idea.

MR. WARBURTON, not unknown in select circles, told his story to the Press and put himself into a creditable light. He had been the victim of an unprovoked attack. Miss Newman had lured him to her apartment. It was the old badger game; blackmail.

There is no pleasanter task than tearing down a reputation. It was discovered that Drake had practically lived in Miss Newman's apartment, and that of course could have but one significance. Reporters questioned her and read their own meaning into her refusal to speak, and into the fact that she had hired the most expensive legal talent for her lover.

As for that young man, he violated every precept of the underworld by telling his story in advance of his hearing, regardless of the possible prejudice to his case.

He vehemently denied Mr. Warburton's statements and branded them as contemptible lies. Assault with a deadly weapon? Sure. He had put the slug on Warburton because that was his job. He was hired as Miss Newman's bouncer, as a bodyguard to protect her from just such annoying Johns as this one, and it took a gun to do it.

She was the most sought-after girl on the stage, and her life was one battle to avoid the attentions of her numerous admirers. Love? Odette Newman in love with him? That won first prize in the Laugh of the Month Club. The truth was that a hundred rats like Warburton—bankers, brokers, society men—were wild over her, and it took a muscle man to handle them. He had strained his back heaving orchids away.

Miss Newman herself was a lovely, brilliant, ambitious girl, and not only the greatest dancer in the world, but a talented artist in other lines, as New York would discover. Her voice, for instance, was like Tetrazzini's. She had hired him just because he was hard-boiled and so that she could get her sleep.

That was the simple, unvarnished truth, and you couldn't arrest a guy for earning an honest living, even if he had a record.

This notoriety bore immediate fruit. Business at the theatre jumped. It became necessary to detail a special officer to handle the crowds at the stage door. Letters poured in upon Odette; she received invitations, offers of marriage.

Her masculine admirers realised that their goddess was alive, that the unapproachable could be approached and they sprang to action. Society matrons, eager to make her acquaintance, wrote her and called her up as did Junior League girls, impulsive debs and gushing sub-debs.

TO her bewilderment and dismay she found that one touch of scandal had made her human. In feminine eyes she was a creature of flesh and blood, and as frail as her sisters hence the open arms.

Her telephone rang with annoying frequency, feature-writers begged for interviews, booking-agents importuned her; she had offers for vaudeville, and a prominent producer urged her to star in the singing role of his new Viennese operetta.

Odette cried a great deal; she grew thin and haggard, but she continued to dance divinely, for she was too good a trouper to let her work suffer from a mere heartbreak.

The case of The People v Drake turned out to be a great disappointment to the curiosity-seekers who thronged to the Criminal Court Building on the day of the trial. Many of them could not gain admission to the court-room, and those who were fortunate enough to obtain seats were denied the salacious enjoyment of any amatory details whatever.

They did not even hear Drake's expensive counsel essay a defence of his client. There was no oratory, no plea for mercy; the lawyers spoke in conversational tones, as did the Judge. Everything seemed cut and dried.

According to the police record Drake had been twice convicted as a felon, and in addition thereto he had not long since been found guilty of carrying a gun. This second breach of the Sullivan Act, for which he was now called to answer, changed what had been a misdemeanor into a felony, and in consequence he came to the Bar as a fourth offender.

Automatically, albeit with some reluctance, the Judge sentenced him to life imprisonment under the Baumes Law, explaining that the sentence was mandatory, and that he had no choice in the matter.

Please turn to Page 50

TRAVELLER'S JOY

My calm content is gone; I felt
The wanderlust to-day,
The rain is throbbing "London Town,"
The wind sings "Mandalay"!
The lovely syllables of towns
And lands are haunting me—
Far Babylon and Trinidad,
Madras and Barbary.
The Mississippi winds its way
Before my wistful eyes,
The Easter Islands rise to view
The blue of Cornish skies.
I hear above the city roar
My wild dream-fancies play,
The sturdy beat of London Town,
The lilt of Mandalay!

—EDITH BECKETT.

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FOR FLORAL LINEN

WW2001.—A smart frock for floral linen. The plain collar adds a cool touch. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8th yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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WW2004.—Your evening ensemble will be beautifully complete with this charming coat. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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WW2005.—Back flowing fullness adds a chic note to this exquisite evening gown. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MATRON'S FROCK

WW1998.—Tucked front and new shaped vest add smartness to this matron's frock. Cut in sizes 38-inch to 44-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8th yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8th yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

AFTERNOON MODE

WW1999.—Sophisticated mode with soft, gathered bodice and tight-fitting sleeves. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUTHFUL

WW2000.—Swing skirt, stitched pockets, and high lapels add smartness to this chic frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

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Our three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for three delightfully youthful styles for matrons.

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To obtain pattern, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office.

Material required, 36 inches wide: No. 1—3¼ yards. No. 2—3 3-8 yards. No. 3—3¾ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

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If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 8.

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SANTA LUCIA

Continued from Page 6

THE girls would gather wild flowers and press them afterwards; and in the evening Varvara would look at him with her grave eyes and ask him whether he believed in a future life.

He had no beliefs to speak of, then, if he remembered rightly; they had come with increasing income, family, and business responsibilities.

The Russians in those days seemed so tremendously concerned about the soul—an excellent thing, of course, but not what one talked of.

Varvara was always saying things which made him feel uncomfortable. And in the letter which Katrina wrote him a year later, with blue forget-me-nots all about the paper, she had reminded him of how he had blushed!

Charming young girls—simple—no such nowadays! The dew was off. They had thought Monte Carlo a vulgar place—what would they think of it now, by Jove! Even Rostakov only went there on the quiet—a viveur, that fellow, who would always be living a double life.

Trevillian recollected how, under the spell of that idyllic atmosphere, and afraid of Varvara's eyes, he himself had put off from day to day his visit to the celebrated haunt, until one evening when Madame Rostakov had migraine and the girls were at a party he had sauntered to the station and embarked on a Monte Carlo train.

How clearly it came back to him—the winding path up through the Gardens, a beautiful still evening, scented and warm, the Casino orchestra playing the Love music from "Faust"—the one opera that he knew well.

He had no money to throw away in those days; by Jove! No! His father had kept him strictly to an allowance of four hundred a year, and his partnership was still in the apprentice stage.

He had only some ten or twenty pounds to spare. But to go back to England and have his fellows say: "What? Monte Carlo and never played?" was not to be thought of.

His first sensation in "the rooms" was disappointing. The decorations were florid, the people foreign, queer.

Then he had gone up to a table to watch the game, which he had never played. That, at all events, was the same as now; that, and the expression on the gamblers' faces—the sharp, blind, crab-like absorption like no other human expression.

And what a lot of old women!

At last he had reached over the shoulder of a dark-haired woman sitting in front of him, put down a five-franc piece and called out the word: "Vingt."

A rake shovelled it forward on to the number with an indifferent click. The ball rolled.

"Quatorze, Rouge pair et manque."

His five-piece franc piece was raked away; but he—Philip Trevillian—had gambled at Monte Carlo, and at once he had seemed to see Varvara's eyes with something of amusement in their candor, and to hear her voice:

"But to gamble! How silly, Philip Philipovitch!"

Then the man sitting to his left got up, and he had slipped down into the empty chair. Once seated, he knew that he must play. So he pushed another five-franc piece on to black and received its counterpart.

Now he was quits; and, continuing that simple stake with varying success, he began taking in the faces of his neighbors.

On his left he had an old Englishman in evening dress, ruddy, with chubby lips, who played in gold pieces, and seemed winning rather heavily; opposite, in a fabulous shawl, a bird-like old woman, with a hook nose, and a man who looked like a Greek bandit in a frock coat.

To his right was the dark-haired woman over whose shoulder he had leaned.

Out of the tail of his eye Trevillian scrutinised her profile. She was by far the most attractive woman he had seen in here. And he felt, suddenly, uninterested in the fate of his five-franc pieces.

Under the thin dark brows a little drawp down he could see that her eyes were dark and velvety. Her face was rather pointed, delicate, faintly powdered in the foreign fashion.

He won twice running on black, left his stake untouched, and was conscious that she pushed one of her own gold pieces on to black. Again black won; again he left his stake and she hers.

To be linked with her by that following of his luck was agreeable to young Trevillian. The devil might care—he would leave his winnings down! Again, and again, till he had won eight times on black, he left his stake, and his neighbor followed suit. A pile of gold was mounting in front of each of them.

The eyes of the hawk-like old woman opposite, like those of a crustacean in some book of natural history, seemed pushed out from her face; a little hard smile on her thin lips seemed saying, "Wait, it will all go back!"

The jasmine perfume from his neighbor grew stronger, as though disengaged by increasing emotion; he could see her white neck heave under its black lace. She reached her hand out as though to gather in her winnings. In bravado, Trevillian sat unmoving. Her eyes slid round to his, she withdrew her hand.

The little ball rolled. Black! He heard her sigh of relief; she touched his arm.

"Retirez!" she whispered; "retirez, Monsieur!" and, sweeping in her winnings, she got up.

Trevillian hesitated just a moment. Then, with the thought, "If I stay, I lose sight of her!" he, too, reached out, and, gathering in his pile, left the table.

Starting with a five-franc piece, in nine successful coups he had won just over a hundred pounds. His neighbor, who had started with a louis, in seven coups—he calculated rapidly—must have won the same.

"SEIZE, Rouge pair et manque!"

Just in time! Elated, Trevillian turned away. There was the graceful figure of his dark neighbor, threading the throng; and without deliberate intention, yet longing not to lose sight of her, he followed.

A check in her progress brought him so close, however, that he was at infinite pains to seem unconscious. She turned and saw him.

"Ah! Merci, Monsieur! I tank you moch."

"It's for me to thank you!" he stammered. The dark lady smiled.

"I have the instinct," she said in her broken English, "for others—not for myself. I am unlucky. It is the first you play, sare? I tought so. Do not play again. Give me that promise; it will make me 'appy."

"Charmed to promise anything that will make you happy, Madame."

She clapped her hands like a pleased child.

"That is a bargain; now I have repaid you."

"May I find your carriage?"

"I am walkin', Monsieur."

With desperate courage he had murmured: "Then may I escort you?"

"But certainly."

Sitting on his prayer-book, Trevillian burrowed into the past. What had he felt, thought, fancied in those moments while she had gone to get her cloak? Who and what was she? Into what whirlpool drawing him?

How nearly he had bolted—back to the idyllic, to Varvara's searching candor and Katrina's laughing innocence, before she was there beside him, lace veiling her hair, face, eyes, like an Eastern woman, and her fingers had slipped under his sleeve. . . .

What a walk! What sense of stepping into the unknown; strange intimacy and perfect ignorance! Perhaps every man had some such moment in his life—of pure romance; of adventuring at all and any cost!

He had restrained the impulse to press that slender hand closely to his side, had struggled to preserve the perfect delicacy worthy of the touching confidence of so beautiful a lady.

Italian, Spanish, Polish, Bohemian? Married, widowed? She told him nothing—he asked no questions. Instinct or shyness kept him dumb, but with a whirling brain.

And the night above them had seemed the starriest ever seen, the sweetest-scented, the most abandoned by all except himself and her. They had come to the gate of this very garden, and, opening it, she had said:

"Here is my home. You have been perfect for me, Monsieur."

Her lightly resting fingers were withdrawn. Trevillian remembered—with a sort of wonder—how he had kissed those fingers.

"I am always at your service, Madame."

Her lips had parted; her eyes had and arch sweetness he had never seen before or since in woman.

"Every night I play. Au revoir!"

He had listened to her footsteps on the path—watched lights go up in the house which looked so empty now behind him, watched them put out again; and, retracing his steps, had learned by heart their walk from the Casino, till he was sure he could not miss his way to that garden gate by day or night. . .

A fluster of breeze came into the jungle where he sat, and released the dry rustle of the palm tree leaves.

"On fait des folies!" as the French put it. Loose lot—the French! Queer, what young men would go through when the were "making madnesses."

And, plucking a bit of lilac, old Trevillian put it to his nose as though seeking explanation for the madnesses of youth. What had he been like then?

A DRAMATIC PICTURE of Kirsten Flagstad, famous star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as she appears in her famous role of Brunhilde in "The Valkyrie." Flagstad, who will tour Australia this year under the J. and N. Tait management, will make her film debut in the role of Brunhilde in the Paramount production, "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

Thin as a lath, sunburnt—he used to pride himself on being sunburnt—a little black moustache; a dandy about clothes! The memory of his youthful looks warmed him, sitting there, chilly from old age.

"On fait des folies!" All next day he had been restless, uneasy at the Villa Rostakov under the question in Varvara's eyes—and heaven knew what excuse he had made for not going there that evening!

Ah! And what of his solemn resolutions to find out all about his dark lady, not to run his head into some foreign noose, not to compromise her or himself?

They had all gone out of his head the moment he set eyes on her again, and he had never learned anything but her name, Inez, in all those three weeks; nor told anything of himself—as if both had felt the knowledge must destroy romance.

When had he known himself of interest to her—the second night—the third? The look in her eyes; the pressure of her arm against his own! On this very seat, with his cloak spread to guard her from the chill, he had whispered his turbulent avowals!

Not free. No such woman could be free. What did it matter? Disinheritance—Ostracism—Exile!

All such considerations had burned like straws in the fire he had felt, sitting by her in the darkness, his arms about her, her shoulder pressed to his. With mournful mockery she had gazed at him, kissed his forehead, slipped away up the dark garden.

Heavens! What a night after that! Wandering up and down, along by the sea—devoured! Funny to look back on—deuced funny! A woman's face to have such power!

AND with a little shock he remembered that never in all the few weeks of that mad business had he seen her face by daylight! Of course, he had left Mentone at once—no offering his madness up to the candid eyes of those two girls, to the cynical stare of that old viveur Rostakov!

But no going home, though his leave was up: He was his own master yet awhile, thanks to his winnings. And then—the deluge!

Literally—a night when the rain came down in torrents, drenching him through cape and clothes while he stood waiting for her. It was after that drenching night which had kept them apart that she had returned his passion. . .

A wild young devil! The madness of those nights, beneath these trees by the old fountain! How he used to sit waiting on this bench in the darkness, with heart fluttering, trembling, aching with expectancy! . . .

Gad! How he had ached and fluttered on that seat! What fools young men could be! And yet, in all his life had there been weeks so wildly sweet as those? Weeks the madness of which could stir in him still this strange youthful warmth?

Rubbing his veined hands together he held them out into a streak of sunlight and closed his eyes. . . There, coming through the gate into the deeper shadow, dark in her black dress—always black—the gleam of her neck when she bent and pressed his head to it!

Through the rustling palm leaves the extinct murmuring of their two voices, the beating of their two hearts.

Madness, indeed! His back gave a little crick. He had been very free from lumbago lately! Confound it! A premonitory twinge!

Close to his feet a lizard rustled out into the patch of sunlight, motionless but for tongue and eyes, looked at him with head to one side—queer, quick, dried-looking little object! . .

And then—the end! What a Jezebel of cruelty he had thought her! Now he could see its wisdom and its mercy. By George!

She had blown their wild weeks out like a candle flame! Vanished into the unknown as she had come from the unknown; left him to go haggard and burnt-up, back to England and bank routine, to the social and moral solidity of a pillar of society.

Like that lizard whisking its tail and vanishing beneath the dead dry leaves, so she had vanished—as if into the earth.

COULD she ever have felt for him as he for her? Did woman ever know such consuming fires? Trevillian shrugged his thin shoulders. She had seemed to; but—how tell? Queer cattle—women!

Two nights he had sat there—waiting—sick with anxiety and longing. A third day he had watched outside the villa, closed, shuttered, abandoned—not a sound from it, not a living thing but one white and yellow cat.

He pitied himself even now, thinking of that last vigil. For three days more he had hung around, haunting Casino, garden, villa—no sign—no sign!

Trevillian rose; his back had given him another twinge. He examined the seat and his open prayer-book. Had he overlapped it on to damp stone? He frowned, smoothing superstitiously the pages a little creased and overflattened by his weight. Closing the book, he went towards the gate.

Had those passionate hours been the best or the worst of his life? He did not know.

He moved out into the hot sunshine and up the road. Round the corner, he came suddenly abreast of the old villa.

"It was here I stood," he thought. "Just here!" What was that cat-wauling? Ah! The girl and the organ—there they were again! What! Why, of course!

That long-ago morning a barrel organ had come while he stood there in despair. He could see it still, grinding away, with a monkey on it, and a woman singing that same silly tune.

What had he been thinking of before? Oh! Ah! The Rolfe woman, and that young fool Chesherford. Yes, he would certainly warn Agatha; certainly warn her! There were a loose lot out here!

(Copyright)

FOURTH OFFENCE

Continued from Page 48

DRAKE took his medicine without flinching. Miss Newman sat like a rock. To the expectant audience it was a drab and disappointing anti-climax to a promising entertainment.

One day, several weeks after Odette's triumphant opening in the principal role of that Viennese operetta, she sat with a letter in her hand. It was neatly written, but since its receipt it had become spotted, the lines were blurred, the ink had run. For the fiftieth time she read:

"Dear Little Fellow,

"I hate to say 'No' to you, but it wouldn't do for you to come to see me. A fellow can't stand everything. After all, the first hundred years is the hardest.

"Honest, kid, you don't know what a break you got when they put me away. It's better for both of us for me to be where I am than where I'd like to be. Why, I aimed to rob you that night you hurt your foot—remember those rings? And I had your silver all melted up. I even lied about that sister of mine. I never had any sister.

"I've been catching up on some thinking about heaven and hell, and such things, since I've been up here. People don't have to die to go to heaven. I had mine before I died, and it was cheap at any price.

"Do you know something? That was the first time I was tempted and didn't fall. When you said, 'Ollie, I love you,' I understood what the preachers talk about. Gee! Nobody can take that away from me. I can do solitary for the whole stretch and still be on velvet.

"Don't worry about me. I'm doing great. You're all that matters. Work hard, run straight, and don't weaken. The 'right' guy will come along some day, and when he does you might tell him about me and ask if he minds you writing to me, say, once a month.

"Nothing gushy, understand, just a hello from one pal to another. I don't care if it's only a word, it will keep me going, and I'll give you all the news from here. A fellow likes to feel that he hasn't really croaked. Get me?

"Up on your toes, little fellow, and smile. Remember we're a couple of game guys.

"As ever,

"OLLIE."

Mrs. McCabe entered the room and, seeing the letter in Odette's hand, she spoke sharply:

"There you go again. Don't you know better than to get your eyes all swelled up, with a newspaper man and a photographer coming in half an hour? You can't afford to cry. Here, give me that letter," she snatched the sheet from Odette's fingers and tore it up.

"I—suppose you're right," the girl agreed listlessly. "Isn't it queer that I can afford jewels and orchids and everything—except tears? And they're all I want. I can't even afford to keep Ollie's letters."

"They do you no good, darling."

"Lucille, did you ever stop to think that the loveliest pearl in the world is born from an injury? From a hurt to an oyster? It's true. And the finest perfumes are made out of ambergris, which comes from an ulcer in a whale's stomach. Yes, and silk is spun by worms, and orchids are parasites that bloom only in dark swamps."

"Now what has a red nose got to do with oysters and whales' stomachs? Get busy this minute and put on some make-up. What would your mother say?"

Odette rose wearily. "She'd probably tell me that the show must go on."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

January 22, 1938. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

BEAUTY *for* HANDS

By... Janet

Keep them young and lovely. Let them play a part in making your general appearance much more attractive

HANDS do not look after themselves. They need every bit as much care as your face to keep them youthful and beautiful.

ACTUALLY they are just as important as faces. They are certainly as expressive. Sometimes they will tell you even more about a person—about her character and the things she does.

Yet despite the importance of hands there are women who spend pounds on their faces and figures and do nothing for their hands other than apply some nail varnish regularly.

Neglect your hands—never protect from the ravages of housework, of constant dipping in and out of cold water, of gardening—forget to cream them at night and to use hand lotion after washing them—and the time will come when your hands say "Forty" long before you reach that age.

TO INCREASE circulation in the hands, hold them at shoulder height and shake quickly. Cecilia Parker, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, shows you the way.

LOVELY GRACEFUL HANDS that are well cared for like those of Janice Dawson, 20th Century Fox player, above, add an indescribable charm to the general appearance

Take Their Toll

EVEN summer holidays take their toll. Salt water has a disastrous splitting effect on fingernails, strong sun freckles the hands and hard water for washing roughens the skin.

Yet even if your hands are not very good-looking you can do such a lot for them in the way of regular care and make-up that you can soon give your hands an appearance of loveliness.

What are the things that make a hand beautiful? Shape, color and condition of fingernails all play their parts.

The shape may be improved with exercise. Exercise will also make the hands supple and graceful in movement.

When the knuckles are too large try covering your hands with cream or oil and massaging each finger from the top to the base, pressing firmly round the knuckles and again at the tips to make them slender.

To make the hands supple and graceful try this exercise: With palm down draw the hand towards the body with wrist leading. Turn palm upwards and then stretch the arm out to the right or left according to hand you are exercising. Next raise hand back on the wrist; relax and let fall. Repeat five times.

BEFORE RETIRING at night massage the hands all over with hand cream. Begin at the finger-tips and work downwards as if you were putting on a pair of gloves.

TO ASSIST the hands to absorb the massage cream and to protect the bed linen, wear loose-fitting cotton gloves while you sleep.

Apply Cream

WHEN you apply cream for massaging rub it all over the hands and then continue smoothing over the skin as if you were putting on a pair of gloves, beginning with each finger in turn, continuing over palm and back of hand down to the wrist.

Shape your nails carefully, too. Don't file them too sharply at the sides. You will only rob them of the protection Nature intended they should have, and the cuticle will harden and even become ragged.

As to the color of your hands—you might say their complexion—it doesn't matter whether they are soft and white or firm and suntanned as long as the skin is clear and smooth in texture.

You will help in keeping the skin of your hands in good condition if you always wash them carefully. Use a good bland soap—an olive oil one is best—and tepid water. Rinse in cold water, dry and rub in a good hand lotion.

Avoid putting your hands into very hot water and allowing them to come in contact with strong soaps. If you have dirty jobs to do around the house wear gloves to protect nails and skin and rubber gloves when washing or scrubbing.

If you are one of those people who feel you can't work in gloves, rub in a good hand cream before you begin on the day's work. This will give excellent protection.

Your hands can be beautified, too, while you sleep. Before you go to bed massage with a hand cream and rub cuticle oil or cream into the nails. You should really use cuticle oil or cream every night, especially if your nails are the type that break easily.

A little regular care will soon make an enormous difference to the appearance of your hands. Nail polishes instead of merely improving the ordinary hand will look all the more attractive on the lovely hand, and emphasise its beauty.

When the hands are in good condition, too, you can afford to be more exotic with nail varnishes and wear brilliant colors on special occasions to harmonise or contrast with your frock.

One bright young thing recently created a most startling effect by wearing black nail varnish as color contrast to her daffodil-colored frock. If her hands had been ugly this striking contrast would have been awful. But her hands were really very lovely, so the effect was not only most attractive but delightfully exotic.

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No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the **right tooth paste** — Pepsodent, containing the thrilling new dental discovery, IRIUM. Irium **ends** Scrub-Hard disappointment. It gets you **results** from proper brushing, makes your teeth sparkle with a brilliant natural lustre.

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By JANET

AUTUMN COIFFURES *Are* FORMAL

Variations of the Page-boy Style with Sculptured Curls, the New Season's Smartest Vogue

THE trend for formal coiffures, especially for evening wear, is stronger than ever. Hair must have that well-groomed look and that appearance of being dressed to suit the shape of the head.

YOU may have as many curls as you wish — and waves, too, if you must—but waves must be perfectly flat. Curls or rolls must be smooth, neat, and fit close to the head, with each curl in its correct place in the coiffure.

The mode to-day demands that every hair must be in place. In fact, with the hair styles of the moment untidy hair is impossible.

Of course, it takes more time—this more formal way of dressing the hair. It requires more visits to the hairdressers, too, but the results are well worth it.

Two new coiffures created by Hollywood stylists are shown on this page. Both are variations of the page-boy hairdressing, which has gained amazing popularity all over the world.

The coiffure featured at the top of the page, an unusually attractive one for evening wear, has an Old World air about it. It features a centre part, which, by the way, is also coiffure news at the moment.

The hair in the front and at the sides of the head is arranged in a series of softly-curled rolls, the two long rolls on the top of the head being turned in towards the centre part, which is defined by a spray of lily-of-the-valley. The side curls are placed close to the head above the ears and pinned flat. The back of the hair is brushed straight, is quite free of any wave, and the ends are curled under in a page-boy roll.

The second hair style illustrated on this page shows another way of arranging the curls and rolls in a similar coiffure.

This time the parting is on the side and the hair in front is arranged in a series of little flat curls on top of the forehead. The hair at either side is brushed back and upwards over the ears and arranged in side rolls that curl inwards. The hair at the back, as with the other coiffure, is brushed straight and arranged in a roll, but this time it is curled up instead of under. It extends in an unbroken line from ear to ear.

A LOVELY COIFFURE for evening wear, worn by Fay Wray, Columbia star, in which the hair is rolled in towards a centre parting, and the hair at the back is curled into a page-boy roll.

RIGHT: Another variation of the page-boy coiffure worn by Maria Shelton, United Artists player. The severity of the style is relieved by a cluster of curls on the forehead. The hair at either side is brushed back of the ears and formed into a soft roll, while the hair at the back is curled into one long roll extending round the nape of the neck.

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Even at the height of summer, New Zealand offers a climate which is uplifting, reinvigorating. Wooded lakes—permanently snow-capped mountains—gigantic glaciers—give you a chance to "cool off" and enjoy yourself. Break away from worries . . . see the marvels of the most wonderful country in the world. Come to New Zealand whether you want to enjoy the glory of its ever changing scene . . . come to fish—shoot—golf — or just laze and enjoy yourself where a tonic atmosphere fills you with new vigour and the glow of health.

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MODERN TREATMENTS *for* OLD ROOMS

Here are smart furnishing suggestions from overseas for 1938

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

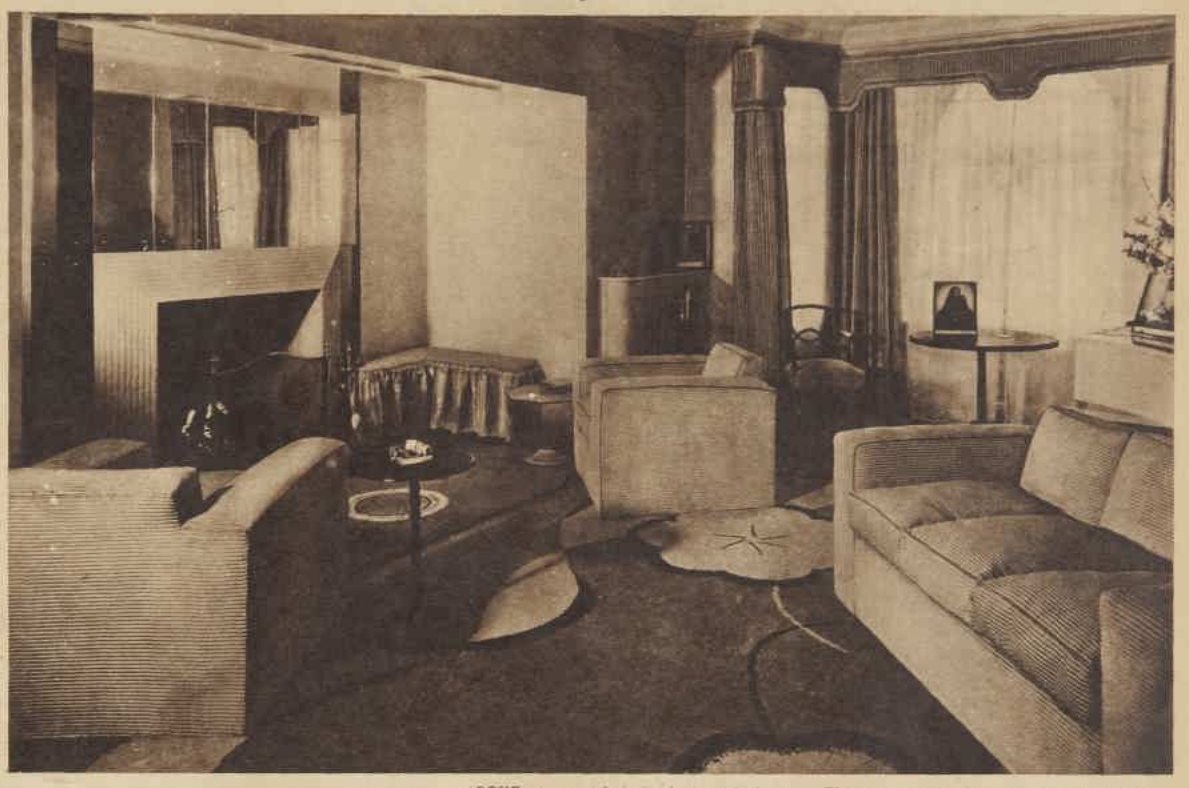
THE pictures of modern living-rooms reproduced on this page have just arrived by air mail from our London office. Embracing many attractive features, they will interest all home-makers — more especially those who some day contemplate furnishing or re-furnishing the lounge or living-room.

FOREMOST interior decorators are now concentrating on how to give the impression of spaciousness to small rooms. London is crowded with flats, the majority of them tiny, and, of course, small houses dot the country-side.

Mirrors are being extensively employed in this direction, and the very latest idea is the mirrored fireplace. Plain off-white walls are strongly advocated, while the beloved picture-rail and the floral or conventional wallpaper dado are being ruthlessly cast aside.

Lighting is given an important place in this modern treatment for old rooms. Many rejuvenated rooms have the lighting inset in the ceiling or else swung close to the ceiling. This sounds the death-knell to chandeliers.

Indirect lighting is also featured. For instance, in the room reproduced above the lighting also comes from beneath the pelmet. This gives a glow to the room and an impression of daylight when the plainly-hung curtains are drawn at night.



ABOVE: A smart but simply furnished room. This room previously featured papered walls, heavily-patterned upholstery and sombre-colored furniture. Now, plain off-white walls, the latest mirrored-glass fireplace, plainly hung draperies at the windows give a light and spacious air.

LEFT: A most delightful room and full of ideas for homelovers. You will not fail to note the curved lounge and bookcase, nor the smart, short window drapes. Color scheme is off-white with blue and tan accents. Diffused light comes from the ceiling. Table lamps also shed their glowing radiance o'er the scene when night falls.

No Confusion

YOU will notice, too, that both the rooms show an almost entire absence of pattern; even one is shorn of pictures.

Certainly the larger-looking room, pictured at the top of the page, flaunts a strikingly-designed carpet; but the design does not overpower the room or make it appear smaller. In fact, it gives a decided touch of interest to the otherwise simply-furnished room.

In this picture you also glimpse the "projected" type of mirrored fireplace.

This is a departure from the majority, which show flat mirror-glass panels framing the hearth. Here, however, the side mirrors give an added impression of spaciousness.

You will also have observed the frilled corner seats. These provide extra seating accommodation without taking up too much space. I think they look so informal and inviting, don't you?

Smart, Inviting

THE furniture, made for comfort, is upholstered in dark cream corded velveteen, piped with a darker shade. The curtains, with their attractive pelmet, are of striped moire with cream voile hangings as an appropriate background.

A new idea is the curved lounge and bookcase, designed for economy of space. This smart innovation is illustrated in the smaller room reproduced on this page.

This will intrigue all homelovers, for it acts as a delightful table. If you look closely, you will see that the reading lamp is set into the bookcase and can be raised or lowered according to individual needs.

Indirect lighting comes from the ceiling and two wall-brackets, and the color scheme is blue and tan. The only brilliantly-colored note in the room is the picture over the fireplace.

Another expert "breaks up" what would otherwise be a heavy piece of furniture by combining two materials. He makes an armchair of olive-green satin and then adds cushions of heavy cotton weave. A leather settee has cushions of chenille in a slightly darker shade.

A fireplace "corner" has pillars of maple with metal mouldings on each side. The fireplace itself is made of french-polished plaster, very effective, and easy to keep clean.

The table is covered with parchment and two settees (known as "love seats" because they seat only two people) are upholstered in velvet, with satin cushions.

If you want to dispense with pictures, and need some decoration on the walls, a mural in pastel shades is very new and also very attractive.

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE QUEENSLAND HOME featuring timber and brick walls with tiled roof. Note the trees. These lend a beauty and dignity to the home even though the garden has not yet been laid out.

HELEN'S BEDROOM MAKES A HIT

TAUBMANS DULSETTA is the new semi-flat enamel with the exclusive dull, satiny finish for walls, doors and woodwork. You'll be amazed how easy it is to use — just flows on smoothly, never leaves any brush-marks and dries to a hard, washable surface. You can apply Dulsetta right over old stained woodwork or painted walls and one coat will do a splendid job!

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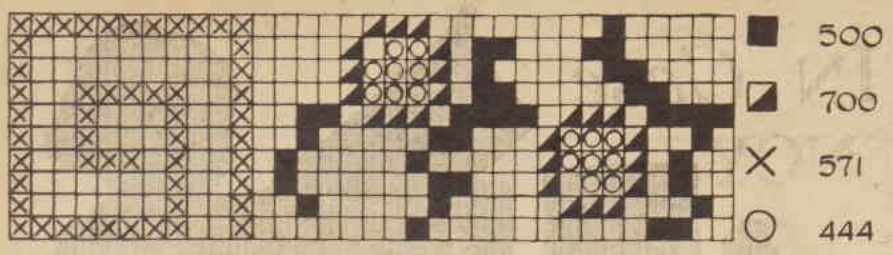
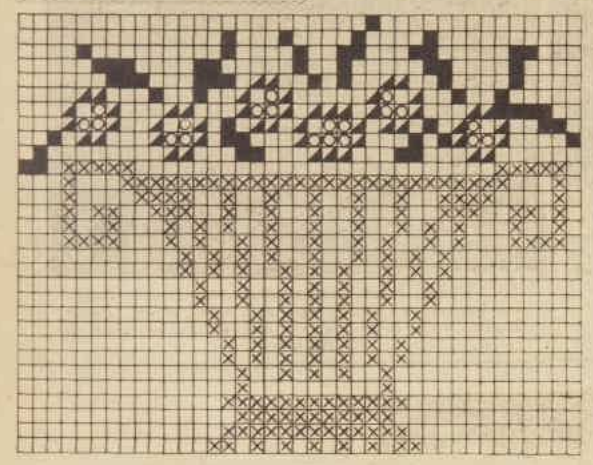


DIAGRAM of border design and color key. Use dark grass-green stranded cotton in black squares, in half-black squares, turkey-red, crosses are worked with dark ochre-yellow, and circles, mid-buttercup.

NOW, WHICH *Will You* CHOOSE?

Needlework Notions



HERE IS GIVEN a diagram of the decorative baskets which adorn the cross-stitch tea or supper cloth shown in the picture at top right. The color key is shown beside the border diagram at the top of this page.

(1) Enchanting Rose design linen tea or supper set (2) Lily duchesse set or (3) the pretty pyjama set. All are traced ready for embroidery.

IN the picture, shown at right, you see the decorative cross-stitch rose cloth, part of the exclusively designed tea or supper set.

Cream linen was chosen for this cloth and the design worked in turkey-red, dark grass-green, mid-buttercup and dark ochre-yellow.

The effect is strikingly lovely.

You may obtain the whole set, or any one piece, in a beautiful quality linen, traced ready for easy embroidery, in cream, white, green, blue or pink linen.

THE LOVELY DESIGN featured in the tea-cloth shown above will appeal to all needle-lovers and homemakers. Worked in simple cross-stitch, it is strikingly effective. You may obtain a whole set in linen traced with this design from our Needlework Department. See article.

There are three sizes offering in tablecloths, in addition to tea-cosy, traycloth, servietts and d'oyleys.

Here are sizes and prices:—

36-inch x 36-inch cloth, price 7/6 each; 45-inch x 45-inch cloth, price 9/6; 54-inch x 54-inch cloth, 11/6; 11-inch x 11-inch serviette, 1/-; 13-inch x 10-inch tea-cosy, 3/6; 14-inch x 25-inch traycloth, 4/6; 8-inch x 8-inch d'oyley, 1/-; 5-inch x 11-inch d'oyley, 1/-. Postage is free. Cottons may also be obtained from our Needlework Department if desired. Price 1½d per skein.

Use Anchor stranded cotton for the embroidery and use these colors: F.700 (turkey-red), F.571 (very dark ochre-yellow), F.500 (dark grass-green), F.444 (mid-buttercup).

The whole of the design is worked in simple cross-stitch. Follow diagrams for arrangement of colors. The edges may be finished with lace or crochet, or buttonholing. Kindly state if spoke-stitched edge is required, when ordering.

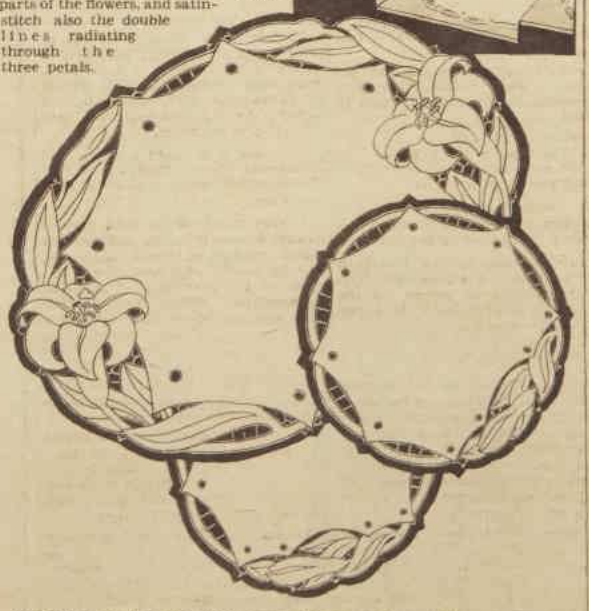
Loveliness for Your Dressing Table

FOR your home or for country or suburban show entries what could be more charming or impressive than this 3-piece duchesse set?

The set is obtainable in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen. Price, 3/6. The mats may be purchased separately, the centre mat, which measures 12 x 18 inches, for 2/6, and the small mats, 8 x 8 inches, for 1/- each.

Buttonholing will carry out this design very handsomely. It is an easy stitch, and a kind one to the new worker. Lay a running thread around all the leaves, petals, and stamens. Satin-stitch the central parts of the flowers, and satin-stitch also the double lines radiating through the three petals.

Work white lilies on green material, cream or yellow on blue or green, white on cream. The leaves and stems, of course, in deep green, the pistil pale green, and stamens a rich golden yellow or brown.



HERE IS REGAL BEAUTY for your dressing-table or sideboard. You can obtain this superb 3-piece set, traced ready for embroidery, in white, cream, yellow, pink, blue, or green linen for 3/6.

SWEET *Pyjama* SACHET

ALL the brightest embroidery cottons may be used to work this pretty and practical pyjama sachet.

You can use up all your small ends of skeins and make the loveliest and gayest sachet to hold your dainty nightwear.

Work round buttonholing for the large flowers and introduce lazy-daisy, French knots, satin-stitching and outlining, according to taste.

The sachet measures 12 x 17 inches and is obtainable in blue, pink, or green Cesarine. Price 2/3 from our Needlework Department. Postage is free.

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TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 184, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

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Our Great Medical Series

WHAT TO DO IN *Case Of An* EMERGENCY

Common Household Aids For Treating Minor Injuries

These hints on household emergencies must not be taken as comprising a complete treatment for all the emergencies listed below.

In serious accidents the object is merely to recommend a temporary first-aid measure pending the arrival of a doctor or ambulance.

By OUR MEDICAL WRITER

EVERY household should possess a few necessities for the treatment of minor injuries.

Without keeping an elaborate medicine-chest, the minimum might be taken as some reliable antiseptic, plus cotton-wool, boric lint and a medium-size bandage.

Antiseptics: Iodine is still the Australian favorite, and the ordinary weak tincture is the best for all-round use.

Hydrogen peroxide is excellent but is liable to lose strength, unless kept securely sealed in a cool place. A tablespoonful to a glass of water should be used.

Permanganate of potash is fairly good; the tendency is to use it in too strong solution; a clear translucent pink coloration of the water is sufficient. As much as will lie on a sixpence in a pint of water is a rough guide.

Melsol, dettol and solyptol are excellent. These liquids should always be diluted with water according to maker's directions accompanying the bottles.

They are specially prepared for water-dilution, and if used undiluted may cause unnecessary irritation.

Boric acid (boracic acid) is a mild antiseptic, less in favor as a general antiseptic nowadays. A teaspoonful to a glass of water may be used. Zinc and boracic ointments, though household favorites, especially outback, are not efficient antiseptics for general use.

Concentrated alcohol is a good antiseptic; hence at a pinch methylated spirit may be used as a first-aid dressing for small wounds and cuts, should nothing else be available.

Bleeding

PRACTICALLY all bleeding can be stopped by compression. In small cuts and wounds, remove any grass, larger pieces of dirt, or fragments of clothing. Paint wound or cut with antiseptic, including unbroken skin around it. If other antiseptic is used, dip cotton-wool or clean linen in solution and clean surrounding skin by rubbing. Bandage fairly tightly if bleeding persists; the bandage may be loosed half-an-hour after.

Cut Artery

THE blood is bright red, and ejected in spurts. Special compression will be needed. A tourniquet should be improvised. A handkerchief is tied loosely round the limb, a stick inserted in the loop and twisted. Only enough compression should be used to stop the bleeding. On a limb, the tourniquet is applied between the wound and the heart.

If left on too long it may damage the tissues by cutting off their circulation too completely. It should be gradually unloosed after half an hour, and tightened if the bleeding recurs.

The procedure is only a first-aid measure in cases where dangerous amounts of blood are being lost. Needless to say, a big arterial cut needs medical attention as soon as possible.

Garden Cuts

BEING usually contaminated with soil, which may contain tetanus germs or spores, these should be carefully cleaned from adherent dirt; the antiseptic used should be iodine.

Long punctures (as from rose thorns) are difficult to clear of soil or germs carried in; it is better to let them bleed a short while, if possible, to flush them from within.

Garden cuts should always be bandaged, and re-dressed and examined frequently in the first few days, to watch for any sign of sepsis (shown by occurrence of a mattery discharge).

It is in these infected cuts and wounds that the tetanus spore or seed is encouraged to grow.

Such discharging garden cuts should receive medical attention if possible.

Bleeding Tooth Socket

THIS often causes trouble after a tooth-extraction. Soak pad of firm material, lint, linen (cotton-wool is rarely resistant enough) in antiseptic, roll into plug, force into tooth cavity (plug should project above tooth-level) and make patient bite on it.

POISONS seem to hold an unusual attraction for children. Do not leave them in the medicine-chest, but lock them up separately.

AVOID SHARP POINTS. If children must have scissors, get them dull pointed ones. Boards with nails in them should not be allowed around. Sharp tools should be kept out of reach of tots.

BURNS AND SCALDS are a prolific cause of emergency treatment in the home. More than half the home injuries occur in the kitchen, and children are the main sufferers.

LET WIRES ALONE. Warn your children against touching loose wires. They may carry a deadly shock. Hands should be dry before touching any electrical apparatus in the home.

Poisoned Fingers, Hands

THE popular term is applied to a small wound, bruise or scratch that has become infected by germs. A painful swelling forms, gradually increasing in size; the pain radiates up the hand and arm and a swelling (swollen gland) may appear under the armpit.

The latter is a serious sign, and a doctor should be consulted. For less severe cases the most effectual home treatment is repeated hot fomentations, to force the swelling to break, so that the matter forming in it is discharged outwardly.

The best way to apply fomentations is to soak boric lint or clean linen for one minute in boiling water, wring out, apply hot as a doubled-over pad, and bandage it on. The process should be frequently repeated during the day.

When the discharge begins, frequent bathing in warm antiseptic solution, the abscess being squeezed, should be resorted to.

Compression-strapping is very useful at this stage if the swelling is in firm tissue (as a hand or finger) and sticking-plaster is available.

The swelling is pinched up, and the plaster is applied in strips around its base, so as to keep up the pinching.

It need scarcely be said that both before and after handling any such discharging sore the person treating it should thoroughly bathe the hands in antiseptic solution.

Small Burns

SMALL burns are usually intensely painful for a time, and the usual household first-aid application is carron oil, olive oil, or flour-paste. If the skin is not broken there is no objection to these; but if the burn is extensive and the skin destroyed they may do damage by introducing germs, as they are not germ-free.

Extensive burns need immediate medical attention. While awaiting doctor or ambulance all that can be done is to cut the clothing away. If any of the latter is stuck to the burn, do not attempt to pull away the fragments. Bicarbonate of soda (one teaspoonful to the pint) applied on pads of lint may be used to relieve the pain.

Ordinary small burns frequently develop into painful blisters. Healing can be expedited by pricking these with a sterilised needle.

First paint blister with iodine. Then fit a needle by its base into the end of a used match, and heat the needle to redness in a flame for a minute or so. When it cools, perforate the blister. Then reapply iodine or some antiseptic solution, and keep bandaged for a day or so.

Twists and Sprains

THE wrist and the ankle are the most common sites of sprains, with the knee next in order. A sudden wrench or twist is the usual cause. There is sudden intense pain, followed by inability to support foot, or move the hand, without pain.

An immediate dressing of lint or linen (a clean handkerchief will do), soaked in cold water (or equal parts water and methylated spirit) should be at once applied, and bandaged firmly round the joint while wet. Renew every three hours.

The idea is to limit swelling and effusion of liquid. Complete rest of the limb for several days will be necessary.

A knee-sprain is a more serious matter, especially in the elderly. An elastic bandage, or even a plaster one, may be needed in severe cases. Because of the possibility of synovitis (a recurrent inflammation of the knee-joint) setting in, all knee-sprains which do not improve after a few days' rest and compression should have treatment by a doctor.

Severe falls may actually break a wrist or ankle. In such cases there is obvious deformity caused.

The hand is displaced backwards at the wrist towards the thumb side; the foot is displaced outwards and backwards. Do not attempt to wrench hand or foot into place, but secure medical attention immediately.

The hand may be put in a sling, and a long splint from knee to beyond the foot bound to the leg by handkerchiefs in the case of broken ankle, if a long wait cannot be avoided.

Continued on Next Page

STARCH and its Digestion

Serve Vita-Weat Crispbread in a toast rack, as illustrated.

Many everyday foods contain "raw" or "unconverted" starch, which gives you that unpleasant feeling of stuffiness and lassitude which is known as starch-heaviness.

Beware of starch-heaviness! It is Nature's warning that constipation, indigestion, and a bad complexion will follow, unless you alter your diet.

Change to Peek Frean Vita-Weat, the sensible modern Crispbread. It's made from the same good wheat as ordinary bread, with all its precious vitamins and nourishment left in, and "unconverted" starch left out.

PEEK FREAN

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CRISPBREAD

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Bob Martin

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"a daily Bob Martin's will keep your dog fit"

BETTER HEALTH, BETTER COAT, BETTER SPIRITS. I promise you that if you give him one of these powders every day you will soon see a wonderful difference. Not only will he give up scratching but he'll be free and safe from listlessness, loose coat, loss of appetite, swellings between the toes, eczema and all the other blood disorders. What is more, the whole standard of his general health will improve. He'll be livelier and healthier—a fitter companion. You can get Bob Martin's in boxes of 9 and 21 powders—instructions enclosed.

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banish all blood disorders in dogs

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Bad Habit of Thumb-Sucking

By MARY TRUBY KING

Have you a "thumb-sucking" baby? If you have, are you one of the mothers who say, "At all costs I must stop this habit—whether by gloves, splints, safety-pins, or bitter aloes"? Or do you (which is worse) encourage your child to suck his thumb "because it looks so cute"?

WITH all bad habits, and prolonged thumb-sucking is a bad habit, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

It is natural for a baby to be put to his mother's breast. In cases where the mother has not sufficient milk, and baby is not completely satisfied, a wandering finger or thumb is likely to bump up against his lips and, through association of ideas, come in for a spell of vigorous sucking.

The obvious remedy in this case is to take the necessary means to increase the milk supply, so that at the end of each meal baby will feel comfortably ready to go off to sleep without the consolation of his thumb.

But baby may "take to his thumb" even though he has sufficient food for his needs. What then?

At the very first sign of this habit, tuck baby's hands up firmly inside the shawl or blanket in which he is laid in his cot. This will not hamper baby's movements too much if you bring the shawl round over his shoulders and tuck it back in under the arms. Some freedom of movement is thus still allowed.

It is debatable whether any other restrictive measure than this should be taken. Restrictions such as gloves, special arm splints and safety-pinning the sleeves down to the mattress are all rather drastic, and may only serve to impress the child with the fact that it has a bad habit, and set up a further desire to practise this habit.

Thus we find that a gloved baby will suck endlessly at the gloves, which is one step worse than thumb-sucking, as bits of fluff and thread may be swallowed; and a child who is even more forcibly restricted may take a convulsion, or fret so much for freedom of arms, hands and fingers that his whole nervous system is upset.

Finger and thumb-sucking is often simply the result of boredom. The child should be provided with toys suitable to its age, something to handle, so that his interest is diverted from himself during his waking hours.

Baby may have a toy with a softly-tinkling bell hung where he can comfortably reach it. He will enjoy both the sensation of feeling it and the sound it makes when he moves it.

Such a toy does not overstimulate, but simply provides baby with a necessary interest. No baby should be expected to play with his fingers and toes all day without sucking them.

His growing brain requires outside interests.

IF no other interests are provided, it is natural for the child to become a suck-a-thumb, and continual sucking will deform the soft and easily-moulded bones of the mouth and nose.

Inveterate thumb-suckers will grow up with "V"-shaped hard palates and "rabbit" teeth—teeth which are cramped into a narrowed jaw.

Sometimes the front teeth will protrude, from much sucking of the thumb, and this gives rise to mouth-breathing and all its attendant ills.

It should be borne in mind that thumb or finger-sucking may be brought on by disruption in the household—a feeling of instability and unhappiness set up in the child through unconsciously absorbing the dissension in the home atmosphere. An effort to right such troubles and a little extra love and "mothering" will have beneficial results.

Thumb-sucking sometimes commences when baby is being weaned. This is very natural, as the child resents the loss of his mother's breasts, and takes to his thumb for comfort.

Try to distract his thoughts from his hands by providing suitable playthings. A gradual weaning is better than a sudden weaning, for in this way the break from breast to bottle is less abrupt. When possible extend over a period of six weeks.

On the arrival of a second baby, the ex-baby may begin the finger-sucking habit to recompense him for the loss of his mother's undivided attention and affection.

This can be prevented by giving the ex-baby new interests such as a child of his own age to play with; or by making the ex-baby feel he has an important part to play in looking after the new baby.

Provide the ex-baby with healthy and absorbing occupations, and see to it that he has his due share of tender mothering, as before.

Life should be too interesting an affair for the normal child to have any necessity to suck his thumb.

When dealing with thumb-sucking the chief aim should be to help the child to forget the habit. Never discuss it in his presence, or draw his attention to it, or give him a feeling of guilt about it. Nagging and scolding will aggravate the position.

Just allow the child to play safely with materials which interest him, let him be in the open air as much as possible, see that he has sufficient sleep, and give him a good balanced diet. In this way, the suck-a-thumb habit is most likely to be forgotten, enabling the child to grow and develop normally—mentally, emotionally and physically.

"THUMB-SUCKING may look cute, but it is a bad habit for baby, and one difficult to break.

What to Do in Case of Emergency

Continued from Previous Page

Broken Collar Bone

THIS is a common fracture, less serious than those of main bones of a limb. The shoulder droops forward, and the patient instinctively supports the forearm with the other hand; the break is usually clearly seen or felt. The patient should be made to lie flat on the back with a small pillow beneath shoulder blades till medical attention is secured.

A handkerchief may be tied around each arm at the shoulder, and these then tied at the back so as to brace the shoulders, the arm on the affected side being put into a sling. (Patient may walk about.)

Nosebleed

COLD water, ice, or cold metal object to back of neck; hands clasped behind head, or held upraised for a few minutes. Patient should not lean forward. Another treatment is to pinch nose tightly as high up to the bridge as possible, patient breathing through the nose.

Ice or cold metal to the bridge of the nose is often efficacious. Persistent nose-bleeding may need plugging; a doctor should be consulted.

Electric Shock

IF patient is still grasping or touching "live" wire or faulty apparatus knock or drag him away by following method (if switch or main switch cannot be reached and current turned off). Wrap hands and arms in thickest, driest material to hand (coat, dress, mackintosh, blanket, rug, tablecloth) and drag him away, or push him off with dry pole (or stick). If floor is wet (as in a laundry) throw down mat, board, or any dry material and stand on it when making the attempt.

There is usually an instinctive urge to rush forward and drag off the victim, or even try and separate his hand from defective apparatus, without any protection; this results in severe shock, possibly fatal, for the rescuer.

Rubber gloves (as used for gardening) or rubber shoes (the hands thrust in) are ideal protectives, but must be dry.

If victim still breathes, treat as for fainting (see below.) If breathing has stopped, artificial respiration should be tried, if anyone conversant with the usual methods can be secured.

Fainting

EXTEND patient flat on back, head as low as body, loosen tight clothing. Fan face with any suitable object, or apply cold water. Rub temples and hands. A little brandy or sal volatile may be given as patient regains consciousness.

Alcohol should never be given in large quantities. Never give more than a teaspoonful, undiluted.

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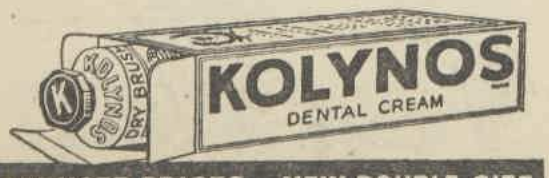

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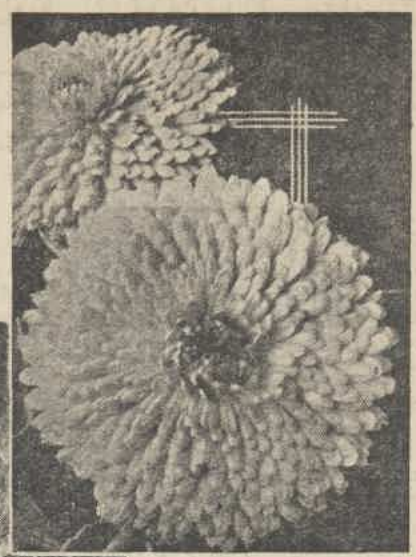
Garden Glory...

This is the way to raise Sturdy Seedlings and plant them for a Gorgeous Display in late Winter and early Spring.

—Says the Old Gardener

ICELAND poppies bloom for months. No wonder every gardener finds room for them. Try massing them in separate colors for a spectacular display.



CALENDULAS are easy to grow. Giant blooms reward you for any little extra care and attention bestowed upon them.

DURING the past few weeks, The Old Gardener has told you in his clear, expert way how to grow sweet peas, ranunculi, anemones and stocks. To-day he gives a supplementary list of late winter and spring flowering beauties.

IF you follow his advice on sowing, planting, and general care you will, without doubt, be rewarded with the gayest, most prolific show you've ever enjoyed.

Seed planting time is always a time of great activity: Iceland poppies, pansies and violas, snapdragons and delphiniums, calendulas, marigolds of different varieties, the colorful cinerarias, primulas, nemesia, and all those other beautiful flowers that give joy to us in the late winter and early spring must be sown now.

We gardeners must look well ahead, for, before the summer display passes and the late autumn show begins, the winter and spring flowers must be well on the way. So prepare your seed beds. Make a good job of them. This is the way:

Select a position in a semi-shaded portion of the garden, somewhere where they will receive shade during the hotter part of the day. Dig the patch over well, remove all weeds, rake the surface level, and be sure the soil is perfectly fine, for seeds germinate quickly in fine, loamy soil of good tilth. Divide the bed off into portions large enough, say, to hold a sixpenny or shilling packet of seed comfortably and without sowing too thickly.

Sow This Way!

PRESS the surface down with a piece of flat board or a brick, because young plants require a firm soil. Sprinkle the seed over the surface and be very careful not to sow it too thickly.

For sowing very fine seed like Iceland poppies, primula, and so on, pour the seed in a pepper-shaker or some such vessel—a very small tin with a lid in which holes have been punched will also serve. In this manner seed can be lightly shaken over the beds much more simply than sowing by hand.

After completing the sowing, cover with well-decayed manure, rubbed through a fine sieve. And remember that the proper depth to sow seeds (the depth of covering) should be twice the thickness of the seed sown.

Watering is one of the most particular operations after the seed is sown. A can with a very fine rose should be used. This will obviate any chance of washing the seeds into the corner of the beds (or boxes).

I find that the best method, either box or beds chosen for raising plants, is to give them a thorough soaking about one hour before sowing the seed. Then, after covering them with the very fine manure, give this a light sprinkle. Place a bag over the seed beds, or boxes, and be sure to put a stick across to keep the bag at least an inch above the soil.

If you do this, you will find that no watering will be necessary for a week to ten days.

After sowing the seed, and following the instructions which I have given you, it would be advisable after the second or third day to lift the bag to see how germination has taken place. From the moment they are through the soil, it is imperative to raise the bag. Raise it a few inches each day. This allows sun and light to penetrate and harden the plants, otherwise they grow tall and spindly.

All the seeds of the plants mentioned take about the same time to germinate. So if they are all planted side by side in the one bed it will be fairly easy to give them the required attention.

Keep Them Apart

I HAVE already told you in a previous article how to sow ranunculi and anemones. They take from four to six weeks to germinate, so be sure plant these a little way from the others, as they require different attention altogether.

On no account must the seed beds or boxes be allowed to become dry. On the other hand, do not overwater or allow them to remain too wet. Try and strike the happy medium. Insufficient moisture is fatal to young and tender seedlings, as the roots are not strong enough to draw moisture from any depth. One hour's hot sun may kill every plant. If allowed to remain too wet, damping-off sets in rapidly. This damping-off is a disease which is always fatal. The young plants fall over and rot off level with the ground.

The main factors in raising seed are these: Good drainage, well-prepared beds or boxes, and careful attention through the first few weeks of their growth.

When the plants have attained their third leaf, it will be necessary to prick them out into boxes. Follow the method given in previous articles on plant raising.

Many gardeners consider it only a waste of time and do not go to the trouble of pricking the plants out of the nursery and transplanting into boxes. I have often seen them dig a bundle of plants out of the nursery bed and transplant them immediately into the garden.

Just try out both ways for yourself and see which is the better of the two.

When the plants are ready for their permanent beds, they should be given a good watering about an hour before removal. If they have enjoyed the advantages of the pricking-out process, they can be transplanted under almost any weather conditions. Even a hot day does not interfere with the moving, and they commence to grow right away. Plants taken direct from the nurseries struggle along for even a week before they show any sign of making headway. So, you see, the little time taken in pricking-out is saved in the long run.

While the plants are growing in the nursery, the beds must be well-prepared to receive them. Deep digging, manuring, and a thorough preparation of the soil are necessary. Every bed must be well drained.

All the plants mentioned, with the exception of the cineraria and the primula, love good, open, sunny positions for their permanent beds.

The cineraria and primula do much better in a semi-shaded portion of the garden and, if possible, facing the south. These two showy and colorful varieties seem to love a southerly position.

Another beautiful winter-flowering plant is the leptosyne. This is one of the earliest of our winter bloomers and gives a profusion of blooms when there is very little else showing. Plant the leptosyne just in the same way as that given for the various other varieties.

CURTAINS

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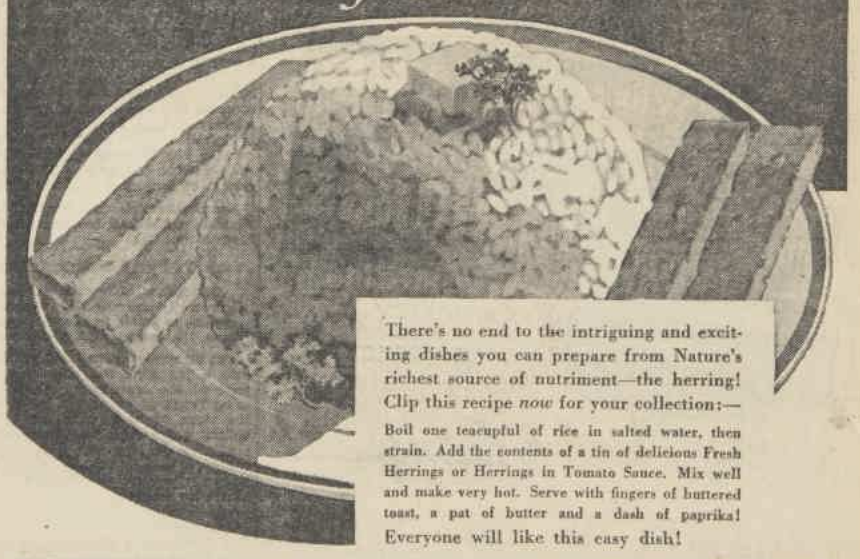
Here's an entirely New Way to serve Herrings —called *Savoury Rice*



There's no end to the intriguing and exciting dishes you can prepare from Nature's richest source of nutriment—the herring! Clip this recipe *now* for your collection:—

Boil one teacupful of rice in salted water, then strain. Add the contents of a tin of delicious Fresh Herrings or Herrings in Tomato Sauce. Mix well and make very hot. Serve with fingers of buttered toast, a pat of butter and a dash of paprika! Everyone will like this easy dish!

FOR BREAKFAST: *Separate whites from yolks of several eggs. Mix yolks and kippers or fresh herrings. Beat whites until stiff. Place on buttered toast. Put spoonful of milk mixture in centre and brown.*

FOR PARTIES: *Did you know that tinned kippers are delicious as savouries for cocktail and sherry parties? Serve on buttered biscuits or fingers of bread fried in butter.*

FOR DINNER: *Brown a Spanish onion and use portion to line heat-proof dish; add contents of tin of herrings in tomato sauce, top with rest of onions. Add mashed potato crust and bake until brown.*

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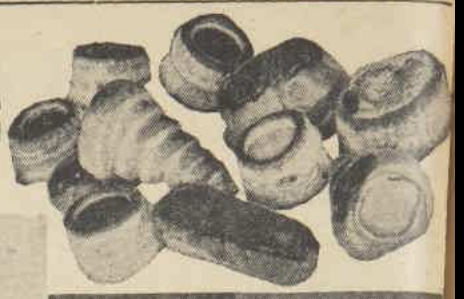
Enterprising Housewives Win CASH PRIZES for RECIPES



... Gain extra pocket money and help others by entering our cooking competition.

EVERY reader of The Australian Women's Weekly may enter this recipe contest. Simply write out the finest recipe in your possession, mark it "Best Recipes," and mail it to us.

THIS week the first prize of £1 is awarded to a South Australian housewife for a collection of fine French sauces. These recipes will interest all housewives.

All the other recipes published on this page have received consolation prizes. Each and every one is well worth adding to your recipe folder or book.

NEW AND delicious sweet or savory fillings for pastry cases are always appreciated by party hostesses. If you have a very special filling send it to us. It may win you first prize of £1. See recipe on this page for Waldorf savories.

STUDY THIS PAGE, and if you think your best recipe is just as good as any of these write it out clearly and send to The Australian Women's Weekly. Every week £1 is given for the best recipe received.

SEVEN FRENCH SAUCES

These recipes will prove welcome additions to grilled and roasted meats, and fried or grilled fish.

Sauce Piquant.—Mince finely 1 small onion, cook it in dripping or butter till tender, add 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, and some chopped parsley. Simmer 10 minutes, thicken, and add some capers or chopped gherkins just before serving.

Sauce Robert.—Mince finely 1 small onion; cook it in dripping or butter till golden brown, add ½ cup meat broth; thicken; simmer for 10 minutes; add the juice of 1 lemon and 1 teaspoon mustard.

Sauce Beurre Maitre d'Hotel.—Quarter pound butter, melted; pepper and salt to taste, pinch of grated nutmeg, a little chopped parsley, and lemon juice.

Sauce Balfort.—One tablespoon flour, ½lb. butter, stir over slow fire without letting it brown; add 1/3 cup meat broth; stir till smooth and simmer for 10 minutes. Before serving, add ½ tablespoon or more, according to taste, of grated horseradish.

Sauce Madere.—Take 1 glass Madeira wine, let it reduce a little, add 4 tablespoons tomato sauce, simmer a little, and serve.

Sauce Bingara.—Three tablespoons butter, 1 small minced onion; cook till tender; add ½ glass white wine, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 lean ham rasher cut into small dice, 1 mushroom cut fine, a pinch cayenne.

Sauce Mayonnaise.—Put in a double boiler 2 egg-yolks, a pinch of salt and pepper, juice of ½ lemon; drain in slowly ½ cup pure olive oil; stir without stopping with a wooden spoon; add a few drops of lemon juice. Have oil the same temperature as the air of the kitchen, or the mayonnaise may curdle. This is the true mayonnaise recipe.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 93A Lower North Rd., Prospect, S.A.

ONION SOUFFLE

Cook in salted water and drain well about 10 onions of medium size; then chop them and drain again. Force the onions through a sieve, making about 1 cup of puree, which should not be watery. Add 1 tablespoon butter and season with salt and pepper. Make a sauce of 1 tablespoon each of butter and flour, 1 cup rich milk, ½ cup soft sifted breadcrumbs, and 1 egg-yolk. Add this sauce to the puree of onion and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 3 eggs. Pour into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water covered with buttered paper, and bake until firm to the touch. The souffle should be cooked in half an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Otto Blaubaum, Telka, 8 Lanoma St., East Launceston, Tas.

GINGER AND FRUIT SYRUP

One ounce of bruised ginger, 1 lemon, 1 orange, ½lb. muscatel raisins, a pinch powdered cinnamon, 1lb. loaf sugar, 2 pints water.

Cut up stoned raisins and put them into a jug with the cinnamon, the juice of the orange and lemon, and some lumps of sugar first rubbed on the skins of both. Just cover with boiling water. Put the ginger, lemon rind, and the rest of the sugar in a saucepan with a pint of water, and boil to syrup. Remove rind and ginger, strain the fruit juice mixture into the syrup, and return to pan to heat. Bottle when cold. To a small glass of iced water add 1 tablespoon of syrup. This is unusual and delicious.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Fraser, 16 Fitzroy St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

PRUNE FINGERS

Quarter pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup chopped and stoned prunes, 1 cup chopped nuts, pinch salt.

Soak prunes if necessary for 1 hour. Beat egg-yolks and sugar, and add nuts and prunes. Mix well. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, and whip egg-whites stiffly. Add half flour and half egg-whites to egg and sugar mixture, then rest of flour, lastly remaining egg-whites. Spread in a shallow, greased roll tin and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. When cool, cut in bars and roll in powdered sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

FRUIT FLUFF AND SAGO CREAM

One tin of fruit and 1 packet of jelly crystals.

Boil fruit syrup and make a jelly with the crystals. When it is cool (not set) whisk half of it for a few minutes with an egg-beater till it is fluffy. Pour rest of jelly over fruit after arranging it in a dish. Spread the fluff on top and serve with a sago cream.

Sago Cream.—Put into a saucepan ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sago, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Let come to the boil. Have ready yolks of 2 well-beaten eggs, and with another ½ pint milk pour on the boiling sago. Beat the 2 egg-whites very stiffly and stir in. Serve cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Murfet, Merseylea, Tas.

BRAIN CUTLETS

Soak 3 sets brains in strong salt water for 1 hour. Drain, and put on fire in fresh, cold water. Bring to boil, strain, and chop finely. Add 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2oz. butter, some finely-chopped parsley, and a little grated lemon rind, seasoning to taste. Moisten with a beaten egg, and mix all together. Put the mixture on to a floured plate, divide, and shape into cutlets. Brush over with egg and coat with breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Fry a few rashers of bacon and serve with cutlets.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. McKay, 126 Military Rd., North Bondi, N.S.W.

WALDORF SAVORIES

PASTRY CASES.—2 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup milk.

SAVORY FILLING.—1 cup shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 well-beaten egg-yolk, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ tablespoon salt, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Cut in butter. Add milk all at once. Stir carefully till all flour is dampened. Stir vigorously until mixture forms soft dough. Turn out at once on floured board. Knead 30 seconds. Roll ½in. thick. Cut with 2in. floured biscuit-cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet, brush over with melted butter. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool a little, scoop out centre and fill with following: Melt butter, add flour, salt, pepper. Mix well. Add milk slowly. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to avoid lumps. Add parsley and egg-yolk, and beat well. Remove from fire and add prawns. Fill the cases. Serve hot, garnished with whole prawns.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Gale Nelson, Herbert St. B17, Brisbane.

AUSTRALIAN PIE

Two cups stewed and strained pumpkin, 2 cups rich milk or cream, ½ cup brown or white sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, grated rind 1 lemon.

Mix pumpkin with milk, sugar, well-beaten eggs, ginger, salt, cinnamon, and rind. Beat 2 minutes. Pour into piedish which has been lined with pastry. Place in hot oven for minutes, then reduce heat and b 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Zouch, Pinnacle Rd., Orm N.S.W.

ICED STRAWBERRY PUDDIN

One pint strawberry juice, lb. sugar, 6 eggs (yolks), 1 p water.

Boil sugar and water together minutes, watching carefully so it does not get too thick. Beat of eggs very light. Add the the boiling syrup, stir over the a moment, then turn into a bowl. Beat continuously until and thick like a sponge cake then add strawberry juice and

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Gladys Gosden, 10 Sturt Avenue, reith, S.A.

OYSTERS IN A CRUST (A

One loaf bread (stale), 1 p or tin oysters, ½ cup melted b ter, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 ta spoon flour, ½ cup milk, salt pepper to taste, ½ lemon, par

Cut top off loaf, remove Brush inside case with melted ter, and place in slow oven to crisp. Prepare top in same way fasten to the crust. Dry oyster chop them. Keep ten whole. butter and flour in a saucepan fire, stir in milk. Keep stirring it boils. Season nicely with pepper and lemon juice. Add make very hot, then turn into case. Heat whole oysters them on top. Garnish with and serve at once. Creamed chicken may be used instead of ters.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Bardsley, 9 Raglan St., M N.S.W.

Cleaning the Sink

THE sink should always be cleaned after washing up. Empty the sink basket, and then pour some hot water and soda down the waste-pipe to prevent any grease remaining to clog the pipe. Do this once a day. In hot weather it is advisable to pour a solution of disinfectant in hot water down the waste.

If you suspect that the waste-pipe is clogging up with grease, you can remove the grease in this manner: Put a handful of washing soda and half a cup of vinegar into about two quarts of boiling water and pour down.

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Teach Your Little Girl to Cook

. . . During the Holidays. Here are Simple, Easy-to-Follow Recipes for Her First Days in the Kitchen

. . By . .
MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

LITTLE girls are potential housewives, and so should be encouraged to cook simple dishes and bake dainty cakes. What matter if they accidentally spoil the dish or burn the cakes on their first cooking adventure? They'll quickly overcome faults and soon their prowess will amaze and please you.

THE MAJORITY OF LITTLE GIRLS adore helping their mothers cook and bake. And how many beg a corner in the oven to bake a wee, much-handled scone or tart or well-mixed cake! Above, you see a wise mother teaching her daughter to make and roll out pastry for a delicious, jam-filled tart.

NOW listen, little people, to me:

Below are given some recipes for cakes, scones and simple desserts. Read them over, make your choice, and if your mother is agreeable (she will be, of course), get ready for the exciting adventure.

Wash your hands, put on an apron and collect all your ingredients.

For instance, if you are making a cake, weigh or measure carefully the quantity of flour given in the recipe, the number of eggs, amount of butter, etc.

Next, prepare the tins you intend using.

Then it is time to think about heating the oven.

Now do the mixing according to the recipe given. Follow directions carefully, and, when the cake is baked, don't leave mother to wash and clean. Do it yourself and leave the kitchen just as you found it.

SCONES

One cup self-raising flour, salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 5 tablespoons milk.

Attend to the oven and grease sandwich tin. Sift flour and salt into basin, then rub the butter well into the flour. Use the tips of the fingers for this. Add the milk, nearly all at once. Turn on to floured pastry board. Knead the dough till smooth. Roll out into round with rolling pin. Cut into eight triangular pieces, using floured knife. Place on prepared tin. Glaze with milk. Place in hot oven. When browned evenly, reduce heat. Cook about 12 minutes. Turn onto cake cooler, split with fingers, butter and serve.

Measurements

1 breakfast cup sugar—8ozs.
1 breakfast cup flour—4ozs.
1 dessertspoon butter—1oz.
1 tablespoon sugar or flour—½oz.
6 tablespoons milk (or water)—¼ gill.
12 tablespoons milk (or water)—½ pint.
1 breakfast cup milk (or water)—½ pint.

FLOATING ISLAND

Four dessertspoons arrowroot, 2½ cups water, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice or passionfruit pulp, whites 3 eggs, boiled custard.

Blend the arrowroot with a little water. Put the remainder of water, orange juice and sugar on to boil. When almost boiling, pour onto the arrowroot. Return to the saucepan and boil till clear. Remove from the heat, stir in very gradually the stiffly-beaten whites. Mix in well. Pour into wetted mould. Turn out when cold and set, and pour the custard (made from the yolks of eggs, milk, etc.) around.

JAM TARTS

One cup self-raising flour, salt, 1 dessertspoons butter, 1½ tablespoons cold water, jam.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub butter with tips of the fingers until it looks like grated cheese. Add the water very slowly, making into dry dough. The mixture should not stick to the basin. Put the dough onto floured board, and roll out into thin sheet. Stamp into rounds with cutter or tumbler, and lay the rounds carefully into greased patty tins. Put a little jam into centre of each. Roll out scraps of pastry, cut into thin strips and twist one on top of the jam. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Lift out of the tins carefully onto cake cooler. Serve either hot or cold.

Note: Instead of making tartlets you can make one large tart for dessert and serve with boiled custard.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Two eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons water.

Attend to oven and well grease two 7-inch sandwich tins. Break eggs into basin and beat well. Add the sugar slowly, beating while adding. Then beat till mixture is thick and a creamy color. Sift the flour onto paper and add to mixture, stirring in lightly. Boil the butter and water. Cool slightly, then add to mixture. Mix well. Pour into the two tins. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn onto cake cooler. Leave till cold, then join with jam or lemon cheese. Sprinkle icing sugar over top.

PATTY CAKES

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Attend to oven. Grease patty tins or paper cases. Sift flour and salt onto white paper. Beat egg. Add essence to milk. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream in a large basin with wooden spoon. Add the egg very slowly, then milk slowly, too. Lastly stir in the flour and fruit. Put spoonful of mixture into tins or cases. Place in moderately hot oven and lessen heat. Bake about 12 minutes. Remove carefully onto cake cooler. Serve when cold.

BOILED CUSTARD

One cup milk, yolk 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, vanilla.

Blend cornflour with tablespoon of the milk. Beat yolk and sugar in small basin. Put milk in jug and stand in saucepan of water and bring to the boil. Pour little milk onto cornflour, then onto egg. Put all back into the jug. Stand in the water and stir with wooden spoon till it coats the spoon. Remove from hot water and stand in cold water. When cold, add the vanilla. Strain into glass dish and serve with puddings, tarts, etc.

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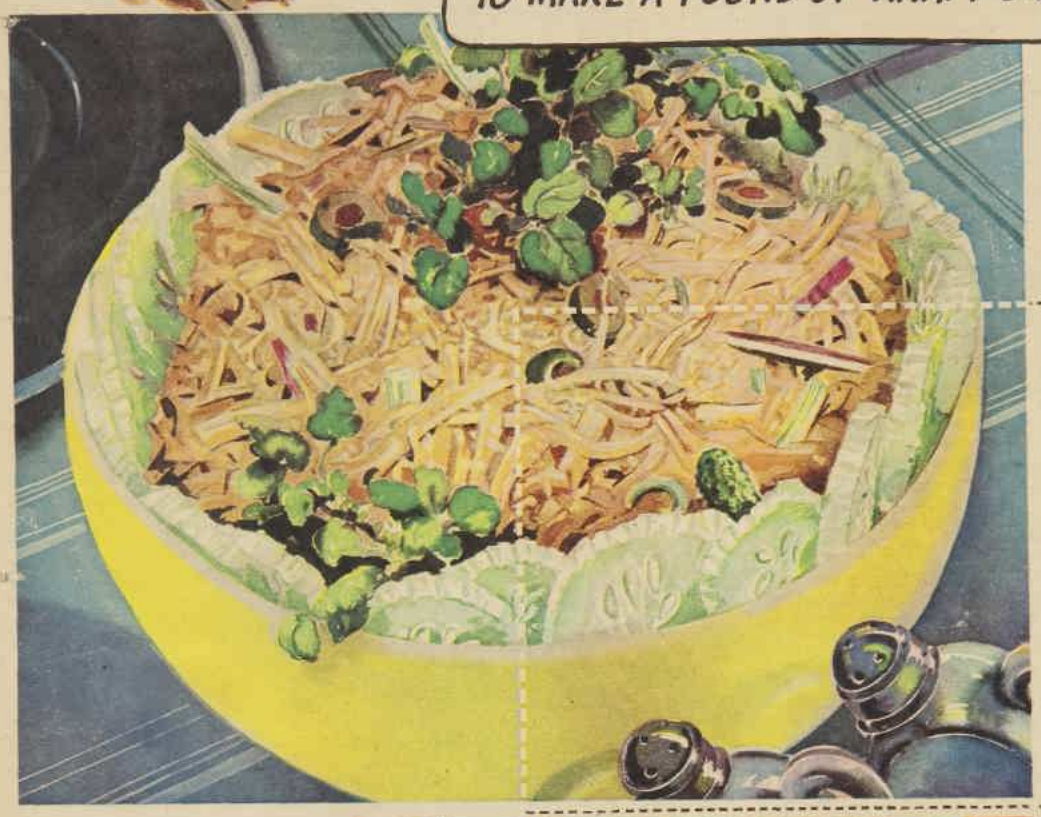

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SUMMERTIME SURPRISE

1 large lettuce, 1 cucumber, 1 bunch radishes, 1 cup Kraft Cheddar, shredded, 1 bunch celery, 1 bunch eschalots, olives, gherkins, Kraft Mayonnaise.

Soak salad vegetables for half hour and drain thoroughly. Shred the lettuce finely; slice radishes and celery in splinters, about 1½ inches long. Chop eschalots, olives and gherkins. Mix all ingredients with lettuce and add a little mayonnaise. Pile this mixture in centre of a salad bowl lined and garnished with serrated cucumber rounds. Cover thickly with shredded cheese. Chill and serve. Enough for six.

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VEGETABLE — APPLE SALAD

1 cup grated raw carrot, 1 cup apple strips, 1 cup shredded Kraft Old English cheese, 1 cup chopped celery, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Mix vegetables and apple with a dash of salt and enough mayonnaise to moisten and season well. Serve individually on nests of young lettuce leaves and apple slices. And, if you can, have little hot crisp breadrolls to eat along with it. Enough for six.

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Count of Monte-Cristo

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

A Complete Book-length Novel

By . . . . . ALEXANDRE DUMAS

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The Count Of Monte-Cristo

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE watch-tower of Notre-Dame de la Garde hoisted the flags which announced the three-master Pharaon home from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples. This was on February 28, 1815.

Immediately onlookers crowded the platform of Port Saint-Jean. Whenever a ship came into the port of Marseilles it was always an event, especially when the ship signalled was like the Pharaon, which had been built on the port's own stocks, rigged and laden in the port, and was owned by one of the best-known shipping merchants in the city.

The ship moved on, approaching the harbor slowly, so slowly and sedately, indeed, that the wharfside idlers, with that instinct which heralds misfortune, asked each other what unhappy event could have happened on board. However, those who knew anything about navigation could see plainly that if there had been any accident it was not to the vessel herself, for she bore down with all the marks of skilful seamanship.

Standing beside the pilot who was steering the Pharaon by the narrow entrance of the port of Marseilles, was a young man who, with an active and vigilant eye, watched every motion of the ship and repeated each direction of the pilot.

One of the crowd was so much affected by the vague disquietude which prevailed among the spectators that he did not await the arrival of the vessel in harbor. Excitedly he jumped into a small skiff and ordered the oarsman to pull him alongside the Pharaon. He reached her as she rounded the creek of La Reserve.

The young man on board saw this individual approach. He left his station by the pilot and went, hat in hand, to the side of the ship's bulwarks.

He was a fine, tall, slim, young fellow with black eyes, and hair as dark as the raven's wings and his whole appearance bespoke that calmness and resolution peculiar to men accustomed from their cradle to contend with danger.

"Ah! is it you Dantes?" cried the man in the skiff. "What's the matter? And why have you such an air of sadness aboard?"

"A great misfortune, M. Morrel!" replied the young man—"a great misfortune for me especially." Off Civita Vecchia we lost our brave Captain Leclere."

"And the cargo?" inquired the owner eagerly.

"Is all safe, M. Morrel, and I think you will be satisfied on that head. But poor Captain Leclere——"

"What happened to him?" asked the owner, with an air of considerable resignation.

"He died of the brain-fever in dreadful agony, alas, sir, in the most unexpected manner. After a long conversation with the harbormaster Captain Leclere left Naples greatly disturbed in his mind. At the end of twenty-four hours he was attacked by fever, and died three days afterwards," added the young man.

"Oh, well, Edmond," replied the owner, who appeared more comforted, "we are all mortal, and the old must make way for the young. If not, why, there would be no promotion; and as you have assured me that the cargo——"

"Is all safe and sound, M. Morrel, take my word for it; and I advise you not to take 1000l. for the profits of the voyage."

"Now, if you will come on board, M. Morrel," said Dantes, "here is your supercargo, M. Danglars, coming out of his cabin, who will furnish you with every particular. As for me, I must look after the anchoring, and dress the ship in mourning."

The owner seized a rope which Dantes flung to him, and climbed up the side of the ship, whilst the young man, going to his task, left the conversation to the individual whom he had announced under the name of Danglars, who now came towards the owner. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, of unprepossessing countenance, obsequious to his superiors, insolent to his inferiors; and then, besides his position as responsible agent on board, which is always obnoxious to the sailors, he was as much disliked by the crew as Edmond Dantes was beloved by them.

"Well, M. Morrel," said Danglars, "you have heard of the misfortune that has befallen us?"

"But," replied the owner, following with his look Dantes, who was watching the anchoring of his vessel, "it seems to me we have a successor for him; our friend Edmond seems to understand everything thoroughly, and not to require instruction from anyone."

"Yes," said Danglars, casting towards Edmond a look in which a feeling of envy was strongly visible. "Yes, he is young, and youth is invariably self-confident. Scarcely was the captain's breath out of his body than he assumed the command without consulting anyone, and he caused us to lose a day and a half at the Isle of Elba, instead of making for Marseilles direct."

"As to taking the command of the vessel," replied Morrel, "that was his duty as captain's mate; as to losing a day and a half off the Isle of Elba he was wrong, unless the ship wanted some repair."

"The ship was as well as I am, and as, I hope, you are, M. Morrel, and this day and a half was lost from pure whim, for the pleasure of going ashore, and nothing else."

"Dantes!" said the shipowner, turning towards the young man, "come this way!"

"In a moment, sir," answered Dantes, "and I'm with you!" Then, calling to the crew, he said—

"Let go!"

The anchor was instantly dropped, and the chain ran rattling through the port-hole.

"You see," said Danglars, "he fancies himself captain already, upon my word."

"And so, in fact, he is," said the owner.

"Except your signature and your partner's, M. Morrel."

"And why should he not have this?" asked the owner; "he is young, it is true, but he seems to me a thorough seaman, and of full experience."

A cloud passed over Danglars' brow.

"Your pardon, M. Morrel," said Dantes, approaching, "the ship now rides at anchor, and I am at your service. You hailed me, I think?"

Danglars retreated a step or two.

"I wished to inquire why you stopped at the Isle of Elba?"

"I do not know, sir; it was to fulfil a last instruction of Captain Leclere, who, when dying, gave me a packet for the Marechal Bertrand."

Morrel looked around him, and then, drawing Dantes on one side, he said suddenly—

"And how is the Emperor?"

"Very well, as far as I could judge from my eyes."

"You saw the Emperor, then?"

"He entered the marechal's apartment whilst I was there."

"And you spoke to him?"

"HE asked me questions about the ship, the time it left Marseilles, the course she had taken, and what was her cargo. I believe, if she had not been laden, and I had been master, he would have bought her. He knew your uncle."

"Pardieu! and that is true!" cried the owner, greatly delighted. "Come, come!" continued he, patting Edmond's shoulder kindly. "You did very right, Dantes, to follow Captain Leclere's instruction, and touch at the Isle of Elba, although, if it were known that you had conveyed a packet to the marechal, and had conversed with the Emperor, it might bring you into trouble."

"How could that bring me into trouble, sir?" asked Dantes. "Your pardon; here are the officers of health and the customs coming alongside!" and the young man went to the gangway. As he departed Danglars approached and said—

"Well, it appears that he has given you satisfactory reasons for his landing at Porto-Ferrajo?"

"Yes, most satisfactory, my dear Danglars."

"Well, so much the better," said the

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supercargo; "for it is always painful to see a comrade who does not do his duty."

"Dantes has done his," replied the owner, "and that is not saying much. It was Captain Leclere who gave orders for this delay."

"Talking of Captain Leclere, has not Dantes given you a letter from him?"

"To me?—no—was there one?"

"I believe, that besides the packet Captain Leclere had confided a letter to his care."

"Of what packet are you speaking, Danglars?"

"Why, that which Dantes left at Porto-Ferrajo."

"How do you know he had a packet to leave at Porto-Ferrajo?"

Danglars turned very red.

"I was passing close to the door of the captain's cabin, which was half open, and I saw him give the packet and letter to Dantes."

"He did not speak to me of it," replied the shipowner; "but if there be any letter he will give it to me."

Danglars reflected for a moment.

"Then, M. Morrel, I beg of you," said he, "not to say a word to Dantes on the subject; I may have been mistaken."

At this moment the young man returned, and Danglars retreated as before.

"All is arranged now," said he.

"Then, you can come and dine with me?"

"Excuse me, M. Morrel, excuse me, if you please: but my first visit is due to my father, though I am not the less grateful for the honor you have done me."

"Right, Dantes, quite right. I always knew you were a good son."

"And," inquired Dantes, with some hesitation, "do you know how my father is?"

"Well, I believe, my dear Edmond, although I have not seen him lately."

"Yes, he likes to keep himself shut up in his little room."

"That proves, at least, that he has wanted for nothing during your absence."

Dantes smiled.

"My father is proud, sir; and if he had not a meal left I doubt if he would have asked anything from anyone, except God."

"Well, then, after this first visit has been made we rely on you."

"I must again excuse myself, M. Morrel; for after this first visit has been paid I have another, which I am most anxious to pay."

"True, Dantes, I forgot that there was at the Catalans someone who expects you no less impatiently than your father—the lovely Mercedes."

Dantes blushed.

"Then I have your leave to go, sir?"

"Yes, if you have nothing more to say to me."

"Nothing."

"Captain Leclere did not, before he died, give you a letter for me?"

"He was unable to write, sir. But that reminds me that I must ask your leave of absence for some days."

"To get married?"

"Yes, first, and then to go to Paris."

"Very good; have what time you require, Dantes. It will take quite six weeks to unload the cargo, and we cannot get you ready for sea until three months after that; only be back again in three months, for the Pharaon," added the owner, patting the young sailor on the back, "cannot sail without her captain."

"Without her captain!" cried Dantes; "pray mind what you say, for you are touching on the most secret wishes of my heart. Is it really your intention to nominate me captain of the Pharaon?"

"If I were sole owner I would nominate you this moment, my dear Dantes, and say it is settled; but I have a partner. But the thing is at least half done, as you have one out of two voices. Rely on me to procure you the other; I will do my best."

"Ah! M. Morrel," exclaimed the young seaman, grasping the owner's hand. "M. Morrel, I thank you in the name of my father and of Mercedes."

"Tell me, Dantes, if you had the command of the Pharaon, should you have pleasure in retaining Danglars?"

"Captain or mate, M. Morrel," replied Dantes, "I shall always have the greatest respect for those who possess our owners' confidence."

"Good! good! Dantes. I see you are a thorough good fellow, and will detain you no longer. Go, for I see how impatient you are. Good luck to you!"

The young sailor jumped into the skiff, and sat down in the stern, desiring to be put ashore at the Canebiere. The two rowers bent to their work, and the little boat glided away as rapidly as possible in the midst of the thousand vessels which choke up the narrow way which leads between the two rows of ships from the mouth of the harbor to the Qual d'Orleans.

DANTES arrived at his father's apartment.

The news of the arrival of the Pharaon had not yet reached the old man, who, mounted on a chair, was amusing himself with staking with tremulous hand some nasturtiums which, mingled with clematis, formed a trellis at his window.

Suddenly he felt an arm thrown round his body, and a well-known voice behind him exclaimed, "Father! dear father!"

The old man uttered a cry, and turned round; then, seeing his son, he fell into his arms, pale and trembling.

"What ails you, my dearest father? Are you ill?" inquired the young man much alarmed.

"No, no, my dear Edmond—my boy—my son!—no; but I did not expect you; and joy, the surprise of seeing you so suddenly——. Ah! I really seem as if I were going to die!"

"Come, come, cheer up, my dear father! 'Tis I—really I! They say joy never hurts. The good Captain Leclere is dead, father, and it is probable that, with the aid of M. Morrel, I shall have his place. Do you understand, father? Only imagine me a captain at twenty, with a hundred louis pay, and a share in the profits! Is this not more than a poor sailor, like me, could have hoped for?"

"Some wine, father; tell me where it is;" and Dantes opened two or three cupboards.

"It is no use," said the old man; "there is no wine."

"What! no wine?" said Dantes, turning pale, and looking alternately at the hollow cheeks of the old man and the empty cupboards. "What! no wine? Have you wanted money, father?"

"I wanted nothing since I see you," said the old man.

"Yet," stammered Dantes, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "yet I gave you two hundred francs when I left three months ago."

"Yes, yes, Edmond, that is true, but you forgot at that time a little debt to our neighbor, Caderousse. He reminded me of it, telling me if I did not pay for you, he would be paid by M. Morrel; and so, you see, lest he might do you an injury, I paid him——"

"But," cried Dantes, "it was a hundred and forty francs I owed Caderousse. So that you have lived for three months on sixty francs?"

"You know how little I require," said the old man.

"Here, father! here!" said Edmond, "take this—take it, and send for something immediately."

And he emptied his pockets on the table, whose contents consisted of a dozen pieces of gold, five or six crowns, and some smaller coin.

The countenance of old Dantes brightened.

"Whom does this belong to?" he inquired.

"To me! to you! to us! Take it; buy some provisions; be happy, and to-morrow we shall have more. I have some smuggled coffee, and most capital tobacco, in a small chest in the hold, which you shall have to-morrow. But, hush! here comes somebody."

"'Tis Caderousse, who has heard of your arrival, and, no doubt, comes to congratulate you on your fortunate return."

There appeared at the door at that moment the black and shock head of Caderousse. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and held a morsel of cloth, which, in his capacity as a tailor, he was about to turn into the lining of a coat.

"What! is it you, Edmond, returned?" said he, with a broad Marseillaise accent, and a grin that displayed his teeth as white as ivory.

"Yes, as you see, neighbor Caderousse; and ready to be agreeable to you in any and every way," replied Dantes, but ill concealing his feeling under this appearance of civility.

"Thanks—thanks; but, fortunately, I do not want for anything; and it chances that at times there are others who have need of me." Dantes made a gesture. "I do not allude to you, my boy. No!—no! I lent you money, and you returned it; that's like good neighbors, and we are quits."

"We are never quits with those who oblige us," was Dantes' reply: "for when we do not owe them money, we owe them gratitude."

"What's the use of mentioning that? What is done is done. Let us talk of your happy return, my boy. It seems you have come back rich," continued the tailor, looking askance at the handful of gold and silver which Dantes had thrown on the table.

The young man remarked the greedy glance which shone in the dark eyes of his neighbor.

"Eh!" he said, negligently, "this money is not mine; I was expressing to my father my fears that he had wanted many things in my absence, and to convince me he emptied his purse on the table. Come, father," added Dantes, "put this money back in your box—unless neighbor Caderousse wants anything, and in that case it is at his service."

"No, my boy, no," said Caderousse. "I am not in any want, thank Heaven! The State nourishes me. Keep your money—keep it, I say—one never has too much—but at the same time, my boy, I am as much obliged by your offer as if I took advantage of it."

"It was offered with good-will," said Dantes.

"No doubt, my boy; no doubt. Well, you stand well with M. Morrel, I hear—you insinuating dog, you!"

"M. Morrel has always been exceedingly kind to me," replied Dantes.

"So much the better—so much the better! Nothing will give greater pleasure to all your

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old friends; and I know one down there behind the citadel of Saint Nicolas who will not be sorry to hear it."

"Mercedes?" said the old man.

"Yes, my dear father, and with your permission, now I have seen you, and know you are well, and have all you require, I will ask your consent to go and pay a visit to the Catalans."

"Go, my dear boy," said old Dantes; "and Heaven bless you in your wife, as it has blessed me in my son!"

"His wife!" said Caderousse; "why, how fast you go on, father Dantes; she is not his wife yet, it appears."

"No, but according to all probability she soon will be," replied Edmond.

"Yes—yes," said Caderousse; "but you were right to return as soon as possible, my boy."

"And why?"

"Because Mercedes is a very fine girl, and fine girls never lack lovers; she, particularly, has them by dozens."

"Really?" answered Edmond, with a smile which had in it traces of slight uneasiness.

"Ah, yes," continued Caderousse, "and capital offers too; but you know you will be captain, and who could refuse you then?"

"Meaning to say," replied Dantes, with a smile which but ill concealed his trouble, "that if I were not a captain——"

"Eh—eh!" said Caderousse, shaking his head.

"Come, come," said the sailor, "I have a better opinion than you of women in general, and of Mercedes in particular; and I am certain that, captain or not, she will remain ever faithful to me."

"So much the better—so much the better," said Caderousse. "When one is going to be married, there is nothing like implicit confidence; but never mind that, my boy—but go and announce your arrival, and let her know all your hopes and prospects."

"I will go directly," was Edmond's reply; and, embracing his father, and saluting Caderousse, he left the apartment.

Caderousse lingered for a moment, then taking leave of old Dantes, he went downstairs to rejoin Danglars, who awaited him at the corner of the Rue Senac.

"Well," said Danglars, "did you see him?"

"I have just left him," answered Caderousse.

"Did he allude to his hope of being captain?"

"He spoke of it as a thing already decided."

"Patience!" said Danglars, "he is in too much hurry, it appears to me."

"Why, it seems M. Morrel has promised him the thing."

"So that he is quite elated about it."

"That is to say, he is actually insolent on the matter—has already offered me his patronage, as if he were a grand personage, and proffered me a loan of money, as though he were a banker."

"Which you refused."

"Most assuredly; although I might easily have accepted, for it was I who put into his hands the first silver he ever earned; but now M. Dantes has no longer any occasion for assistance—he is about to become a captain."

"Pooh!" said Danglars, "he is not one yet."

"Ma foi!—and it will be as well he never should be," answered Caderousse, "for if he should be, there will be really no speaking to him."

"If we choose," replied Danglars, "he will remain what he is, and, perhaps, become even less than he is."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing—I was speaking to myself. And is he still in love with the Catalan?"

"Over head and ears; but unless I am much mistaken, there will be a storm in that quarter."

"What do you know?—come, tell me!"

"Well, every time I have seen Mercedes come into the city, she has been accompanied by a tall, strapping, black-eyed Catalan, with a red complexion, brown skin, and fierce air, whom she calls cousin."

"And you say Dantes has gone to the Catalans?"

"He went before I came down."

"Let us go the same way; we will stop at La Reserve, and we can drink a glass of La Malgue whilst we wait for news."

"Come along," said Caderousse; "but mind you pay the shot."

"Certainly," replied Danglars; and going quickly to the spot alluded to, they called for a bottle of wine and two glasses.

Pere Pamphile had seen Dantes pass not ten minutes before; and, assured that he was at the Catalans, they sat down under the budding foliage of the planes and sycamores, in the branches of which the birds were joyously singing on a lovely day in early spring.

ABOUT a hundred paces from the spot where the two friends were, with their looks fixed on the distance, and their ears attentive, whilst they imbibed the sparkling wine of La Malgue behind a bare, and torn, and weather-worn wall, was the small village of Catalans.

In the only street of this little village there was in one of the houses, on which the sun had stamped that beautiful color of the dead leaf peculiar to the buildings of the country, a young and beautiful girl, with hair as black as jet, her eyes as velvety as the gazelle's, who was leaning with her back against the wainscot, rubbing in her slender fingers, moulded after the antique, a bunch of heath-blossoms, the flowers of which she was picking off and strewing on the floor; her arms, bare to the elbows, embrowned, and resembling those of the Venus at Arles, moved with a kind of restless impatience, and she tapped the earth with her pliant and well-formed foot so as to display the pure and full shape of her well-turned leg, in its red cotton stocking with grey and blue clocks.

At three paces from her, seated in a chair which he balanced on two legs, leaning his elbow on an old well-worn table, was a tall young man of twenty or two-and-twenty, who was looking at her with an air in which vexation and uneasiness were mingled. He questioned her with his eyes, but the firm and steady gaze of the young girl controlled his look.

"You see, Mercedes," said the young man, "here is Easter come round again, tell me, is not this the moment for a wedding?"

"I have answered you a hundred times, Fernand, and really you must be your own enemy to ask me again."

"Well, repeat it—repeat it, I beg of you, that I may at last believe it! Tell me for the hundredth time that you refuse my love, which had your mother's sanction. Make me fully comprehend that you are trifling with my happiness, that my life or death is immaterial to you. Ah! to have dreamed for ten years of being your husband, Mercedes, and to lose that hope, which was the only stay of my existence!"

"At least it was not I who ever encouraged you in that shape, Fernand," replied Mercedes; "you cannot reproach me with the slightest coquetry. I have always said to you, I love you as a brother, but do not ask from me more than sisterly affection, for my heart is another's. Is not this true, Fernand?"

"Oh, Mercedes, beloved by you I would tempt fortune; you would bring me good luck, and I should become rich. I could extend my occupation as a fisherman, might get a place as clerk in a warehouse, and become myself a dealer in time," cried Fernand.

"You could do no such thing, Fernand; you are a soldier, and if you remain at the Catalans it is because there is not a war; so remain a fisherman, and contented with my friendship, as I cannot give you more."

"Well, you are right, Mercedes. I will be a sailor. I will wear a varnished hat, a striped shirt, and a blue jacket with an anchor on the buttons. Would not that dress please you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mercedes, darting at him an angry glance—"what do you mean? I do not understand you."

"I mean, Mercedes, that you are thus harsh and cruel with me because you are expecting someone who is thus attired; but, perhaps, he you await is inconstant, or, if he is not, the sea is so to him."

"Fernand!" cried Mercedes, "I believed you were good-hearted, and I was mistaken! Fernand, you are wicked to call to your aid jealousy and the anger of God! Yes, I will not deny it, I do await, and I do love him to whom you allude; and, if he does not return, instead of accusing him of the inconstancy which you insinuate, I will tell you that he died loving me and me only."

The young Catalan made a gesture of rage.

"I understand you, Fernand; you would be revenged on him because I do not love you; you would cross your Catalan knife with his dirk. What end would that answer? To lose you my friendship if he were conquered, and see that friendship changed to hate if you were conqueror. Believe me, to seek a quarrel with a man is a bad method of pleasing the woman who loves that man. No, Fernand, you will not thus give way to evil thoughts. Unable to have me for your wife, you will content yourself with having me for your friend and sister; and besides," she added, her eyes troubled and moistened with tears, "wait, wait, Fernand, you said just now that the sea was treacherous, and he has been gone four months, and during these four months we have had some terrible storms."

Fernand made no reply, nor did he attempt to check the tears which flowed down the cheeks of Mercedes, although for each of these tears he would have shed his heart's blood; but these tears flowed for another. He arose, paced awhile up and down the hut, and then, suddenly stopping before Mercedes, with his eyes glowing and his hands clenched—

"Say, Mercedes," he said, "once for all, is this your final determination?"

"I love Edmond Dantes," the young girl calmly replied, "and none but Edmond shall ever be my husband."

"And you will always love him?"

"As long as I live."

Fernand let fall his head like a defeated man, heaved a sigh which resembled a groan, and then, suddenly looking her full in the face, with clenched teeth and expanded nostrils, said—

"But if he is dead——"

"If he is dead, I shall die too."

"If he has forgotten you——"

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"Mercedes!" cried a voice, joyously, outside the house—"Mercedes!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the young girl, blushing with delight, and springing up with love, "you see he has not forgotten me, for here he is!" And, rushing towards the door, she opened it, saying, "Here, Edmond, here I am!"

Fernand, pale and trembling, receded like a traveller at the slight of a serpent, and fell into a chair beside him.

Edmond and Mercedes were clasped in each other's arms. The burning sun of Marseilles, which penetrated the room by the open door, covered them with a flood of light.

Suddenly Edmond saw the gloomy countenance of Fernand, as it was defined in the shadow, pale and threatening, and, by a movement, for which he could scarcely account to himself, the young Catalan placed his hands on the knife at his belt.

"Ah! your pardon," said Dantes, frowning in his turn. "I did not perceive that there were three of us." Then, turning to Mercedes, he inquired, "Who is this gentleman?"

"ONE who will be your best friend, Dantes, for he is my friend, my cousin, my brother—it is Fernand—the man whom, after you, Edmond, I love the most in the world. Do you not remember him?"

"Yes!" said Edmond, and without relinquishing Mercedes' hand clasped in one of his own, he extended the other to the Catalan with a cordial air.

But Fernand, instead of responding to this amicable gesture, remained mute and trembling.

Edmond then looked scrutinisingly at Mercedes, agitated and embarrassed, and then again at Fernand, gloomy and menacing.

This look told him all, and his brow became suffused and angry.

"I did not know, when I came with such haste to you, that I was to meet an enemy here."

"An enemy!" cried Mercedes, with an angry look at her cousin. "An enemy in my house, do you say, Edmond! If I believed that I would place my arm under yours and go with you to Marseilles, leaving the house to return to it no more."

Fernand's eye darted lightning.

"And, should any misfortune occur to you, dear Edmond," she continued, with the same calmness, which proved to Fernand that the young girl had read the very innermost depths of his sinister thought, "if misfortune should occur to you I would ascend the highest point of the Cape de Morgion, and cast myself headlong from it."

Fernand became deadly pale.

"But you are deceived, Edmond," she continued. "You have no enemy here—there is no one here but Fernand, my brother, who will grasp your hand as a devoted friend."

And at these words the young girl fixed her imperious look on the Catalan, who, as if fascinated by it, came slowly towards Edmond, and offered him his hand.

His hatred, like a powerless though furious wave, was broken against the strong ascendancy which Mercedes exercised over him.

Scarcely, however, had he touched Edmond's hand than he felt he had done all he could do, and rushed hastily out of the house.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, running furiously and tearing his hair—"Oh! who will deliver me from this man? Wretched—wretched that I am!"

"Hallo Catalan! Hallo, Fernand! where are you running to?" exclaimed a voice.

The young man stopped suddenly, looked around him, and perceived Caderousse sitting at table with Danglars under an arbor.

"Well," said Caderousse, "why don't you come? Are you really in such a hurry that you have not time to say 'how do' to your friends?"

"Particularly when they have still a full bottle before them," added Danglars. Fernand looked at them both with a stupefied air, but did not say a word.

"He seems besotted," said Danglars, pushing Caderousse with his knee. "Are we mistaken, and is Dantes triumphant in spite of all we have believed?"

"Why, we must inquire into that," was Caderousse's reply; and turning towards the young man, said, "Well, Catalan, can't you make up your mind?"

Fernand wiped away the perspiration streaming from his brow, and slowly entered the arbor, whose shade seemed to restore some calmness to his sense, and the coolness something of refreshment to his exhausted body.

"Good day," said he. "You called me, didn't you?" And he fell rather than sat down on one of the seats which surrounded the table.

"I called you because you were running like a madman; and I was afraid you would throw yourself into the sea," said Caderousse, laughing. "Why, when a man has friends, they are there not only to offer him a glass of wine, but to prevent his swallowing three or four pints of water unnecessarily!"

Fernand gave a groan, which resembled a sob, and dropped his head into his hands, his elbows leaning on the table.

"Well, Fernand, I must say," said Caderousse, beginning the conversation with that brutality of the common people, in which curiosity destroys all diplomacy, "you look uncommonly like a rejected lover," and he burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Bah!" said Danglars, "a lad of his make was not born to be unhappy in love. You are laughing at him, Caderousse!"

"No," he replied, "only hark how he sighs! Come, come, Fernand!" said Caderousse, "hold up your head and answer us. It's not polite not to reply to friends who ask news of your health."

"My health is well enough," said Fernand, clenching his hands without raising his head.

"Ah! you see, Danglars," said Caderousse, winking at his friend, "this it is, Fernand whom you see here is a good and brave Catalan, one of the best fishermen in Marseilles, and he is in love with a very fine girl, named Mercedes; but it appears, unfortunately, that the fine girl is in love with the second in command on board the Pharaon; and, as the Pharaon arrived today—why, you understand!"

"No, I do not understand," said Danglars.

"Poor Fernand has been dismissed," continued Caderousse.

"Well, and what then?" said Fernand, lifting up his head, and looking at Caderousse like a man who looks for someone on whom to vent his anger; "Mercedes is not accountable to any person, is she? Is she not free to love whomsoever she will?"

"Oh! if you take it in that sense," said Caderousse, "it is another thing! But I thought you were a Catalan, and they told me the Catalans were not men to allow themselves to be supplanted by a rival. It was even told me that Fernand, especially, was terrible in his vengeance."

Fernand smiled piteously. "A lover is never terrible," he said.

"Poor fellow!" remarked Danglars, affecting to pity the young man from the bottom of his heart. "Why, you see, he did not expect to see Dantes return so suddenly! He thought he was dead, perhaps; or, perchance, faithless! These things always come on us more severely when they come suddenly."

"Ah, ma foi, under any circumstances!" said Caderousse, who drank as he spoke, and on whom the fumes of the wine of La Malgue began to take effect—"under any circumstances Fernand is not the only person put out by the fortunate arrival of Dantes; is he, Danglars?"

"No, you are right—and I should say that would bring him ill luck."

"Well, never mind," answered Caderousse, pouring out a glass of wine for Fernand, and filling his own for the eighth or ninth time, whilst Danglars had merely sipped his. "Never mind—in the meantime he marries Mercedes—the lovely Mercedes—at least, he returns to do that."

During this time Danglars fixed his piercing glance on the young man, on whose heart Caderousse's words fell like molten lead.

"And when is the wedding to be?" he asked.

"Oh, it is not yet fixed!" murmured Fernand.

"No, but it will be," said Caderousse, "as surely as Dantes will be captain of the Pharaon—eh, Danglars?"

Danglars shuddered at this unexpected attack, and turned to Caderousse, whose countenance he scrutinised to try to detect whether the blow was premeditated; but he read nothing but envy in a countenance already rendered brutal and stupid by drunkenness.

"Well," said he, filling the glasses, "let us drink to Captain Edmond Dantes, husband of the beautiful Catalane!"

CADEROUSSE raised his glass to his mouth with unsteady hand, and swallowed the contents at a gulp. Fernand dashed his on the ground.

"Eh! eh! eh!" stammered Caderousse. "What do I see down there by the wall in the direction of the Catalans? Look, Fernand! your eyes are better than mine. I believe I see double. You know wine is a deceiver: but I should say it was two lovers walking side by side, and hand in hand. Heaven forgive me! they do not know that we can see them, and they are actually embracing!"

Danglars did not lose one pang that Fernand endured.

"Do you know them, M. Fernand?" he said.

"Yes," was the reply, in a low voice. "It is M. Edmond and Mademoiselle Mercedes!"

"Ah! see there, now!" said Caderousse; "and I did not recognise them! Hollos, Dantes! hollos, lovely damsel! Come this way, and let us know when the wedding is to be, for M. Fernand here is so obstinate he will not tell us!"

"Hold your tongue! will you?" sand Danglars, pretending to restrain Caderousse, who, with the tenacity of drunkards, leaned out of the arbor. "Try to stand upright, and let the lovers make love without interruption. See, look at M. Fernand, and follow his example—he is well behaved!"

Fernand, probably excited beyond bearing, pricked by Danglars, as the bull is by the bandilleros, was about to rush out; for he had risen from his seat, and seemed to be collecting himselef to dash headlong upon

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his rival, when Mercedes, smiling and graceful, lifted up her lovely head, and showed her clear and bright eye. At this Fernand recollected her threat of dying if Edmond died, and dropped again heavily on his seat.

Danglars looked at the two men, one after the other, the one brutalised by liquor, the other overwhelmed with love.

"I shall extract nothing from these fools," he muttered; "and I am very much afraid of being here between a drunkard and a coward. Yet this Catalan has eyes that glisten like the Spaniards, Sicilians, and Calabrians, who practise revenge so well. Unquestionably Edmond's star is in the ascendant, and he will marry the splendid girl—he will be captain, too, and laugh at us all, unless"—a sinister smile passed over Danglars' lips—"unless I mingle in the affair," he added.

"Hallo!" continued Caderousse, half rising, and with his fist on the table, "hallo, Edmond! do you not see your friends, or are you too proud to speak to them?"

"No! my dear fellow," replied Dantes, "I am not proud, but I'm happy; and happiness blinds, I think, more than pride."

"Ah very well, that's an explanation," said Caderousse. "Well good day, Madame Dantes!"

Mercedes curtsied gravely, and said:

"That is not my name, and in my country it bodes ill fortune, they say, to call young girls by the name of their betrothed before he becomes their husband. Call me, then, Mercedess, if you please."

"We must excuse our worthy neighbor, Caderousse," said Dantes, "he is so easily mistaken."

"So then, the wedding is to take place immediately, M. Dantes," said Danglars, bowing to the young couple.

"As soon as possible, M. Danglars; to-day all preliminaries will be arranged at my father's, and to-morrow or next day at latest, the wedding festival here at La Reserve. My friends will be there, I hope; that is to say, you are invited, M. Danglars, and you Caderousse."

"And Fernand," said Caderousse, with a chuckle, "Fernand, too, is invited!"

"My wife's brother is my brother," said Edmond; "and we, Mercedes and I, should be very sorry if he were absent at such a time."

Fernand opened his mouth to reply, but his voice died on his lips, and he could not utter a word.

"To-day the preliminaries, to-morrow or next day the ceremony! You are in hurry, captain!"

"Danglars," said Edmond, smiling, "I will say to you as Mercedes said just now to Caderousse, "Do not give me a title which does not belong to me;" that may bring me bad luck."

"Your pardon," replied Danglars, "I merely said you seemed in a hurry, and we have lots of time, the Pharaon cannot be under weigh again in less than three months."

"We are always in a hurry to be happy, M. Danglars; for when we have suffered a long time, we have great difficulty in believing in good fortune. But it is not selfishness alone that makes me thus in haste; I must go to Paris."

"To Paris! really! and will it be the first time you have ever been there, Dantes?"

"Yes."

"Have you business there?"

"Not of my own; the last commission of poor Captain Leclere; you know to what I allude, Danglars, it is sacred. Besides I shall only take the time to go and return."

"Yes, yes, I understand" said Danglars, and then in a low tone he added:

"To Paris, no doubt to deliver the letter which the Grand Marshal gave him. Ah! this letter gives me an idea—a capital idea! Ah! Dantes, my friend, you are not yet registered Number One on board the good ship Pharaon," then turning towards Edmond, who was walking away, "Good journey," he cried.

"Thank you," said Edmond, with a friendly nod, and the two lovers continued their route, calm and joyous.

DANGLARS followed Edmond and Mercedes with his eyes until the two lovers disappeared behind one of the angles of Fort Saint-Nicolas then turning round he perceived Fernand, who had fallen pale and trembling into his chair, while Caderousse stammered out the words of a drinking song.

"Well, my dear sir," said Danglars to Fernand, "here is a marriage which does not appear to make everybody happy."

"It drives me to despair," said Fernand.

"Come," said Danglars, "you appear to me a good sort of fellow, and, hang me! I should like to help you, but——"

"Yes," said Caderousse, "but how?"

"My dear fellow," replied Danglars, "you are three-parts drunk; finish the bottle and you will be completely so. Drink, then, and do not meddle with what we are discussing, for that requires all one's wit and cool judgment."

"I—drunk?" said Caderousse, "well, that's a good one! I could drink four more such bottles; they are no bigger than Eau-de-Cologne's flasks. Pere Pamphile, more wine!" and Caderousse rattled his glass upon the table.

"You were saying, sir——" said Fernand, awaiting with great anxiety the end of this interrupted remark.

"What was I saying? I forget. This drunken Caderousse has made me lose the thread of my sentence."

"Drunk, if you like; so much the worse for those who fear wine, for it is because they have some bad thoughts which they are afraid the liquor will extract from their hearts."

"You said, sir, you would like to help me, but——"

"Yes; but, I added, to help you it would be sufficient that Dantes did not marry her you love; and the marriage may easily be thwarted, methinks, and yet Dantes need not die."

"Death alone can separate them," remarked Fernand.

"You talk like a noodle, my friend," said Caderousse, "and here is Danglars, who is a wide-awake, clever, deep fellow, who will prove to you that you are wrong. Prove it, Danglars. I have answered for you. Say there is no need why Dantes should die; it would indeed be a pity he should. Dantes is a good fellow; I like Dantes; Dantes, your health!"

Fernand rose impatiently.

"Let him run on," said Danglars, restraining the young man; "drunk as he is he is not much out in what he says. Absence severs as well as death, and if the walls of a prison were between Edmond and Mercedes they would be as effectually separated as if they lay under a tombstone."

"Yes; only people get out of prison," said Caderousse, who, with what sense was left him, listened eagerly to the conversation, "and when they get out, and their names are Edmond Dantes, they revenge——"

"What matters that?" muttered Fernand.

"And why, I should like to know, persisted Caderousse, "should they put Dantes in prison; he has neither robbed, nor killed, nor murdered."

"Hold your tongue!" said Danglars.

"I won't hold my tongue!" replied Caderousse; "I say I want to know why they should put Dantes in prison; I like Dantes: Dantes, your health!" And he swallowed another glass of wine.

Danglars saw in the muddled look of the tailor the progress of his intoxication, and turning towards Fernard, said—

"Well, you understand there is no need to kill him."

"Certainly not, if, as you said just now, you have the means of having Dantes arrested. Have you that means?"

"It is to be found for the searching. But, why should I meddle in the matter? It is no affair of mine."

"I know not why you meddle," said Fernand, seizing his arm, "but this I know, you have some motive of personal hatred against Dantes, for he who himself hates is never mistaken in the sentiments of others."

"I motives of hatred against Dantes? None, on my word! I saw you were unhappy, and your unhappiness interested me; that's all; but the moment you believe I act for my own account, adieu, my dear friend, get out of the affair as best you may"; and Danglars rose as if he meant to depart.

"No, no," said Fernand, restraining him, "stay! It is of very little consequence to me at the end of the matter whether you have any angry feeling or not against Dantes. I hate him! I confess it openly. Do you find the means, I will execute it, provided it is not to kill the man, for Mercedes has declared she will kill herself if Dantes is killed."

Caderousse, who had let his head drop on the table, now raised it, and looking at Fernand with his dull and fishy eyes, he said—

"Kill Dantes! Who talks of killing Dantes? I won't have him killed—I won't! He's my friend, and this morning offered to share his money with me, as I shared mine with him. I won't have Dantes killed—I won't!"

"And who has said a word about killing him, muddlehead?" replied Danglars. "We were merely joking: drink to his health," he added, filling Caderousse's glass, "and do not interfere with us."

"Yes, yes, Dantes, good health!" said Caderousse, emptying his glass. "Here's to his health! his health!—hurrah!"

"Waiter," said Danglars, "pen, ink and paper."

The waiter fetched them as he was desired.

"When one thinks," said Caderousse, letting his hand drop on the paper, "there is here wherewithal to kill a man more surely than if we waited at the corner of a wood to assassinate him, I have always had more dread of a pen, a bottle of ink, and a sheet of paper, than of a sword or pistol."

"The fellow is not so drunk as he appears to be," said Danglars. "Give him some more wine, Fernand." Fernand filled Caderousse's glass, who, toper as he was, lifted his hand from the paper and seized it.

The Catalan watched him until Caderousse, almost overcome by this fresh assault on his senses, rested, or rather allowed his glass to fall, upon the table.

"Well!" resumed the Catalan, as he saw the final glimmer of Caderousse's reason vanishing before the last glass of wine.

"Well, then; I should say, for instance," resumed Danglars, "that if after a voyage such as Dantes has just made, and in which he touched the Isle of Elba, someone were

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to denounce him to the king's procureur as a Bonapartist agent——"

"I will denounce him!" exclaimed the young man hastily.

"Yes, but they will make you then sign your declaration, and confront you with him you have denounced. I will supply you with the means of supporting your accusation, for I know the fact well. But Dantes cannot remain for ever in prison, and one day or other he will leave it, and the day when he comes out, woe betide him who was the cause of his incarceration!

"OH, I should wish nothing better than that he would come and seek a quarrel with me."

"Yes, and Mercedes! Mercedes, who will detest you if you have only the misfortune to scratch the skin of her dearly beloved Edmond!"

"True!" said Fernand.

"No! no!" continued Danglars, "if we resolve on such a step, it would be much better to take, as I now do, this pen, dip it into this ink, and write with the left hand (that the writing may not be recognised) the denunciation we propose." And Danglars, uniting practice with theory, wrote with his left hand, and in a writing reversed from his usual style, and totally unlike it, the following lines which he handed to Fernand, and which Fernand read in an undertone:

"Monsieur,—The procureur du roi is informed by a friend of the throne and religion that one Edmond Dantes, mate of the ship Pharaon, arrived this morning from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto-Ferrajo, has been entrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris.

"Proof of this crime will be found on arresting him, for the letter will be either upon him, or at his father's, or in his cabin on board the Pharaon."

"Very good," resumed Danglars: "now your revenge looks like common sense, for in no way can it revert to yourself, and the matter will thus work its own way; there is nothing to do now but fold the letter as I am doing, and write upon it, 'To M. le Procureur Royal,' and that's all settled."

And Danglars wrote the address as he spoke.

"Yes, and that's all settled," exclaimed Caderousse, who, by a last effort of intellect, had followed the reading of the letter, and instinctively comprehended all the misery which such a denunciation must entail. "Yes, and that's all settled: only it will be an infamous shame"; and he stretched out his hand to reach the letter.

"Yes," said Danglars, taking it beyond his reach; "and as what I say and do is merely in jest, and I among the first and foremost should be sorry if anything happened to Dantes — the worthy Dantes—look here!"

And taking the letter he squeezed it up in his hands, and threw it into a corner of the arbor.

"All right!" said Caderousse. "Dantes is my friend, and I won't have him ill-used."

"And who thinks of using him ill? Certainly neither I nor Fernand!" said Danglars, rising, and looking at the young man, who still remained seated, but whose eye was fixed on the denunciatory sheet of paper flung into the corner.

"In this case," replied Caderousse, "let's have some more wine. I wish to drink to the health of Edmond and the lovely Mercedes."

"You have had too much already, drunkard," said Danglars, "and if you continue you will be compelled to sleep here, because unable to stand on your legs."

"I?" said Caderousse, rising with all the offended dignity of a drunken man. "I can't keep on my legs! Why, I'll bet a wager I go up into the belfry of the Accoules, and without staggering, too!"

"Well done!" said Danglars, "I'll take your bet; but to-morrow—to-day it is time to return. Give me your arm, and let us go."

"Very well, let us go," said Caderousse; "but I don't want your arm at all. Come, Fernand, won't you return to Marseilles with us?"

"No," said Fernand; "I shall return to the Catalans."

"You're wrong. Come with us to Marseilles—come along."

"I will not."

"What do you mean, you will not? Well, just as you like, my prince; there's liberty for all the world. Come along, Danglars, and let the young gentleman return to the Catalans if he chooses."

Danglars took advantage of Caderousse's temper at the moment to take him off towards Marseilles by the Porte-Saint-Victor, staggering as he went.

When they had advanced about twenty yards, Danglars looked back and saw Fernand stoop, pick up the crumpled paper, and, putting it into his pocket, then rush out of the arbor towards Pillon.

"Come, come," said Danglars to himself, "now the thing is at work, and it will effect its purpose unassisted."

THE morning's sun rose clear and resplendent. The plenteous feast had been prepared at La Reserve.

An enthusiastic burst of applause from the crew of the Pharaon announced the presence of M. Morrel, who hailed the visit of the shipowner as a sure indication that the man whose wedding-feast he thus delighted to honor would ere long be first in command of the Pharaon; and as Dantes was universally beloved on board his vessel, the sailors put no restraint on the tumultuous joy at finding the opinion and choice of their superiors so exactly coincide with their own.

This noisy though hearty welcome over, Danglars and Caderousse were despatched to the residence of the bridegroom to convey to him the intelligence of the arrival of the important personage who had recently joined them, and to desire he would hasten to receive his honorable guest.

They had gone a few steps ere they perceived a group advancing towards them, composed of the betrothed pair, a party of young girls in attendance on the bride, by whose side walked Dantes' father; the whole brought up by Fernand, whose lips wore their usual sinister smile.

Dantes himself was simply, though becomingly, clad in the dress peculiar to the merchant-service—a costume somewhat between a military and a civil garb; and with his fine countenance, radiant with joy and happiness, a more perfect specimen of manly beauty could scarcely be imagined.

Lovely as the Greeks of Cyprus or Chios, Mercedes boasted the same bright flashing eyes of jet, and ripe, round coral lips. One more practised in the arts of great cities would have hid her blushes beneath a veil, or, at least, have cast down her thickly fringed lashes, so as to have concealed the liquid lustre of her animated eyes; but, on the contrary, the delighted girl looked around her with a smile that seemed to invite all who saw her to behold, and behold, to rejoice with her in her exceeding happiness.

Immediately the bridal cortege came in sight of La Reserve, M. Morrel came forth to meet it, followed by the soldiers and sailors there assembled, to whom he had repeated the promise already given, that Dantes should be the successor to the late Captain Leclere. Edmond, at the approach of his patron, respectfully placed the arm of his affianced bride within that of M. Morrel, who forthwith conducting her up the flight of wooden steps leading to the chamber in which the feast was prepared, was gaily followed by the guests, beneath whose thronging numbers the slight structure creaked and groaned as though alarmed at the unusual pressure.

"Father," said Mercedes, stopping when she had reached the centre of the table, "sit, I pray you, on my right hand; on my left I will place him who has ever been a brother to me," pointing with a soft and gentle smile to Fernand; but her words and look seemed to inflict the direst torture on him, for his lips became ghastly pale, and even beneath the dark hue of his complexion the blood might be seen retreating as though some sudden pang drove it back to the heart.

During this time, Dantes, at the opposite side of the table, had been occupied in similarly placing his most honored guests. M. Morrel was seated at his right hand, Danglars at his left, while at a sign from Edmond, the rest of the company arranged themselves as they found it most agreeable.

"Well, never mind that, neighbor Caderousse, it is not worth while to contradict me for such a trifle as that. 'Tis true that Mercedes is not actually my wife; but," added he, drawing out his watch, "in an hour and a half from this she will be as fast and firm as holy church can make her."

A general exclamation of surprise ran round the table, with the exception of the elder Dantes, whose laugh displayed the still perfect beauty of his large white teeth. Mercedes looked pleased and gratified, while Fernand grasped the handle of his knife with a convulsive clutch.

"In an hour?" inquired Danglars, turning pale. "How is that, my friend!"

"Why, thus it is," replied Dantes. "Thanks to the influence of M. Morrel, to whom, next to my father, I owe every blessing I enjoy, every difficulty has been removed. We have purchased permission to waive the usual delay; and at half-past two o'clock the mayor of Marseilles will be waiting for us at the Hotel-de-Ville. Now, as a quarter-past one has already struck, I do not consider I have asserted too much in saying that in another hour and thirty minutes Mercedes will have become Madame Dantes."

Fernand closed his eyes, a burning sensation passed across his brow, and he was compelled to support himself by the table to prevent his falling from his chair; but in spite of all his efforts he could not refrain from uttering a deep groan, which, however, was lost amid the noisy felicitations of the company.

"Upon my word," cried the old man, "you make short work of this kind of affair. Arrived here only yesterday morning, and married to-day at three o'clock! Commend me to a sailor for going the quick way to work!"

"But," asked Danglars, in a timid tone, "how did you manage about the other formalities—the contract—the settlement?"

"Oh, bless you!" answered Dantes, laughingly, "our papers were soon drawn up. Mercedes has no fortune; I have none to settle on her. So, you see, our papers were quickly written out, and certainly do not come very expensive."

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This joke elicited a fresh burst of applause.

"So that what we presumed to be merely the betrothed feast turns out to be the actual wedding dinner!" said Danglars.

"No, no!" answered Dantes; "don't imagine I am going to put you off in that shabby manner. To-morrow morning I start for Paris; five days to go, and the same to return, with one day to discharge the commission intrusted to me, is all the time I shall be absent. I shall be back here by the twelfth of March, and the next day I give my real marriage feast."

"Upon my word," said Caderousse to Danglars, from whose mind the friendly treatment of Dantes, united with the effect of the excellent wine he had partaken of, had effaced every feeling of envy or jealousy at Dantes' good fortune—"upon my word, Dantes is a downright good fellow, and when I see him sitting there beside his pretty wife that is so soon to be, I cannot help thinking it would have been a great pity to have served him that trick you were planning yesterday."

"OH, there was no harm meant!" answered Danglars; "at first I certainly did feel somewhat uneasy as regarded what Fernand might be tempted to do, but when I saw how completely he had mastered his feelings even so far as to become one of his rival's bridesmen, I knew there was no further cause for apprehension."

Caderousse looked full at Fernand—he was ghastly pale.

"Certainly," continued Danglars, "the sacrifice was no trifling one when the beauty of the bride is considered. Upon my soul that future captain of mine is a lucky dog! Gad! I only wish he would let me take his place!"

"Shall we not set forth?" asked the sweet, silvery voice of Mercedes; "two o'clock has just struck, and you know we are expected at the Hotel-de-Ville in a quarter of an hour."

"To be sure!—to be sure!" cried Dantes, eagerly quitting the table; "let us go directly!"

His words were re-echoed by the whole party, who rose with a simultaneous cheer, and commenced forming themselves into procession.

At this moment Danglars, who had been incessantly observing every change in Fernand's look and manner, perceived him stagger and fall back, with an almost convulsive spasm, against a seat placed near one of the open windows. At the same instant the ear caught a sort of indistinct sound on the stairs, followed by the measured tread of soldiery, with the clanking of swords and military accoutrements; then came a hum and buzz as of many voices, so as to deaden even the noisy mirth of the bridal party, among whom a vague feeling of curiosity and apprehension quelled every disposition to talk, and almost instantaneously the most deathlike stillness prevailed.

Nearer and nearer came those sounds of terror. Three distinct knocks, as though from the hilt of a sword, against the door, increased the fears of the before gay party. Each looked inquiringly in the countenance of his neighbor, while all wished themselves quietly and safely at home.

"I demand admittance," said a loud voice outside the room, "in the name of the law!"

As no attempt was made to prevent it, the door was opened, and a magistrate, wearing his official scarf, presented himself, followed by four soldiers and a corporal. Uneasiness now yielded to the most extreme dread on the part of those present.

"May I venture to inquire the reason of this unexpected visit?" said M. Morrel, addressing the magistrate, whom he evidently knew; "there is doubtless some mistake easily explained."

"If it be so," replied the magistrate, "rely upon every reparation being made; meanwhile, I am the bearer of an order of arrest, and although I most reluctantly perform the task assigned me, it must, nevertheless, be fulfilled. Who among the persons here assembled answers to the name of Edmond Dantes?"

Every eye was turned towards the individual so described, who, spite of the agitation he could not but feel, advanced with dignity, and said in a firm voice, "I am he! what is your pleasure with me?"

"Edmond Dantes," replied the magistrate, "I arrest you in the name of the law!"

"Me!" repeated Edmond, slightly changing color, "and wherefore, I pray?"

"I cannot inform you, but you will be duly acquainted with the reasons that have rendered such a step necessary at your first examination."

"What is the meaning of all this?" inquired Caderousse, frowningly, of Danglars, who had assumed an air of utter surprise.

"How can I tell you?" replied he; "I am, like yourself, utterly bewildered at all that is going on, not a word of which do I understand."

Caderousse then looked around for Fernand, but he had disappeared.

The scene of the previous night now came back to his mind with startling accuracy. The painful catastrophe he had just witnessed appeared effectually to have rent away the veil which the intoxication of the evening before had raised between himself and his memory.

"So! so!" said he, in a hoarse and choking voice, to Danglars, "this, then, I suppose, is a part of the trick you were concerting yesterday? All I can say is, that if it be so, 'tis an ill turn, and well deserves to bring double evil on those who have projected it."

"Nonsense!" returned Danglars, "I tell you again I have nothing whatever to do with it; besides, you know very well that I tore the paper to pieces."

"No, you did not!" answered Caderousse, "you merely threw it by—I saw it lying in a corner."

"Hold your tongue, you fool!—what should you know about it?—why, you were drunk!"

"Where is Fernand?" inquired Caderousse.

"How do I know?" replied Danglars; "gone, as every prudent man ought to do, to look after his own affairs, most likely. Never mind where he is, let us go and see what is to be done for our poor friends in this, their affliction."

During this conversation, Dantes, after having exchanged a cheerful shake of the hand with all his sympathising friends, had surrendered himself to the officer sent to arrest him, merely saying, "Make yourselves quite easy, my good fellows, there is some little mistake to clear up, that's all, depend upon it! and very likely I may not have to go so far as the prison to effect that."

"Oh, to be sure!" responded Danglars, who had now approached the group, "nothing more than a mistake, I feel quite certain."

Dantes descended the staircase, preceded by the magistrate, and followed by the soldiers. A carriage awaited him at the door; he got in, followed by two soldiers and the magistrate, and the vehicle drove off towards Marseilles.

"Adieu! adieu! dearest Edmond!" cried Mercedes, stretching out her arms to him from the balcony.

The prisoner, whose ready ear caught the disappeared round one of the turnings of though the chill hand of death pressed on his heart, as leaning from the coach he tried to reply in cheerful tones.

"Good-bye, my sweet Mercedes!—we shall soon meet again!"

The rapid progress of the vehicle, which disappeared round one of the turnings of Fort Saint-Nicolas, prevented his adding more.

"Wait for me, here, all of you!" cried M. Morrel; "I will take the first conveyance I find, and hurry to Marseilles, whence I will bring you word how all is going on."

"That's right!" exclaimed a multitude of voices, "go, and return as quickly as you can!"

This second departure was followed by a long and fearful state of terrified silence on the part of those who were left behind. The old father and Mercedes remained for some time apart, absorbed in their separate griefs; but at length the two poor victims of the same blow raised their eyes and with a simultaneous burst of feeling rushed into each other's arms.

Meanwhile Fernand made his reappearance, poured out for himself a glass of water with a trembling hand; then hastily swallowing it, went to sit down on the first vacant chair he perceived, and this was, by mere chance, placed next to the seat on which poor Mercedes had fallen, half fainting, when released from the warm and affectionate embrace of old Dantes. Instinctively Fernand drew back his chair.

"He is the cause of all this misery—I am quite sure of it," whispered Caderousse, who had never taken his eyes off Fernand, to Danglars.

"I really do not think so," answered the other; "he is too stupid to imagine such a scheme. I only hope the mischief will fall upon the head of whomever wrought it."

"You don't mention those who aided and abetted the cruel deed, any more than those who advised it," said Caderousse.

"Surely," answered Danglars, "one cannot be expected to become responsible for all the idle words one may have been obliged to listen to in the course of our lives."

MEANTIME the subject of the arrest was being canvassed in every different form.

"What think you, Danglars," said one of the party, turning towards him, "of the late unfortunate event?"

"Why, upon my word, I know not what to say," replied he. "I think, however, that it is just possible Dantes may have been detected with some trifling article on board ship considered here as contraband."

"But how could he have done so without your knowledge, Danglars, who was the ship's supercargo?"

"Why, as for that, I could only know what I was told respecting the merchandise with which the vessel was laden. I know she was loaded with cotton, and that she took in her freight at Alexandria from the magazine of M. Pastret, and at Smyrna from M. Pascal; that is all I was obliged to know, and I beg I may not be asked for any further particulars."

"Now, I recollect!" cried the afflicted old father; "my poor boy told me yesterday he had got a small case of coffee, and another of tobacco for me!"

"There you see!" exclaimed Danglars. "Now the mischief is out; depend upon it the custom-house people went rummaging about the ship in our absence, and discovered poor Dantes' hidden treasures."

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Mercedes, however, paid no heed to this explanation of her lover's arrest. Her grief, which she had hitherto tried to restrain, now burst out in a violent fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Come, come!" said the old man, "be comforted, my poor child; there is still hope!"

"Hope!" repeated Danglars.

"Hope!" faintly murmured Fernand; but the word seemed to die away on his pale agitated lips, and a convulsive spasm passed over his countenance.

"Good news! good news!" shouted forth one of the party stationed in the balcony on the look-out. "Here comes M. Morrel back. No doubt, now, we shall hear that our friend is released!"

Mercedes and the old man rushed to meet the person from whom they hoped so much; but the first glance at the pale, desponding countenance of M. Morrel prepared them for evil tidings.

"What news?" exclaimed a general burst of voices.

"Alas! my friends," replied M. Morrel, with a mournful shake of his head, "the thing has assumed a more serious aspect than I expected."

"Oh! indeed—indeed, sir, he is innocent!" sobbed forth Mercedes.

"That I believe!" answered M. Morrel; "but still he is charged——"

"With what?" inquired the elder Dantes.

"With being an agent of the Bonapartist faction!"

A despairing cry escaped the pale lips of Mercedes, while the heart-stricken father fell listlessly into a chair, kindly placed for him by one of the pitying guests.

"AH, Danglars!" whispered Caderousse, "you have deceived me—the trick you spoke of last night has been played off, I see; but I cannot suffer a poor old man or an innocent girl to die of grief through your fault. I am determined to tell them all about it."

"Be silent, you simpleton!" cried Danglars, grasping him by the arm, "or I will not answer even for your own safety. Who can tell whether Dantes be innocent or guilty? The vessel did touch at Elba, where he quitted it, and passed a whole day in the island. Now, should any letters or other documents of a compromising character be found upon him, will it not be taken for granted that all who uphold him are his accomplices?"

With the rapid instinct of selfishness, Caderousse readily perceived the solidity of this mode of reasoning; he gazed doubtfully, wistfully on Danglars, and then insensibly continued to retreat from the dangerous proximity in which he found himself.

"Suppose we wait awhile, and see what comes of it!" said he, casting a bewildered look on his companion.

"To be sure!" answered Danglars. "Let us wait, by all means. If he be innocent, of course he will be set at liberty; if guilty, why, it is no use involving ourselves in his conspiracy."

"Then let us go hence. I cannot stay to endure the sight of that old man's distress."

"With all my heart!" replied Danglars, but too pleased to find a partner in his retreat. "Let us take ourselves out of the way, and leave everyone else to do the same thing if they please."

After their departure, Fernand, who had now again become the only friend and protector poor Mercedes could find in this trying hour, led the weeping girl back to her home, which she had quitted with such different hopes and feelings in the morning, while some friends of Dantes conducted the poor heart-broken parent to his childless and dreary abode.

The rumor of Edmond's arrest as a Bonapartist agent was not slow in circulating throughout the city.

"Could you ever have credited such a thing, my dear Danglars?" asked M. Morrel, as on his return to the port for the purpose of gleaning fresh tidings of Dantes, he overtook his supercargo and Caderousse. "Could you have believed such a thing possible?"

"Why, you know I told you," replied Danglars, "that I considered the circumstance of his having anchored in the Isle of Elba as a very suspicious circumstance."

"And did you mention these suspicions to any person besides myself?"

"Certainly not!" returned Danglars. Then added in a low whisper: "You understand that, on account of your uncle, M. Policar Morrel, who served under the other government, and who does not altogether conceal what he thinks on the subject, you are strongly suspected of regretting the abdication of Napoleon. I should have feared to injure both Edmond and yourself, had I divulged my own apprehensions to a soul. I am too well aware that though a subordinate, like myself, is bound to acquaint the shipowner with everything that occurs, there are many things that he ought most carefully to conceal from all else."

"'Tis well, Danglars—'tis well!" replied M. Morrel. "You are a worthy fellow. But in the midst of all our trouble," continued M. Morrel, "we must not forget that the Pharaon has at present no captain."

"Oh!" replied Danglars, "since we cannot leave this port for the next three months, let us hope that long before that Dantes will be set at liberty."

"Of that I entertain no doubt; but in the meantime what are we to do?"

"I am entirely at your service, M. Morrel," answered Danglars. "You know that I am as capable of managing a ship as the most experienced captain in the service; and it will be so far advantageous to you to accept my services, that upon Edmond's release from prison no further change will be requisite on board the Pharaon than for Dantes and myself each to resume our respective posts."

"Thanks! thanks! my good friend, for your excellent idea and acceptable proposition—that will smooth all difficulties. I fully authorise you at once to assume the command of the Pharaon, and look carefully to the unloading of her freight. Private misfortunes must never induce us to neglect public affairs."

"Depend upon my zeal and attention, M. Morrel; but when do you think it likely we may be permitted to visit our poor friend in his prison?"

"I will let you know that directly. I have seen M. de Villefort, whom I shall endeavor to interest in Edmond's favor. I am aware he is a furious royalist; but, in spite of that, and of his being the 'king's procureur,' he is a man like ourselves, and I fancy not a bad sort of one!"

"So far, then," said Danglars to himself, "all has gone as I would have it! I am temporarily commander of the Pharaon, with the certainty of being permanently so, if that fool of a Caderousse can be persuaded to hold his tongue. My only fear is the chance of Dantes being released. But bah! he is in the hands of justice; and," added he, with a smile, "she will take her own."

IN one of the large aristocratic mansions, situated in the Rue du Grand Cours, opposite the fountain of Medusa, a second marriage feast was being celebrated, almost at the same hour as the ill-fated repast given by Dantes.

The guests were still at table, and the heated and energetic conversation that prevailed betrayed the violent and vindictive passions that then agitated each dweller of the south, where, unhappily, religious strife had long given increased bitterness to the violence of party feeling.

The emperor, now king of the petty Isle of Elba, after having held sovereign away over one half of the world, was looked upon among the haute societe of Marseilles as a ruined man, separated for ever from any fresh connection with France or claim to her throne.

Magistrates freely discussed their political views; the military part of the company talked unreservedly of Moscow and Leipsic, while the women indulged in open comments upon the divorce of the Empress Josephine.

All seemed to evince that in their royalism it was not over the downfall of one man they rejoiced, but in the bright and cheering prospect of a revivified political existence for themselves.

An old man, decorated with the cross of Saint Louis, now rose and proposed the health of King Louis XVIII. This aged individual was the Marquis de Saint-Meran.

This toast, recalling at once the patient exile of Hartwell, and the peace-loving king of France, excited universal enthusiasm; glasses were elevated in the air a l'Anglais; and the ladies, snatching their bouquets from their bosoms, strewed the table with their floral treasures. In a word, an almost poetical fervor prevailed.

"Ah!" said the Marquise de Saint-Meran, a woman with a stern, forbidding eye, though still noble and elegant-looking, despite her having reached her fiftieth year—"Ah! these revolutionists, who have driven us from those very possessions they afterwards purchased for a mere trifle during the Reign of Terror, would be compelled to own, were they here, that all true devotion was on our side, since we were content to follow the fortunes of a falling monarch, while they, on the contrary, made their fortune by worshipping the rising sun—yes, yes, they could not help admitting that the king, for whom we sacrificed rank, wealth, and station, was truly our 'Louis the Well-beloved!' while their wretched usurper has been, and ever will be, to them their evil genius, their 'Napoleon the Accursed!' Am I not right, Villefort? but, pardon me, I forgot your father!"

"Suffer me, madame," said the King's Deputy-Procureur, M. de Villefort, who was betrothed to her charming daughter Renee, "to add my earnest request that you will kindly allow the veil of oblivion to cover and conceal the past. What avails retrospection and recrimination touching circumstances wholly past recall? I have laid aside even the name of my father, and altogether disown his political principles. He was—nay, probably may still be—a Bonapartist, and is called Noirtier; I, on the contrary, am a staunch royalist, and style myself de Villefort. Let what may remain of revolutionary sap exhaust itself and die away with the old trunk, and condescend only to regard the young shoot which has started up at a distance from the parent tree, without hav-

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ing the power, any more than the wish, to separate entirely from the stock from which it sprung."

"Bravo, Villefort!" cried the marquis; "excellently well said! Come, now, I have hopes of obtaining what I have been for years endeavoring to persuade the marquise to promise—namely, a perfect amnesty and forgetfulness of the past."

Having made his well-turned speech, Villefort looked carefully round to mark the effect of his oratory, much as he would have done had he been addressing the bench in open court.

"That is right," cried the marquise. "I love to see you thus. Now, then, were a conspirator to fall into your hands he would be most welcome."

"For my part, dear mother," interposed Renee, "I trust your wishes will not prosper, and that Providence will only permit petty offenders, poor debtors, and miserable cheats to fall into M. de Villefort's hands, then I shall be contented."

"Just the same as though you prayed that a physician might only be called upon to prescribe for headaches, measles, and the stings of wasps, or any other slight affection of the epidermis. If you wish to see me the king's procureur, you must desire for me some of those violent and dangerous diseases from the cure of which so much honor redounds to the physician."

At this moment, and as though the utterance of Villefort's wish had sufficed to effect its accomplishment, a servant entered the room and whispered a few words in his ear. Villefort immediately rose from table and quitted the room upon the plea of urgent business; he soon, however, returned, his whole face beaming with delight.

Renee regarded him with fond affection; and certainly his handsome features, lit up as they then were with more than usual fire and animation, seemed formed to excite the innocent admiration with which she gazed on her graceful and intelligent lover.

"You were wishing just now," said Villefort, addressing her, "that I were a doctor instead of a lawyer. Well, I at least resemble a doctor in one thing, that of not being able to call a day my own, not even that of my betrothal."

"And wherefore were you called away just now?" asked Mademoiselle de Saint-Meran, with an air of deep interest.

"For a very serious affair, which bids well to afford our executioner here some work."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Renee. Her cheeks, that were before glowing with emotion, becoming pale as marble.

"Is it possible?" burst simultaneously from all who were near enough to the magistrate to hear his words.

"Why, if my information prove correct, a sort of Bonaparte conspiracy has just been discovered. The procureur du roi being absent the matter comes into my hands."

"Oh, Villefort!" cried Renee, clasping her hands, and looking towards her lover with piteous earnestness, "be merciful on this the day of our betrothal."

The young man passed round to the side of the table where the fair pleader sat, and leaning over her chair said tenderly:

"To give you pleasure, my sweet Renee, I promise to show all the lenity in my power; but if the charges brought against this Bonapartean hero prove correct, why, then, you really must give me leave to order his head to be cut off."

Renee, with an almost convulsive shudder, turned away her head, as though the very mention of killing a fellow-creature in cold blood was more than her tender nature could endure.

"Never mind that foolish girl, Villefort," said the marquise, "she will soon get over these things."

So saying, Madame de Saint-Meran extended her dry, bony hand to Villefort, who, while imprinting a son-in-law's respectful salute on it, looked at Renee, as much as to say, "I must try to fancy 'tis your dear hand I kiss, as it should have been."

"These are mournful auspices to accompany a betrothal!" sighed poor Renee.

"Upon my word, child!" exclaimed the angry marquise, "your folly exceeds all bounds. I should be glad to know what connection there can posibly be between your sickly sentimentality and the affairs of State!"

"Oh, mother!" murmured Renee.

"Nay, madame, I pray you pardon this little traitor; I promise you, that to make up for her want of loyalty I will be most inflexibly severe"; then casting an expressive glance at his betrothed, which seemed to say, "Fear not, for your dear sake my justice shall be tempered with mercy," and receiving a sweet and approving smile in return, Villefort quitted the room.

No sooner had Villefort left the saloon than he assumed the grave air of a man who holds the balance of life and death in his hands. Except the recollection of the line of politics his father adopted, which might interfere, unless he acted with the greatest prudence, with his own career, Villefort was as happy as a man could be. Already rich, he held a high official situation, though only twenty-seven. He was about to marry a young and charming woman, and besides her personal attractions, which were very great, Mademoiselle de Saint-Meran's family possessed considerable political influence, which they would of course exert in his favor. The dowry of his wife amounted to six thousand pounds, besides the prospect of inheriting twenty thousand more at her father's death.

At the door he met the commissary of police, who was waiting for him. The sight of this officer recalled Villefort from the third heaven to earth; he composed his face as we have before described, and said, "I have read the letter, monsieur, and you have acted rightly in arresting this man; now inform me what you have discovered concerning him and the conspiracy."

"We know nothing as yet of the conspiracy, monsieur; all the papers found have been sealed up and placed on your bureau. The prisoner himself is named Edmond Dantes, mate on board the three-master, the Pharaon, trading in cotton with Alexandria and Smyrna, and belonging to Morrel and Son, of Marseilles."

"Before he entered the navy had he ever served in the marines?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, he is very young."

"How old?"

"Nineteen or twenty at the most."

At this moment, and as Villefort had arrived at the corner of the Rue des Consells, a man, who seemed to have been waiting for him, approached; it was M. Morrel.

"Ah, M. de Villefort," cried he, "I am delighted to see you. Some of your people have committed the strangest mistake—they have arrested Edmond Dantes, the mate of my ship."

"I know it, monsieur," replied Villefort, "and I am now going to examine him."

"Oh," said Morrel, carried away by his friendship, "you do not know him, and I do. He is the most estimable, the most trustworthy fellow in the world, and I will venture to say there is not a better seaman in all the merchant-service. Oh, M. de Villefort, I beseech your indulgence for him."

Villefort, as we have seen, belonged to the aristocratic party at Marseilles, Morrel to the plebeian; the first was a royalist, the other suspected of Bonapartism. Villefort looked disdainfully at Morrel, and replied:

"You are aware, monsieur, that a man may be estimable and trustworthy in private life, and the best seaman in the merchant-service, and yet be, politically speaking, a great criminal. Is it not true?"

The magistrate laid emphasis on these words, as if he wished to apply them to the owner himself, whilst his eyes seemed to plunge into the heart of him who, whilst he interceded for another, had himself need of indulgence. Morrel reddened, for his own conscience was not quite clear on politics; besides, what Dantes had told him of his interview with the Grand Marshal, and what the Emperor had said to him, embarrassed him. He replied, however:

"I entreat you, M. de Villefort, be, as you always are, kind and just."

Villefort had now arrived at the door of his own house, which adjoined the Palais de Justice, he entered, after having saluted the shipowner, who stood on the spot where he was left.

The antechamber was full of agents of police and gendarmes, in the midst of whom, carefully watched, but calm and smiling, stood the prisoner. Villefort traversed the antechamber, cast a side glance at Dantes, and taking a packet which a gendarme offered him, disappeared, saying, "Bring in the prisoner."

Rapid as had been Villefort's glance, it had served to give him an idea of the man he was about to interrogate. He had recognised intelligence in the high forehead, courage in the dark eye and bent brow, and frankness in the thick lips that showed a set of pearly teeth.

Villefort's first impression was favorable, but he had been so often warned to mistrust first impulses that he applied the maxim to the impression, forgetting the difference between the two words. He stifled, therefore, the feelings of compassion that were rising, composed his features and sat down at his bureau. An instant after Dantes entered.

He was pale, but calm and collected, and saluting his judge with easy politeness, looked round for a seat, as if he had been in the saloon of M. Morrel.

It was then that he encountered, for the first time, Villefort's look, that look peculiar to justice; which, while it seems to read the culprit's thoughts, betrays nought of its own.

"Who and what are you?" demanded Villefort, turning over a pile of papers, containing information relative to the prisoner that an agent of police had given to him on his entry.

"My name is Edmond Dantes," replied the young man calmly. "I am mate of the Pharaon, belonging to Messrs. Morrel and Son."

"Your age?" continued Villefort.

"Nineteen," returned Dantes.

"What were you doing at the moment you were arrested?"

"I was at the festival of my marriage, monsieur," said the young man, his voice slightly tremulous, so great was the contrast between that happy moment and the painful ceremony he was now undergoing; so great was the contrast between the sombre aspect of M. de Villefort, and the radiant face of Mercedes.

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"You were at the festival of your marriage?" said the deputy, shuddering in spite of himself.

"Yes, monsieur, I am on the point of marrying a young girl I have been attached to for three years."

Villefort, impassive as he was, was struck with this coincidence; and the tremulous voice of Dantes, surprised in the midst of his happiness, struck a sympathetic chord in his own bosom; he also was on the point of being married, and he was summoned from his own happiness to destroy that of another.

THIS philosophic reflection, thought he, will make a great sensation at M. de Saint-Meran's, and he arranged mentally, while Dantes awaited further questions, the antithesis by which orators often create a reputation for eloquence.

When this speech was arranged, Villefort turned to Dantes.

"Have you served under the usurper?"

"I was about to be incorporated in the royal marines when he fell."

"It is reported your political opinions are extreme," said Villefort, who had never heard anything of the kind, but was not sorry to make this inquiry, as if it were an accusation.

"My political opinions!" replied Dantes. "Alas! sir, I never had any opinions. I am hardly nineteen; I know nothing; I have no part to play. If I obtain the situation I desire, I shall owe it to M. Morrel. Thus all my opinions—I will not say public, but private, are confined to these three sentiments—I love my father, I respect M. Morrel, and I adore Mercedes. This, sir, is all I can tell you, and you see how uninteresting it is."

As Dantes spoke, Villefort gazed at his ingenious and open countenance, and recollected the words of Renee, who, without knowing who the culprit was, had besought his indulgence for him. With the deputy's knowledge of crime and criminals, every word the young man uttered convinced him more and more of his innocence.

This lad, for he was scarcely a man, simple, natural, eloquent with that eloquence of the heart, never found when sought for, full of affection for everybody, because he was happy, and because happiness renders even the wicked good, extended his affection even to his judge, spite of Villefort's severe look and stern accent. Dantes seemed full of kindness.

"Pardieu!" said Villefort, "he is a noble fellow! I hope I shall gain Renee's favor easily by obeying the first command she ever imposed on me. I shall have at least a pressure of the hand in public, and a sweet kiss in private."

Full of this idea, Villefort's face became so joyous, that when he turned to Dantes, the latter, who had watched the change on is physiognomy, was smiling also.

"Sir," said Villefort, "have you any enemies, at least that you know?"

"Have I enemies?" replied Dantes; "my position is not sufficiently elevated for that. As for my character, that is, perhaps, somewhat too hasty, but I have striven to repress it. I have had ten or twelve sailors under me; and if you question them, they will tell you that they love and respect me, not as a father, for I am too young, but as an elder brother."

"But instead of enemies you may have excited jealousy. You are about to become captain at nineteen, an elevated post; you are about to marry a pretty girl, who loves you, and these two pieces of good fortune may have excited the envy of someone."

"You are right; you know men better than I do, and what you say may possibly be the case, I confess; I prefer not knowing them, because then I should be forced to hate them."

"You are wrong; you should always strive to see clearly around you. You seem a worthy young man; I will depart from the strict line of my duty to aid you in discovering the author of this accusation. Here is the paper; do you know the writing?"

As he spoke, Villefort drew the letter from his pocket, and presented it to Dantes. Dantes read it. A cloud passed over his brow as he said:

"No, monsieur, I do not know the writing, and yet it is tolerably plain. Whoever did it writes well. I am very fortunate," added he, looking gratefully at Villefort, "to be examined by such a man as you, for this envious person is a real enemy."

And by the rapid glance that the young man's eyes shot forth, Villefort saw how much energy lay hidden beneath this mildness.

"Now," said the deputy, "answer me frankly, not as a prisoner to a judge, but as one man to another who takes an interest in him, what truth is there in the accusation contained in this anonymous letter?"

"None at all. I will tell you the real facts. I swear by my honor as a sailor, by my love for Mercedes, by the life of my father. When we quitted Naples, Captain Leclere was attacked with a brain fever. As we had no doctor on board, and he was so anxious to arrive at Elba, that he would not touch at any other port, his disorder rose to such a height, that at the end of the third day, feeling he was dying, he called me to him. 'My dear Dantes,' said he, 'swear to perform what I am going to tell you, for it is a matter of the deepest importance.'

"'I swear, captain,' replied I.

"'Well, as after my death the command devolves on you as mate, assume the command, and bear up for the Isle of Elba, disembark at Porto-Ferrajo, ask for the Grand Marshal, give him this letter, perhaps they will give you another letter, and charge you with a commission. You will accomplish what I was to have done, and derive all the honor and profit from it.'

"'I will do it, captain; but, perhaps, I shall not be admitted to the Grand Marshal's presence as easily as you expect?'

"'Here is a ring that will obtain audience of him, and remove every difficulty,' said the captain. Two hours after he was delirious; the next day he died. Everywhere the last requests of a dying man are sacred; but among sailors the last requests of his superior are commands. I sailed for the Isle of Elba, where I arrived the next day; I ordered everybody to remain on obard, and went on shore alone. As I had expected, I found some difficulty in obtaining access to the Grand Marshal; but I sent the ring I had received from the captain to him, and was instantly admitted. He questioned me concerning Captain Leclere's death; and, as the latter had told me, gave me a letter to carry on to a person in Paris. I undertook it because it was what my captain had bade me do. I landed here, regulated the affairs of the vessel, and hastened to visit my affianced bride, whom I found more lovely than ever. Thanks to M. Morrel, all the forms were got over; in a word, I was, as I told you, at my marriage feast, and I should have been married in an hour, and to-morrow I intended to start for Paris."

"Ah!" said Villefort, "this seems to me the truth. If you have been culpable, it was imprudence, and this imprudence was legitimised by the orders of your captain. Give up this letter you have brought from Elba, and pass your word you will appear should you be required, and go and rejoin your friends."

"You have it already; for it was taken from me with some others which I see in that packet."

"To whom is it addressed?"

"To Monsieur Noirtier, Rue Coq-Heron, Paris."

Had a thunderbolt fallen into the room, Villefort could not have been more stupefied. He sank into his seat, and hastily turning over the packet, drew forth the fatal letter, at which he glanced with an expression of terror.

"M. Noirtier, Rue Coq-Heron, No. 13," murmured he, growing still paler.

"Yes," said Dantes, "do you then know him?"

"No," replied Villefort, "a faithful servant of the king does not know conspirators."

"It is a conspiracy, then?" asked Dantes, who, after believing himself free, now began to feel a tenfold alarm. "I have already told you, however, sir, I was ignorant of the contents of the letter."

"Yes, but you knew the name of the person to whom it was addressed?" said Villefort.

"I was forced to read the address to know to whom to give it."

"Have you shown this letter to anyone?" asked Villefort, becoming still more pale.

"To no one, on my honor."

"Everybody is ignorant that you are the bearer of a letter from the Isle of Elba, and addressed to M. Noirtier?"

"Everybody, except the person who gave it to me."

"This is too much," murmured Villefort.

Villefort's brow darkened more and more, his white lips and clenched teeth filled Dantes with apprehension.

After reading the letter, Villefort covered his face with his hands.

"Oh!" said Dantes, timidly, "what is the matter?"

Villefort made no answer, but raised his head at the expiration of a few seconds, and again perused the letter.

"You give me your honor that you are ignorant of the contents of this letter?"

"I GIVE you my honor, sir," said Dantes; "but what is the matter? You are ill: shall I ring for assistance?—shall I call?"

"No," said Villefort, rising hastily: "stay where you are. It is for me to give orders here, and not you."

"Monsieur," replied Dantes, proudly, "it was only to summon assistance for you."

"I want none; it was a temporary indisposition. Attend to yourself; answer me."

Dantes waited, expecting a question, but in vain. Villefort fell back on his chair, passed his hand over his brow, moist with perspiration, and, for the third time, read the letter.

"If he knows the contents of this!" murmured he, "and that Noirtier is the father of Villefort, I am lost!" And he fixed his eyes upon Edmond as if he would have penetrated his thoughts.

"It is impossible to doubt it," cried he suddenly.

"In Heaven's name!" cried the unhappy young man, "if you doubt me, question me; I will answer you."

Villefort made a violent effort, and in a tone he strove to render firm—

"Sir," said he, "I am no longer able, as I had hoped, to restore you immediately to liberty; before doing so, I must consult

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the judge of instruction; but you see how I behave towards you."

"Oh!" cried Dantes, "you have been rather a friend than a judge."

"Well, I must detain you some time longer, but I will strive to make it as short as possible. The principal charge against you is this letter, and you see——"

Villefort approached the fire, cast it in, and waited until it was entirely consumed.

"You see I destroy it?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Dantes, "you are goodness itself."

"I shall detain you until this evening in the Palais de Justice. Should anyone else interrogate you, do not breathe a word of this letter."

"I promise."

It was Villefort who seemed to entreat, and the prisoner who reassured him.

"You see," continued he, "the letter is destroyed, you and I alone knew of its existence; should you, therefore, be questioned, deny all knowledge of it."

"Fear nothing, I will deny it."

"It was the only letter you had?"

"It was."

"Swear it."

"I swear it."

Villefort rang. An agent of police entered. Villefort whispered some words in his ear, to which the officer replied by a motion of his head.

"Follow him," said Villefort to Dantes.

Dantes saluted Villefort and retired.

Hardly had the door closed than Villefort threw himself into a chair.

"Alas! alas!" murmured he, "if the procureur du roi had been at Marseilles, I should have been ruined. This accursed letter would have destroyed all my hopes. My father, must your past career always interfere with my successes?"

Suddenly a light passed over his face, a smile played round his mouth, and his lips became unclenched.

"This will do," said he, "and from this letter, which might have ruined me, I will make my fortune."

And after having assured himself the prisoner was gone, the deputy procureur hastened to the house of his bride.

THE commissary of police, as he traversed the ante-chamber made a sign to two gendarmes, who placed themselves one on Dante's right, and the other on his left. A door that communicated with the Palais de Justice was opened, and they traversed a long range of gloomy corridors, whose appearance might have made even the boldest shudder. The Palais de Justice communicated with the prison—a sombre edifice, that from its grated windows looks on the clock-tower of the Accoules.

After numberless windings Dantes saw an iron door. The commissary knocked thrice, every blow seeming to Dantes as if struck on his heart. The door opened, the two gendarmes gently pushed him forward, and the door closed with a loud sound behind him. The air he inhaled was no longer pure, but thick and mephitic—he was in prison. He was conducted to a tolerably neat chamber, but grated and barred, and its appearance, however, did not greatly alarm him; besides, the words of Villefort, who seemed to interest himself so much, resounded still in his ears like a promise of freedom.

It was four o'clock when Dantes was placed in this chamber. It was, as we have said, the 1st of March, and the prisoner was soon buried in darkness. The obscurity augmented the acuteness of his hearing; at the slightest sound he rose and hastened to the door, convinced they were about to liberate him, but the sound died away, and Dantes sank again into his seat.

At last, about ten o'clock, and just as Dantes began to despair, steps were heard in the corridor, a key turned in the lock, the bolts creaked, the massy oaken door flew open, and a flood of light from two torches pervaded the apartment.

By the torchlight Dantes saw the glittering sabres and carbines of four gendarmes.

The conviction that they came from M. de Villefort relieved all Dantes' apprehension, he advanced calmly and placed himself in the centre of the escort. A carriage waited at the door, the coachman was on the box, and an exempt seated behind him.

Dantes was about to speak, but feeling himself urged forward, and having neither the power nor the intention to resist, he mounted the steps, and was in an instant seated inside between two gendarmes, the two others took their places opposite, and the carriage rolled heavily over the stones.

The prisoner glanced at the windows, they were grated; he had changed his prison for another that was conveying him he knew not whither. Through the grating, however, Dantes saw they were passing through the Rue Caisserie, and by the quay Saint-Laurent and the Rue Taramis, to the port. The carriage stopped, the exempt descended, approached the guard-house, a dozen soldiers came out, and formed themselves in order; Dantes saw the reflection of their muskets by the light of the lamps on the quay.

"Can all this force be summoned on my account?" thought he.

The exempt opened the door, which was locked, and without speaking a word answered Dantes' question, for he saw between the ranks of the soldiers a passage formed from the carriage to the port. The two gendarmes who were opposite to him descended first, then he was ordered to alight, and the gendarmes on each side of him followed his example.

They advanced towards a boat, which a custom-house officer held by a chain, near the quay. The soldiers looked at Dantes with an air of stupid curiosity. In an instant he was placed in the stern-sheets of the boat between the gendarmes while the exempt stationed himself at the bow; a shove sent the boat adrift, and four sturdy oarsmen impelled it rapidly towards the Pilon. At a shout from the boat, the chain that closes the mouth of the port was lowered, and in a second they were outside the harbor.

The prisoner's first feeling was joy at again breathing the pure air, for air is freedom; but he soon sighed, for he passed before La Reserve, where he had that morning been so happy, and now through the open windows came the laughter and revelry of a ball.

The boat continued her voyage. They had passed the Tete de More, were now in front of the lighthouse, and about to double the battery; this manoeuvre was incomprehensible to Dantes.

"Whither are you taking me?" asked he.

"You will soon know."

"But still——"

"We are forbidden to give you any explanation."

Dantes knew that nothing would be more absurd than to question subordinates, who were forbidden to reply, and remained silent.

The most vague and wild thoughts passed through his mind. The boat they were in could not make a long voyage, there was no vessel at anchor outside the harbor; he thought, perhaps, they were going to leave him on some distant point. He was not bound, nor had they made any attempt to handcuff him; this seemed a good augury. Besides had not the deputy who had been so kind to him told him that provided he did not pronounce the dreaded name of Noirtier, he had nothing to apprehend. Had not Villefort in his presence destroyed the fatal letter, the only proof against him? He waited silently, striving to pierce through the darkness.

In spite of his repugnance to address the guards, Dantes turned to the nearest gendarme, and taking his hand—

"COMRADE," said he, "I adjure you as a Christian and a soldier to tell me where we are going. I am Captain Dantes, a loyal Frenchman, though accused of treason, tell me where you are conducting me, and I promise you on my honor I will submit to my fate."

The gendarme looked irresolutely at his companion, who returned for answer a sigh that said, "I see no great harm in telling him now," and the gendarme replied——

"You are a native of Marseilles and a sailor, and yet you do not know where you are going?"

"On my honor I have no idea."

"That is impossible."

"I swear to you it is true. Tell me, I entreat."

"But my orders."

"Your orders do not forbid you telling me what I must know in ten minutes, in half an hour, or an hour. You see I cannot escape even if I intended."

"Unless you are blind, or have never been outside the harbor, you must know."

"I do not."

"Look around you then."

Dantes rose and looked forward, when he saw rise within a hundred yards of him the black and frowning rock on which stands the Chateau d'If. This gloomy fortress, which has for more than three hundred years furnished food for so many wild legends, seemed to Dantes like a scaffold to a malefactor.

"The Chateau d'If!" cried he, "what are we going there for?"

The gendarme smiled.

"I am not going there to be imprisoned," said Dantes; "it is only used for political prisoners; I have committed no crime. Are there any magistrates or judges at the Chateau d'If?"

"There are only," said the gendarme, "a governor, a garrison, turnkeys, and good thick walls. Come, come, do not look so astonished, or you will make me think you are laughing at me in return for my good nature."

Dantes pressed the gendarme's hand as though he would crush it.

"You think then," said he, "that I am conducted to the Chateau to be imprisoned there?"

"It is probable; but there is no occasion to squeeze so hard."

"Without any formality?"

"All the formalities have been gone through."

"In spite of M. de Villefort's promises?"

"I do not know what M. de Villefort promised you," said the gendarme, "but I know we are taking you to the Chateau d'If. But what are you doing? Help! comrades, help!"

By a rapid movement, which the gendarme's practised eye had perceived, Dantes sprang forward to precipitate himself into the sea, but four vigorous arms seized him

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as his feet quitted the flooring of the boat. He fell back foaming with rage.

"Good!" said the gendarme, placing his knee on his chest; "never believe soft-spoken gentlemen again! Hark ye, my friend, I have disobeyed my first order, but I will not disobey the second, and if you move I lodge a bullet in your brain."

And he levelled his carbine at Dantes, who felt the muzzle touch his head.

For a moment the idea of struggling crossed his mind, thus to end the unexpected evil that had overtaken him. But he bethought him of M. de Villefort's promise; and, besides, death in a boat from the hand of a gendarme seemed too terrible. He remained motionless, but gnashing his teeth with fury. At this moment a violent shock made the barque tremble. One of the sailors leaped on shore, a cord creaked as it ran through a pulley, and Dantes guessed they were at the end of the voyage. His guardians, taking hold of his arms, forced him to rise, and dragged him towards the steps that led to the gate of the fortress, whilst the exempt followed, armed with a carbine and bayonet.

Dantes made no resistance, he was like a man in a dream, he saw soldiers who stationed themselves on the sides, he felt himself forced up fresh stairs, he perceived he passed through a door, and the door closed behind him; but all this as mechanically as though a mist, nothing distinctly. They halted for a minute, during which he strove to collect his thoughts; he looked around; he was in a court surrounded by high walls; he heard the measured tread of sentinels, and as they passed before the light he saw the barrels of their muskets shine. They waited upwards of ten minutes. Certain Dantes could not escape, the gendarmes released him; they seemed awaiting orders. The orders arrived.

"Where is the prisoner?" said a voice.

"Here," replied the gendarmes.

"Let him follow me; I am going to conduct him to his room."

"GO!" said the gendarmes, pushing Dantes.

The prisoner followed his conductor, who led him into a room almost underground, whose bare and reeking walls seemed as though impregnated with tears; a lamp placed on a stool illumined the apartment faintly, and showed Dantes the features of his conductor, an under-gaoler, ill-clothed, and of sullen appearance.

"Here is your chamber for to-night," said he. "It is late, and *Monsieur le Gouverneur* is asleep; to-morrow, perhaps, he may change you. In the meantime there is bread, water, and fresh straw, and that is all a prisoner can wish for. Good-night!"

And before Dantes could open his mouth—before he had noticed where the gaoler placed his bread or the water—before he had glanced towards the corner where the straw was, the gaoler disappeared, taking with him the lamp. Dantes was alone in darkness and in silence: cold as the shadows that he felt breathe on his burning forehead.

With the first dawn of day the gaoler returned, with orders to leave Dantes where he was. He found the prisoner in the same position as if fixed there—his eyes swollen with weeping.

He had passed the night standing and without sleep.

The gaoler advanced; Dantes appeared not to perceive him.

He touched him on the shoulder: Edmond started.

"Have you not slept?" said the gaoler.

"I do not know," replied Dantes.

The gaoler stared.

"Are you hungry?" continued he.

"I do not know."

"Do you wish for anything?"

"I wish to see the governor."

The gaoler shrugged his shoulders and left the chamber.

Dantes followed him with his eyes, and stretched forth his hands towards the open door; but the door closed.

All his emotion then burst forth; he cast himself on the ground, weeping bitterly, and asking himself what crime he had committed that he was thus punished.

The day passed thus; he scarcely tasted food, but walked round and round the cell like a wild beast in its cage.

The next morning the gaoler made his appearance.

"Well," said the gaoler, "are you more reasonable to-day?"

Dantes made no reply.

"Come, take courage, do you want anything in my power to do for you?"

"I wish to see the governor."

"I have already told you it was impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because it is not allowed by the rules."

"What is allowed then?"

"Better fare, if you pay for it, books, and leave to walk about."

"I do not want books, I am satisfied with my food, and I do not care to walk about; but I wish to see the governor."

"If you worry me by repeating the same thing I will not bring you any more to eat."

"Well, then," said Edmond, "if you do not, I shall die of famine, that is all."

The gaoler saw by his tone he would be happy to die; and, as every prisoner is worth sixpence a day to his gaoler, he replied in a more subdued tone——

"What you ask is impossible; but if you are very well behaved you will be allowed to walk about, and some day you will meet the governor; and if he chooses to reply, that is his affair."

"But," asked Dantes, "how long shall I have to wait?"

"Ah! a month—six months—a year."

"It is too long a time. I wish to see him at once."

"Ah!" said the gaoler, "do not always brood over what is impossible, or you will be mad in a fortnight."

"You think so?"

"Yes, we have an instance here; it was by always offering a million of francs to the governor for his liberty that an abbe became mad, who was in this chamber before you."

"How long has he left it?"

"Two years."

"Was he liberated then?"

"No; he was put in a dungeon."

"Listen!" said Dantes, "I am not an abbe, I am not mad; perhaps I shall be; but at present, unfortunately, I am not. I will make you another offer."

"What is that?"

"I do not offer you a million, because I have it not but I will give you a hundred crowns if the first time you go to Marseilles you will seek out a young girl, named Mercedes, at the Catalans, and give her two lines from me."

"If I took them, and were detected, I should lose my place, which is worth two thousand francs a year; so that I should be a great fool to run such a risk for three hundred."

"Well," said Dantes, "mark this, if you refuse, at least, to tell Mercedes I am here, I will some day hide myself behind the door, and when you enter I will dash out your brains with this stool."

"Threats!" cried the gaoler, retreating, and putting himself on the defensive, "you are certainly going mad. The abbe began like you; and in three days you will want a strait-waistcoat; but, fortunately, there are dungeons here."

Dantes whirled the stool round his head.

"Oh!" said the gaoler,'" you shall see the governor at once."

"That is right," returned Dantes, dropping the stool, and sitting on it as if he were in reality mad.

The gaoler went out, and returned in an instant with a corporal and four soldiers.

"By the governor's orders," said he, "conduct the prisoner to the story beneath."

"To the dungeon, then," said the corporal.

"Yes, we must put the madman with the madmen."

The soldiers seized Dantes, who followed passively. He descended fifteen steps, and the door of a dungeon was opened, and he was thrust in. The door closed, and Dantes advanced with outstretched hands until he touched the wall; he then sat down in the corner until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

The gaoler was right, Dantes wanted but little of being utterly mad.

A YEAR after Louis XVIII's restoration a visit was made by the inspector-general of prisons.

Dantes heard from the recesses of his cell the noises made by the preparations for receiving him—sounds that at the depth where he lay would have been inaudible to any but the ear of a prisoner, who could distinguish the splash of the drop of water that every hour fell from the roof of his dungeon. He guessed something uncommon was passing among the living; but he had so long ceased to have any intercourse with the world that he looked upon himself as dead.

When the inspector had been the usual round, he asked if there were any more prisoners.

"A most dangerous conspirator, a man we are ordered to keep the most strict watch over, as he is daring and resolute; also we have in a dungeon about twenty feet distant, and to which you descend by another stair, an abbe, ancient leader of a party in Italy, who has been here since 1811, and in 1813 he went mad, and the change is astonishing. He used to weep, he now laughs; he grew thin, he now grows fat. You had better see him, for his madness is amusing."

"I will see them both," returned the inspector; "I must conscientiously perform my duty."

At the sound of the key turning in the lock, and the creaking of the hinges, Dantes, who was crouched in a corner of the dungeon, raised his head.

At the sight of a stranger, lighted by two turnkeys, accompanied by two soldiers, and to whom the governor spoke bare-headed, Dantes, who guessed that the moment to address himself to the superior authorities was come, sprang forward with clasped hands.

The soldiers presented their bayonets, for they thought he was about to attack the inspector, and the latter recoiled two or three steps. Dantes saw he was represented as a dangerous prisoner. Then infusing all the humility he possessed into his eyes and

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voice, he addressed the inspector, and sought to inspire him with pity.

The inspector listened attentively, then, turning to the governor, observed: "He will become religious—he is already more gentle; he is afraid and retreated before the bayonets—madmen are not afraid of anything; I made some curious observations on this at Charenton." Then turning to the prisoner, "What do you demand?" said he.

"Whatever crime I have committed that I may be tried; and if I am guilty, I may be shot; if innocent, I may be set at liberty."

"When were you arrested?" asked the inspector.

"The 28th of February, 1815, at half-past two in the afternoon."

"To-day is the 30th of June, 1816; why, it is but seventeen months."

"Only seventeen months!" replied Dantes; "oh, you do not know what is seventeen months in prison!—seventeen ages rather, especially to a man who, like me, had arrived at the summit of his ambition—to a man who, like me, was on the point of marrying a woman he adored, who saw an honorable career open before him, and who loses all in an instant, who sees his prospects destroyed, and is ignorant of the fate of his affianced wife, and whether his aged father be still living! Seventeen months' captivity to a sailor accustomed to the boundless ocean is a worse punishment than human crime ever merited. Have pity on me, then, and ask for me, not indulgence, but a trial—let me know my crime and my sentence, for incertitude is worse than all."

"We shall see," said the inspector; then turning to the governor, "On my word, the poor devil touches me"; turning to Dantes he added, "I can only promise to examine into your case. Who arrested you?"

"M. Villefort; see him, and hear what he says."

"M. Villefort is no longer in Marseilles, he is now at Toulouse."

"I am no longer surprised at my detention," murmured Dantes, "since my only protector is removed."

"Had M. de Villefort any cause of personal dislike to you?"

"None; on the contrary, he was very kind to me."

"I can then rely on the notes he has left concerning you?"

"Entirely."

"That is well; wait patiently, then."

"Will you see the register at once," asked the governor, "or proceed to the other cell?"

"Let us visit them all," said the inspector. "If I once mounted the stairs I should never have the courage to descend."

The inspector kept his word with Dantes. He examined the register, and found the following note concerning him,—

EDMOND DANTES

Violent Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from Elba.

The greatest watchfulness and care to be exercised.

This note was in a different hand from the rest, which proved it had been added since his confinement.

The inspector could not contend against this accusation; he simply wrote,—

"Nothing to be done."

This visit had infused new vigor into Dantes; he had, till then, forgotten the date; but now, with a fragment of plaster, he wrote the date, 30th July, 1816; and made a mark every day, in order not to lose his reckoning again.

Days and weeks passed away, then months, Dantes still waited; he at first expected to be freed in a fortnight. This fortnight expired; he reflected the inspector would do nothing until his return to Paris; and that he would not reach there until his circuit was finished; he, therefore, fixed three months; three months passed away, then six more. During these ten months no favorable change had taken place; and Dantes began to fancy the inspector's visit was but a dream, an illusion of the brain.

At the expiration of a year the governor was changed; he had obtained the government of Ham. He took with him several of his subordinates, and among them Dantes' gaoler. A fresh governor arrived. It would have been too tedious to acquire the names of the prisoners; he learned their numbers instead.

This horrible place consisted of fifty chambers; their inhabitants were designated by the number of their chamber; and the unhappy young man was no longer called Edmond Dantes, he was now number 34.

Dantes passed through all the degrees of misfortune that prisoners, forgotten in their dungeon, suffer.

He besought the gaoler one day to let him have a companion.

The gaoler, though rude and hardened by the constant sight of so much suffering, was yet a man. At the bottom of his heart he had often compassionated the unhappy young man who suffered thus; and he laid the request of number 34 before the governor; but the latter sapiently imagined that Dantes wished to conspire, or attempt an escape, and refused his request.

RAGE succeeded to this. Dantes uttered blasphemies that made his gaoler recoil with horror, dashed himself furiously against the walls of his prison, attacked everything, chiefly himself, and the least thing, a grain of sand, a straw, or a breath of air that annoyed him.

By dint of constantly dwelling on the idea that repose was death, and in order to punish, other tortures than death must be invented, he began to reflect on suicide.

"I wish to die," thought he. "When my morning and evening meals are brought," thought he, "I will cast them out of the window, and I shall be believed to have eaten them."

He kept his word; twice a day he cast out, by the barred aperture, the provisions his gaoler brought him, at first gaily, then with deliberation, and at last with regret; nothing but the recollection of his oath gave him strength to proceed. He persisted until, at last, he had not sufficient force to cast his supper out of the loophole.

The next morning he could not see or hear; the gaoler feared he was dangerously ill. Edmond hoped he was dying.

The day passed away thus: Edmond felt a species of stupor creeping over him, the gnawing pain at his stomach had ceased, his thirst had abated, when he closed his eyes he saw myriads of lights dancing before them, like the meteors that play about the marshes. It was the twilight of that mysterious country called Death!

Suddenly, about nine o'clock in the evening, Edmond heard a hollow sound in the wall against which he was lying.

Although weakened, the young man's brain instantly recurred to the idea that haunts all prisoners—liberty! It seemed to him that Heaven had at length taken pity on him, and had sent this noise to warn him on the very brink of the abyss. Perhaps one of those beloved ones he had so often thought of was thinking of him, and striving to diminish the distance that separated them.

Dantes still heard the sound. It lasted nearly three hours; he then heard a noise of something falling, and all was silent. Some hours afterwards, it began nearer and more distinct; Edmond was immensely interested in that labor, when the gaoler entered.

For the week that he had resolved to die, and for the four days that he put this resolution into execution, Edmond had not spoken to this man, had not answered him when he inquired what was the matter with him, and turned his face to the wall when he looked too curiously at him; but now the gaoler might hear this noise and put an end to it, thus destroying a ray of something like hope that soothed his last moments.

The gaoler brought him his breakfast. Dantes raised himself up, and began to speak on everything; on the bad quality of his food, on the coldness of his dungeon, grumbling and complaining, in order to have an excuse for speaking louder, and wearying the patience of his gaoler, who had solicited some broth and white bread for his prisoner, and had brought it.

Fortunately he fancied Dantes was delirious; and placing his food on the rickety table, he withdrew.

Edmond listened, and the sound became more and more distinct.

"There can be no doubt," thought he, "it is some prisoner who is striving to obtain his freedom."

Suddenly another idea took possession of his mind, so used to misfortune, that it could scarcely understand hope; yet this idea possessed him, that the noise arose from the workmen the governor had ordered to repair the neighboring dungeon.

He turned his eyes towards the soup his gaoler had brought him, rose, staggered towards it, raised the vessel to his lips, and drank off the contents with a feeling of indescribable pleasure. He had often heard that shipwrecked persons had died through having eagerly devoured too much food, so he replaced on the table the bread he was about to devour, and returned to his couch: he did not wish to die. He soon felt that his ideas became again collected, he could think and strengthen his thoughts by reasoning. Then he said to himself, "I must put this to the test, but without compromising anybody. If it is a workman I need but knock against the wall, and he will cease to work in order to find out who is knocking, and why he does so, but as his occupation is sanctioned by the governor, he will soon resume it; if, on the contrary, it is a prisoner, the noise I make will alarm him, he will cease and not recommence until he thinks everyone is asleep."

Edmond rose again, but this time his legs did not tremble, and his eyes were free from mists; he advanced to a corner of his dungeon, detached a stone, and with it knocked against the wall where the sound came. He struck thrice.

At the first blow the sound ceased, as if by magic.

Edmond listened intently, an hour passed, two hours passed, and no sound was heard from the wall; all was silent there.

Full of hope, Edmond swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread and water, and thanks to the excellence of his constitution, found himself well-nigh recovered.

In the morning the gaoler brought him fresh provisions; he had already devoured those of the previous day; he ate these, listening anxiously for the sound, walking round and round his cell, shaking the iron bars of the loophole, restoring by exercise

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vigor and agility to his limbs, and preparing himself thus for his future destiny. At intervals he listened if the noise had not begun again, and grew impatient at the prudence of the prisoner who did not guess he had been disturbed by a captive as anxious for liberty as himself.

Three days passed—seventy-two long, tedious hours!

AT length one evening as the gaoler was visiting him for the last time that night, Dantes fancied he heard an almost imperceptible movement among the stones. He recoiled from the wall, walked up and down his cell to collect his thoughts, and replaced his ear to the wall. There could be no doubt something was passing on the other side; the prisoner had discovered the danger, and had substituted the lever for the chisel. Encouraged by this discovery, he determined to assist the indefatigable laborer; he began by moving his bed, and sought with his eyes, for anything with which he could pierce the wall, penetrate the cement, and displace a stone.

He saw nothing, he had no knife or sharp instrument, the grating of his window alone was of iron, and he had too often assured himself of its solidity. All his furniture consisted of a bed, a chair, a table, a pail, and a jug. The bed had iron clamps, but they were screwed to the wood, and it would have required a screwdriver to take them off. The table and chair had nothing, the pail had had a handle, but that had been removed. He had but one resource, which was to break the jug, and with one of the sharp fragments attack the wall. He let the jug fall on the floor, and it broke in pieces. He concealed two or three of the sharpest fragments in his bed, leaving the rest on the floor. The breaking of his jug was too natural an accident to excite suspicion, he had all the night to work in, but in the darkness he could not do much; and he soon felt his instrument was blunted against something hard, he pushed back his bed and awaited the day. All night he heard the subterranean workman, who continued to mine his way. The day came, the gaoler entered. Dantes told him the jug had fallen from his hands in drinking, and the gaoler went grumblingly to fetch another, without giving himself the trouble to remove the fragments of the broken one. He returned speedily, recommended the prisoner to be more careful, and departed.

Dantes heard joyfully the key grate in the lock, he listened until the sound of steps died away and then hastily displacing his bed, saw by the faint light that penetrated into his cell, that he had labored uselessly the previous evening in attacking the stone instead of removing the plaster that surrounded it.

The damp had rendered it friable and Dantes saw joyfully the plaster detach itself, in small morsels, it is true, but at the end of half an hour he had scraped off a handful: a mathematician might have calculated that in two years, supposing that the rock was not encountered, a passage twenty feet long and two feet broad might be formed.

The prisoner reproached himself with not having thus employed the hours he had passed in prayers and despair.

In three days he had succeeded, with the utmost precaution, in removing the cement, and exposing the stone; the wall was formed of rough stones, and to give solidity to them were embedded, at intervals, blocks of hewn stone. It was one of these he had uncovered, and which he must remove from its socket. He strove to do so with his nails, but they were too weak. The fragments of the jug broke, and after an hour of useless toil, Dantes paused. Suddenly an idea occurred to him, he smiled, and the perspiration dried on his forehead.

The gaoler always brought his soup in an iron saucepan; this saucepan contained the soup of a second prisoner, for Dantes had remarked that it was either quite full, or half empty, according as the turnkey gave it to himself or his companion first. The handle of this saucepan was of iron, Dantes would have given ten years of his life in exchange for it. The gaoler poured the contents of this saucepan into his plate. In the evening Dantes placed his plate on the ground near the door, the gaoler as he entered stepped on it and broke it. This time he could not blame the prisoner.

He, therefore, contented himself with grumbling. Then he looked about him for something to pour the soup into; the whole furniture consisted of one plate, there was no alternative.

"Leave the saucepan," said Dantes, "you can take it away when you bring me my breakfast." This advice was to the gaoler's taste, as it spared him the necessity of ascending, descending, and ascending again. He left the saucepan.

Dantes was beside himself with joy. He rapidly devoured his food, and after waiting an hour lest the gaoler should change his mind and return, he removed his bed, took the handle of the saucepan, inserted the point between the hewn stone and rough stones of the wall, and employed it as a lever. A slight oscillation showed him all went well. At the end of an hour the stone was extricated from the wall, leaving a cavity of a foot and a half in diameter.

Dantes carefully collected the plaster, carried it into the corners of his cell, and covered it with earth. Then wishing to make the best use of this night, in which chance, or rather, his own strategem, had placed so precious an instrument in his hands, he continued to work without ceasing. At the dawn of day he replaced the stone, pushed his bed against the wall, and lay down. The breakfast consisted of a piece of bread; the gaoler entered and placed the bread on the table.

"You do not bring me another plate?" said Dantes.

"No," replied the turnkey, "you destroy everything; first you break your jug, then you make me break your plate; if all the prisoners followed your example the government would be ruined; I shall leave you the saucepan and pour your soup into that, so for the future I hope you will not be so destructive to your furniture."

Dantes felt more gratitude for the possession of this piece of iron than he had ever felt for anything; he had, however, remarked that the prisoner on the other side had ceased to labor.

All day he toiled on untiringly, and by the evening he had succeeded in extracting ten handfuls of plaster and fragments of stone.

When the hour for his gaoler's visit arrived, Dantes straightened the handle of the saucepan as well as he could and placed it in its accustomed place. The turnkey poured his ration of soup into it, together with the fish, for thrice a week the prisoners were made to abstain from meat; this would have been a method of reckoning time had not Dantes long ceased to do so.

Having poured out the soup, the turnkey retired.

Dantes toiled on all the night, without being discouraged; but after two or three hours he encountered an obstacle. The iron made no impression, but met with a smooth surface; he touched it, and found it was a beam. This beam crossed, or rather blocked up, the hole he had made. It was necessary, therefore, to dig above or under it.

The unhappy young man had not thought of this.

"Oh, my God! my God!" murmured he, "I have so earnestly prayed to you, that I hoped my prayers have been heard. After having deprived me of my liberty, after having deprived me of death, after having recalled me to existence, my God! have pity on me, and do not let me die in despair."

"Who talks of God and despair at the same time?" said a voice that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and, deadened by the distance, sounded hollow and sepulchral in the young man's ears.

Edmond's hair stood on end, and he rose on his knees.

"Ah!" said he, "I hear a human voice." He had not heard anyone speak save his gaoler for four or five years, and a gaoler is not a man to a prisoner, he is a living door added to his door of oak, a barrier of flesh and blood added to his barriers of iron.

"In the name of Heaven," cried Dantes, "speak again, though the sound of your voice terrifies me."

"Who are you?" said the voice.

"An unhappy prisoner," replied Dantes, who made no hesitation in answering. "A Frenchman called Edmond Dantes."

"Your profession?"

"A sailor."

"How long have you been here?"

"Since the 28th of February, 1815."

"Of what are you accused?"

"Of having conspired to aid the Emperor's return."

"How for the Emperor's return? The Emperor is no longer on the throne then?"

"He abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814, and was sent to the island of Elba; but how long have you been here that you are ignorant of all this?"

"Since 1811."

DANTES shuddered, this man had been four years longer than himself in prison.

"Do not dig any more," said the voice; "only tell me how high up is your excavation?"

"On a level with the floor."

"How is it concealed?"

"Behind my bed."

"Has your bed been moved since you have been a prisoner?"

"No."

"What does your chamber open on?"

"A corridor."

"And the corridor?"

"On a court."

"Alas!" murmured the voice.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Dantes.

"I am deceived, and the imperfection of my plans has ruined all. An error of a line in the plan has been equivalent to fifteen feet in reality, and I took the wall you are mining for the wall of the fortress."

"But then you were close to the sea?"

"That is what I hoped."

"And supposing you succeeded?"

"I should have thrown myself into the sea, gained one of the islands near here—the Isle de Daume or the Isle de Tiboulen, and then I was safe."

"Tell me, at least, who are you?"

"I am—I am Number 27."

"You mistrust me, then?" said Dantes.

He fancied he heard a bitter laugh proceed from the unknown.

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"Oh! I am a Christian," cried Dantes, guessing instinctively that this man meant to abandon him. "I swear to you by Him Who died for us that naught shall induce me to breathe one syllable to my gaolers, but I conjure you do not abandon me. If you do, I swear to you that I will dash my brains out against the wall, and you will have my death to reproach yourself with."

"How old are you? Your voice is that of a young man."

"I do not know my age, for I have not counted the years I have been here. All I know is that I was just nineteen when I was arrested the 28th of February, 1815."

"Not quite twenty-six!" murmured the voice; "at that age he cannot be a traitor."

"Oh! no, no!" cried Dantes, "I swear to you again, rather than betray you they shall hew me to pieces!"

"You have done well to speak to me, and entreat me, for I was about to form another plan, and leave you; but your age reassures me. I will not forget you; expect me."

"When?"

"I must calculate our chances; I will give you the signal."

"But you will not leave me; you will come to me, or you will let me come to you. We will escape, and if we cannot escape, we will talk, you of those whom you love, and I of those whom I love. You must love somebody?"

"No, I am alone in the world."

"Then you will love me. If you are young, I will be your comrade; if you are old, I will be you son. I have a father, who is seventy, if he yet lives; I only love him and a young girl called Mercedes. My father has not yet forgotten me, I am sure; but God alone knows if she loves me still; I shall love you as I loved my father."

"It is well," returned the voice; "to-morrow."

The night came; Dantes hoped that his neighbor would profit by the silence to address him, but he was mistaken. The next morning, however, just as he removed his bed from the wall, he heard three knocks; he threw himself on his knees.

"Is it you?" said he, "I am here."

"Is your gaoler gone?"

"Yes," said Dantes, "he will not return until the evening, so that we have twelve hours before us."

"I can work then?" said the voice.

"Oh! yes, yes, this instant, I entreat you."

A moment later the portion of the floor on which Dantes (half buried in the opening) was leaning his two hands gave way; he cast himself back, whilst a mass of stones and earth disappeared in a hole that opened beneath the aperture he himself had formed. Then from the bottom of this passage, the depth of which it was impossible to measure, he saw appear, first, the head, then the shoulders, and lastly the body of a man, who sprang lightly into his cell.

RUSHING towards the friend so long and ardently desired, Dantes almost carried him towards the window, in order to obtain a better view of his features by the aid of the imperfect light that struggled through the grating of the prison.

He was a man of small stature, with hair blanched rather by suffering and sorrow than years. A deep-set, penetrating eye, almost buried beneath the thick grey eyebrow, and a long (and still black) beard reaching down to his breast. The meagreness of his limbs, shrunken beneath their covering, joined to the bold outline of his strongly marked features, announced a man more accustomed to exercise his moral faculties than his physical strength. Large drops of perspiration were now standing on his brow, while his garments hung about him in such rags as to render it useless to form a guess as to their primitive description.

"Let us first see," said he, "whether it is possible to remove the traces of my entrance here—our future comfort depends upon our gaolers being entirely ignorant of it." Advancing to the opening, he stooped and raised the stone as easily as though it had not weighed an ounce; then fitting it into its place, he said:

"You removed this stone very carelessly; but I suppose you had no tools to aid you."

"Why!" exclaimed Dantes, with astonishment, "do you possess any?"

"I made myself some; and with the exception of a file, I have all that are necessary —a chisel, pincers, and lever; here is my chisel!"

So saying, he displayed a sharp strong blade, with a handle made of beech-wood.

"I made it with one of the clamps of my bedstead; and this very tool has sufficed to hollow out the road by which I came hither, a distance of at least fifty feet."

"Fifty feet!" re-echoed Dantes, with a species of terror.

"Do not speak so loud, young man!—don't speak so loud! It frequently occurs in a State prison like this that persons are stationed outside the doors of the cells purposely to overhear the conversation of the prisoners."

"And you say that you penetrated a length of fifty feet to arrive here?" Dantes asked in a lowered voice.

"I do! that is about the distance that separates your chamber from mine—only unfortunately I did not curve aright, for want of the necessary geometrical instruments to calculate my scale of proportion; instead of taking an ellipsis of forty feet, I have made fifty. I expected, as I told you, to reach the outer wall, pierce through it, and throw myself into the sea; I have, however, kept along the corridor on which your chamber opens, instead of going beneath it. My labor is all in vain, for I find that the corridor looks into a courtyard filled with soldiers."

"That's true," said Dantes; "but the corridor you speak of only bounds one side of my cell; there are three others—do you know anything of their situation?"

"This one is built against the solid rock, and it would take ten experienced miners, duly furnished with the requisite tools, as many years to perforate it;—this adjoins the lower part of the governor's apartments, and were we to work our way through, we should only get into some lock-up cellars, where we must necessarily be recaptured; the fourth and last side of your cell looks out—looks out—stop a minute, now where does it open to?"

The side which thus excited curiosity was the one where was fixed the loophole through which light was admitted into the chamber. This loophole gradually diminished as it approached the outside, until it ended in an opening through which a child could not have passed, and this was, for better security, furnished with three iron bars, so as to quiet all apprehensions even in the mind of the most suspicious gaoler as to the possibility of a prisoner's escape.

As the stranger finished his self-put question, he dragged the table beneath the window.

"Climb up," said he to Dantes. The young man obeyed, mounted on the table, and, divining the intentions of his companion, placed his back securely against the wall, and held out both hands. The stranger, whom as yet Dantes knew only by the number of his cell, sprang up with an agility by no means to be expected in a person of his years, and light and steady as the bound of a cat or a lizard, climbed from the table to the outstretched hands of Dantes, and from them to his shoulders; then, almost doubling himself in two, for the ceiling of the dungeon prevented his holding himself erect, he managed to slip his head through the top bar of the window, so as to be able to command a perfect view from top to bottom.

An instant afterwards he hastily drew back his head, saying, "I thought so!" and sliding from the shoulders of Dantes, as dexterously as he had ascended, he nimbly leapt from the table to the ground.

"What made you say those words?" asked the young man, in an anxious tone, in his turn descending from the table.

The elder prisoner appeared to meditate; "Yes," said he at length, "it is so. This side of your chamber looks out upon a kind of open gallery, where patrols are continually passing, and sentries keep watch day and night."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"CERTAIN. I saw the soldier's helmet and the top of his musket; that made me draw my head in so quickly for I was fearful he might also see me. Now you see the utter impossibility of escaping through your dungeon?"

"Then," pursued the young man eagerly

"Then," answered the elder prisoner, "the will of God be done!" and as he slowly pronounced those words an air of profound resignation spread itself over his care-worn countenance.

Dantes gazed on the individual who could thus philosophically resign hopes so long and ardently nourished with an astonishment mingled with admiration.

"Tell me, I entreat you, who, and what you are?" said he at length; "never have I met with so remarkable a person as yourself."

The stranger smiled a melancholy smile. "Then listen," said he; "I am the Abbe Faria, and have been imprisoned in this Chateau d'If since the year 1811; previously to which I had been confined for three years in the fortress of Fenestrelle. In the year 1811 I was transferred to Piedmont in France; I was very far then from expecting the change you have just informed me of, namely, that four years afterwards this colossus of power would be overthrown. Then who reigns in France at this moment? Napoleon II?"

"No, Louis XVIII! But why are you here?"

"Because in 1807 I meditated the very scheme Napoleon wishe to realise in 1811."

"Excuse my question," said Dantes, "but are you not the priest who is considered throughout the Chateau d'If—to—be—ill?"

"Mad, you mean, don't you?"

"I did not like to say so," answered Dantes, smiling.

"Well, then," resumed Faria, with a bitter smile, "let me answer your question in full, by acknowledging that I am the poor mad prisoner of the Chateau d'If, for many years permitted to amuse the different visitors to the prison with what is said to be my insanity."

Dantes remained for a short while mute and motionless; at length he said, "Then you abandon all hope of flight?"

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"I perceive its utter impossibility; and I consider it impious to attempt that which the Almighty evidently does not approve."

"Nay, be not discouraged. Would it not be expecting too much to hope to succeed at your first attempt? Why not try to find an opening in another direction from that which had so unfortunately failed?"

The abbe sank upon Edmond's bed, while Edmond himself remained standing, lost in a train of deep meditation.

The young man suddenly exclaimed. "I have found what you were in search of."

Faria started. "Have you, indeed?" cried he, raising his head with quick anxiety; "pray let me know what it is you have discovered."

"The corridor through which you have bored your way from the cell you occupy here extends in the same direction as the outer gallery. We must pierce through the corridor by forming a side opening about the middle, as it were the top part of a cross. This time you will lay your plans more accurately; we shall get out into the gallery you have described; kill the sentinel who guards it, and make our escape."

"One instant, my dear friend," replied the abbe; "I have thought it no sin to bore through a wall, or destroy a staircase, but I cannot so easily persuade myself to pierce a heart or take away a life."

A slight movement of surprise escaped Dantes. "Is it possible," said he, "that where your liberty is at stake you can allow any such scruple to deter you from obtaining it?"

"TELL me," replied Faria, "what has hindered you from knocking down your gaoler with a piece of wood torn from your bedstead, dressing yourself in his clothes, and endeavoring to escape?"

"Simply that I never thought of such a scheme," answered Dantes.

"Because," said the old man, "the natural repugnance to the commission of such a crime prevented its bare idea from occurring to you. Chance, however, frequently affords opportunities we should never ourselves have thought of. Let us, therefore, wait patiently for some favorable moment; rely upon it, you will not find me more backward than yourself in seizing it."

"Ah!" said Dantes, "you might well endure the tedious delay; you were constantly occupied in the task you set yourself, and when weary with toil, you had your hopes to refresh and encourage you."

"I assure you," replied the old man, "I did not turn to that source for recreation or support. I wrote or studied."

"Were you then permitted the use of pens, ink, and paper?"

"Oh, no!" answered the abbe; "I had none but what I made for myself. When you pay me a visit in my cell, I will show you an entire work, the fruits of the thoughts and reflections of my whole life; many of them meditated over in the ruins of the Coliseum of Rome, at the foot of St. Mark's Column at Venice, and on the borders of the Arno at Florence, little imagining at the time that they would be arranged in order within the walls of the Chateau d'If. The work I speak of is called 'A Treatise on the Practicability of forming Italy into one General Monarchy,' and will make one large quarto volume."

"And on what have you written all this?"

"On two of my shirts. I invented a preparation that makes linen as smooth and as easy to write on as parchment."

"But for such a work you must have needed books,—had you any?"

"I possessed nearly 5000 volumes in my library at Rome, but after reading them over many times, I found out that with 150 well-chosen books a man possesses a complete analysis of all human knowledge, or at least all that is either useful or desirable to be acquainted with. I devoted three years of my life to reading and studying these 150 volumes, till I knew them nearly by heart. So that since I have been in prison, a very slight effort of memory has enabled me to recall their contents as readily as though the pages were open before me. I could recite you the whole of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Titus Livius, Tacitus, Strada, Jornandes, Dante, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Spinosa, Machiavel, and Bossuet. Observe, I merely quote the important names and writers."

"You are, doubtless, acquainted with a variety of languages, so as to have been able to read all these?"

"Yes; I speak five of the modern tongues; that is to say, German, French, Italian, English, and Spanish; by the aid of ancient Greek I learned modern Greek—I don't speak it so well as I could wish, but I am still trying to improve myself."

"Improve yourself!" repeated Dantes; "how can you manage to do so?"

"Why, I made a vocabulary of the words I knew; turned, returned, and arranged them, so as to enable me to express my thoughts through their medium. I know nearly one thousand words, which is all that is absolutely necessary, although I believe there are nearly one hundred thousand in the dictionaries. I cannot hope to be very fluent, but I certainly should have no difficulty in explaining my wants and wishes; and that would be quite as much as I should ever require."

Stronger grew the wonder of Dantes, who almost fancied he had to do with one gifted with supernatural powers—still hoping to find some imperfection which might bring him down to a level with human beings, he added, "Then if you were not furnished with pens, how did you manage to write the work you speak of?"

"I made myself some excellent ones, which would be universally preferred to all others, if once known. You are aware what huge whitings are served to us on maigre days. Well, I selected the cartileges of the heads of these fishes, and you can scarcly imagine the delight with which I welcomed the arrival of each Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, as affording me the means of increasing my stock of pens; for I will freely confess that my historical labors have been my greatest solace and relief. While retracing the past, I forget the present; and while following the free and independent course of historical record, I cease to remember that I am myself immured within the gloomy walls of a dungeon."

"But the ink," said Dantes; "how have you procured that?"

"I will tell you," replied Faria; "there was formerly a fireplace in my dungeon, closed up long ere I became an occupant of this prison. Still it must have been many years in use, for it was thickly covered with a coating of soot; this soot I dissolved in a portion of the wine brought to me every Sunday; and I assure you a better ink cannot be desired; for very important notes, for which closer attention is required, I have pricked one of my fingers and written the facts claiming attention in blood."

"And when," asked Dantes, "will you show me all this?"

"Whenever you please," replied the abbe.

"Oh, then! let it be directly," exclaimed the young man.

"Follow me, then," said the abbe, as he re-entered the subterraneous passage, in which he soon disappeared, followed by Dantes.

AFTER having passed with tolerable ease through the subterranean passage, which, however, did not permit of their holding themselves erect, the two friends reached the farther end of the corridor, into which the cell of the abbe opened; from that point the opening became much narrower, barely permitting an individual to creep through on his hands and knees. The floor of the abbe's cell was paved, and it had been by raising one of the stones in the most obscure corner that Faria had been able to commence the laborious task of which Dantes had witnessed the completion.

The abbe proceeded to the disused fireplace, raised, by the help of his chisel, a long stone which had doubtless been the hearth, beneath which was a cavity of considerable depth, serving as a safe depository of the articles mentioned to Dantes.

He drew forth from its hiding-place three or four rolls of linen, laid one over the other, like the folds of papyrus found in mummy-cases; these rolls consisted of slips of cloth about four inches wide and eighteen long; they were all carefully numbered and closely covered with writing, so legible that Dantes could easily read it, as well as make out the sense—it being in Italian, a language he, as a Provencal, perfectly understood.

"There!" said he, "there is the work complete—I wrote the word finis at the end of the last page about a week ago. I have torn up two of my shirts, and as many handkerchiefs as I was master of, to complete the precious pages. Should I ever get out of prison, and find a printer courageous enough to publish what I have composed, my literary reputation is for ever secured."

"I see," answered Dantes. "Now let me behold the curious pens with which you have written your work."

"Look!" said Faria, showing to the young man a slender stick about six inches long, and much resembling the handle of a fine painting brush, to the end of which was tied by a piece of thread one of those cartilages of which the abbe had before spoken to Dantes—it was pointed, and divided at the nib like an ordinary pen.

Dantes examined it with intense admiration, then looked around to see the instrument with which it had been shaped so correctly into form.

"Ah, I see!" said Faria, "you are wondering where I found my penknife, are not you? Well, I must confess that I look upon that article of my ingenuity as the very perfection of all my handiwork. I made it, as well as this knife, out of an old iron candlestick."

The penknife was sharp and keen as a razor—as for the other knife, it possessed the double advantage of being capable of serving as a dagger also.

Dantes laid the different things he had been looking at gently on the table, and stood with his head drooping on his breast, as though overwhelmed by the persevering spirit and strength of character developed in each fresh trait of his new-found friend's conduct.

"You have not seen all yet," continued Faria, "for I did not think it wise to trust all my treasures in the same hiding-place;

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let us shut this one up, and then you shall see what else I have to display."

Behind the head of the bed, and concealed by a stone fitting in so closely as to defy all suspicion, was a hollow space, and in this space a ladder of cords between twenty-five and thirty feet in length.

Dantes closely and eagerly examined it —he found it firm, solid, and compact enough to bear any weight.

"Who supplied you with the materials for making this wonderful work?" asked Dantes.

"No one but myself. I tore up several of my shirts, and unravelled the sheets of my bed, during my three years' imprisonment at Fenestrelle; and when I was removed to the Chateau d'If, I managed to bring the ravellings with me, so that I have been able to finish my work here."

"And was it not discovered that your sheets were unhemmed?"

"Oh, no! for when I had taken out the thread I required, I hemmed the edges over again."

"With what?"

"With this needle!" said the abbe, as, opening his ragged vestments, he showed Dantes a long, sharp fish-bone; with a small perforated eye for the thread, a small portion of which still remained in it.

"Come," said the abbe, closing his hiding-place, and pushing the bed back to its original situation, "let me hear your story."

Dantes obeyed, and commenced what he called his history, which consisted only of the account of a voyage to India, and two or three in the Levant, until he arrived at the recital of his last cruise, with the death of Captain Leclere, and the receipt of a packet to be delivered by himself to the Grand Marechal; his interview with that personage and his receiving in place of the packet a letter addressed to M. Noirtier—his arrival at Marseilles and interview with his father—his affection for Mercedes and their nuptial fete—his arrest and subsequent examination in the temporary prison of the Palais de Justice, ending in his final imprisonment in the Chateau d'If. From the period of his arrival all was a blank to Dantes—he knew nothing, not even the length of time he had been imprisoned. His recital finished, the abbe reflected long and earnestly.

"Could anyone have had an interest in preventing you from being captain of the Pharaon?"

"I cannot believe such was the case. I was generally liked on board; and had the sailors possessed the right of selecting a captain themselves, I feel convinced their choice would have fallen on me. There was only one person among the crew who had any feeling of ill-will towards me. I had quarrel with him some time previously, and had even challenged him to fight, but he refused."

"What was this man's name?"

"Danglars."

"What rank did he hold on board?"

"He was supercargo."

"And had you been captain, should you have retained him in his employment?"

"Not if the choice had remained with me; for I had frequently observed inaccuracies in his accounts."

"Good again! Now then tell me was any person present during your last conversation with Captain Leclere?"

"No; we were quite alone."

"Could your conversation be overheard by anyone?"

"It might, for the cabin-door was open—and—stay; now I recollect—Danglars himself passed by just as Captain Leclere was giving me the packet for the Grand Marechal."

"That will do," cried the abbe; "now we are on the right scent."

"The thing is clear as day," continued the abbe, "and you must have had a very unsuspecting nature, as well as a good heart, not to have guessed the origin of the whole affair."

"Do you really think so? Ah, that would indeed be the treachery of a villain!"

"How did Danglars usually write?"

"Oh! extremely well."

"And how was the anonymous letter written?"

"All the wrong way— backwards, you know."

Again the abbe smiled. "In fact, it was a disguised hand? Now as regards the second question. Was there any person whose interest it was to prevent your marriage with Mercedes?"

"Yes, a young Catalan, called Fernand, who loved her?"

Was Danglars acquainted with Fernand?"

"NO—yes, he was. Now I recollect having seen them both sitting at table together beneath an arbor at Pere Pamphile the evening before the day fixed for my wedding. They were in earnest conversation. Danglars was joking in a friendly way, but Fernand looked pale and agitated."

"Were they alone?"

"There was a third person with them whom I knew perfectly well, and who had, in all probability, made their acquaintance, but he was quite intoxicated. Stay! — stay! How strange that it should not have occurred to me before! Now I remember quite well that on the table round which they were sitting were pens, ink, and paper. Oh! the heartless, treacherous scoundrels!" exclaimed Dantes, pressing his hand to his throbbing brows.

"Let us continue. In the first place, then, who examined you—the procureur du roi, his deputy, or a magistrate?"

"The deputy."

"You tell me he burnt the letter in your presence?"

"He did; saying at the same time, 'You see I thus destroy the only proof existing against you.'"

"To whom was this letter addressed?"

"To M. Noirtier, No. 13, Rue Coq-Heron, Paris."

"Now can you conceive any interest your heroic deputy procureur could possibly have had in the destruction of that letter?"

"Why, it is not altogether impossible he might have had, for he made me promise several times never to speak of that letter to anyone, assuring me he so advised me for my own interest; and, more than this, he insisted on my taking a solemn oath never to utter the name mentioned in the address."

"Noirtier!" repeated the abbe; "Noirtier; I knew a person of that name at the court of the Queen of Etruria—a Noirtier, who had been a Girondin during the revolution! What was your deputy called?"

"De Villefort!"

The abbe burst into a fit of laughter; while Dantes gazed on him in utter astonishment.

"Noirtier is no other than the father of your sympathetic deputy procureur."

At this instant a bright light shot through the mind of Dantes, and cleared up all that had been dark and obscure before. The change that had come over Villefort during the examination; the destruction of the letter, the exacted promise, the almost supplicating tones of the magistrate, who seemed rather to implore mercy than denounce punishment—all returned with a stunning force to his memory. A cry of mental agony escaped his lips, and he staggered against the wall almost like a drunken man, then, as the paroxysm passed away, he hurried to the opening conducting from the abbe's cell to his own, and said—

"I must be alone to think over all this."

When he regained his dungeon he threw himself on his bed, where the turnkey found him at his evening visit, sitting with fixed gaze and contracted features, still and motionless as a statue; but, during hours of deep meditation, which to him had seemed but as minutes, he had formed a fearful resolution; and bound himself to its fulfilment by a solemn oath.

Dantes was at length roused from his reverie by the voice of Faria, who, having also been visited by his gaoler, had come to invite his fellow-sufferer to share his supper.

Dantes' whole manner had changed with the revelation of the villainy of which he had been the victim. He was eager now to learn all that the abbe could teach him, so that if ever the chance of freedom came he could revenge himself.

He possessed a prodigious memory, combined with an astonishing quickness and readiness of conception; the mathematical turn of his mind rendered him apt at all kinds of calculation, while his naturally poetical feelings threw a light and pleasing veil over the dry reality of arithmetical computation, or the rigid severity of lines. He already knew Italian, and had also picked up a little of the Romaic dialect during his different voyages to the East, and by the aid of these two languages he easily comprehended the construction of all the others. He now besought the abbe to be his teacher, and set him tasks from day to day. The matter was undertaken seriously, and so many hours were regularly devoted to study. The time passed very quickly, and at the end of six months Dantes began to speak Spanish, English, and German.

It was not until a year later the abbe showed Dantes a new idea he had made for their escape; it consisted of a plan of his own cell and that of Dantes, with the corridor which united them. In this passage he proposed to form a tunnel, such as is employed in mines; this tunnel would conduct the two prisoners immediately beneath the gallery where the sentry kept watch; once there, a large excavation would be made, and one of the flagstones with which the gallery was paved be so completely loosened that at the desired moment it would give way beneath the soldier's feet, who, falling into the excavation below, would be immediately bound and gagged before he had power to offer any resistance. The prisoners were then to make their way through one of the gallery windows, and to let themselves down from the outer walls by means of the abbe's ladder of cords. The eyes of Dantes sparkled with joy, and he rubbed his hands with delight at the idea of a plan so simple, yet apparently so certain to succeed.

That very day the miners commenced their labors; and that with so much more vigor and alacrity, as they had a long rest from fatigue, and was destined, in all probability, to carry out the dearest wish of the heart of each.

Nothing interrupted the progress of their work except the necessity of returning to their respective cells before the hour their gaoler visited them; they had learned to distinguish the almost imperceptible sound of his footsteps, as he descended towards

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their dungeons, and by luck were always prepared for his coming.

The fresh earth excavated during their present work, which would have entirely blocked up the old passage, was thrown, by degrees, and with the utmost precaution, out of the window, in either Faria's or Dantes' cell, the rubbish being first pulverised so finely that the night-wind carried it far away without permitting the smallest trace to remain.

More than a year had been consumed in this undertaking; the only tools for which had been a chisel, a knife, and a wooden lever. Faria still continued to instruct Dantes by conversing with him, sometimes in one language, sometimes in another; at others relating to him the history of nations, and great men who from time to time have left behind them one of those bright tracks called glory.

AT the end of fifteen months the tunnel was made, and the excavation completed beneath the gallery, and the two workmen could distinctly hear the measured tread of the sentinel as he paced to and fro over their heads.

Compelled, as they were, to await a night sufficiently dark to favor their flight, they were obliged to defer their final attempt till that auspicious moment should arrive; their greatest dread now was lest the stone through which the sentry was doomed to fall should give way before its right time, and this they had in some measure provided against, by placing under it as a kind of prop a sort of bearer they had discovered among the foundations through which they had worked their way. Dantes was occupied in arranging this piece of wood when he heard Faria, who had remained in his cell for the purpose of cutting a peg to secure their rope ladder, call to him in accents of pain and suffering. Dantes hastened to his dungeon, where he found his friend standing in the middle of the room, pale as death, his forehead streaming with perspiration, and his hands clenched tightly together.

"Quick! quick!" said the abbe; "listen to what I have to say. All is over with me. I am seized with a terrible, perhaps mortal illness; I can feel that the paroxysm is fast approaching; I had a similar attack the year prior to my imprisonment. This malady admits but of one remedy; I will tell you what that is; go into my cell as quickly as you can—draw out one of the feet that support the bed, you will find it has been hollowed out for the purpose of containing a small phial you will see there, half-filled with a red-looking fluid, bring it to me—or rather—no, no!—I may be found here, therefore help me back to my room while I have any strength to drag myself along; who knows what may happen, or how long the fit may last?"

Spite of the magnitude of the misfortune which thus suddenly frustrated his hopes, Dantes did not lose his presence of mind, but descended into the corridor dragging his unfortunate companion with him; then, half carrying, half supporting him, he managed to reach the abbe's chamber, when he immediately laid the sufferer on his bed.

"Thanks!" said the poor abbe, shivering as though his veins were filled with ice. "Now that I am safely here, let me explain to you the nature of my attack, and the appearance it will present. I am seized with a fit of catalepsy; when it comes to its height, I may probably lie still and motionless as though dead, uttering neither sigh nor groan. On the other hand, the symptoms may be much more violent, and cause me to fall into fearful convulsions, cover my lips with foaming, and force from me the most piercing shrieks; this last evil you must carefully guard against, for, were my cries to be heard, it is more than probable I should be removed to another part of the prison, and we be separated for ever. When I become quite motionless, cold, and rigid as a corpse, then, and not before—you understand—force open my teeth with a chisel, pour from eight to ten drops of the liquor contained in the phial down my throat, and I may perhaps revive."

"Perhaps!" exclaimed Dantes, in grief-stricken tones.

"Help! help!" cried the abbe; "I—I—die—I——"

So sudden and violent was the fit that the unfortunate prisoner was unable to complete the sentence began: a violent convulsion shook his whole frame, his eyes started from their sockets, his mouth was drawn on one side, his cheeks became purple, he struggled, foamed, dashed himself about, and uttered the most dreadful cries, which, however, Dantes prevented from being heard by covering his head with the blanket; the fit lasted two hours, then, more helpless than an infant, and colder and paler than marble, more crushed and broken than a reed trampled underfoot, he stretched himself out as though in the agonies of death, and became of the ghastly hue of the tomb.

Edmond waited till life seemed extinct in the body of his friend; then taking up the chisel, he with difficulty forced open the closely fixed jaws, carefully poured the appointed number of drops down the rigid throat, and anxiously awaited the result.

An hour passed away without the old man's giving the least sign of returning animation; Dantes began to fear he had delayed too long ere he administered the remedy, and thrusting his hands into his hair, continued gazing on the lifeless features of his friend in an agony of despair. At length a slight color tinged the livid cheeks, consciousness returned to the dull open eyeballs; a faint sigh issued from the lips, and the sufferer made a feeble effort to move.

"He is saved!—he is saved!" cried Dantes, in a paroxysm of delight.

"My good Edmond," answered the abbe, "be not deceived. The attack which has just passed away condemns me for ever to the walls of a prison. None can fly from their dungeons but those who can walk."

"It is well," said Dantes. "And now hear my determination also." Then rising and extending his hand with an air of solemnity over the old man's head, he slowly added, "Here I swear to remain with you so long as life is spared to you, and that death only shall divide us."

Faria gazed fondly on his noble-minded but single-hearted young friend, and read in his honest open countenance ample confirmation of truthfulness, as well as sincere, affectionate, and faithful devotion.

"Thanks, my child," murmured the invalid, extending the one hand of which he still retained the use. "Thanks for your generous offer, which I accept as frankly as it is made."

When Dantes returned next morning to the chamber of his companion in captivity, he found Faria seated and looking composed. In the ray of light which entered by the narrow window of his cell he held open in his left hand, of which alone, it will be recollected, he retained the use, a morsel of paper, which, from being constantly rolled into a small compass, had the form of a cylinder, and was not easily kept open.

"This paper, my friend," said Faria, "I may now avow to you, since I have proved you—this paper is my treasure, of which, from this day forth, one-half belongs to you."

A cold damp started to Dantes' brow. Until this day—and what a space of time—he had avoided talking to the abbe of this treasure, the source whence accusation of madness against the poor abbe was derived. With his instinctive delicacy Edmond had preferred avoiding any touch on this painful chord, and Faria had been equally silent. He had taken the silence of the old man for a return to reason, and now these few words uttered by Faria, after so painful a crisis, seemed to announce a serious relapse of mental alienation.

"You persist in your incredulity, Edmond," continued Faria. "My words have not convinced you. I see you require proofs. Well, then, I will tell you a story I have never told to anyone. You know that I was the secretary and intimate friend of the Cardinal Spada, the last of the princes of that name. I owe to this worthy lord all the happiness I ever knew. He was not rich, although the wealth of his family had passed into a proverb, and I heard the phrase very often, 'As rich as a Spada.' But he, like public rumor, lived on this reputation for wealth; his palace was my paradise. I instructed his nephews, who are dead, and when he was alone in the world I returned to him, by an absolute devotion to his will, all he had done for me during ten years.

"An ancestor of his had died by treachery, and at his death his will consisted in this only, a scrap of paper on which he had written:

"'I bequeath to my beloved nephew my coffers, my books, and, among other, my breviary with the gold corners, which I beg he will preserve in remembrance of his affectionate uncle.'

"THE heirs sought everywhere, admired the breviary, laid hands on the furniture, and were greatly astonished that Spada, the rich man, was really the most miserable of uncles—no treasures—unless they were those of science, composed in the library and laboratories.

"The celebrated breviary remained in the family, and was in the cardinal's possession. It had been handed down from father to son, for the singular clause of the only will that had been found, had rendered it a real relic, preserved in the family with superstitious veneration. It was an illuminated book with beautiful Gothic characters, and so weighty with gold that a servant always carried it before the cardinal on days of great solemnity.

"I now come to the last of the family, Cardinal Spada, whose secretary I was. When he died, his library composed of 5000 volumes and his famous breviary were bequeathed to me.

"In 1807, a month before I was arrested, and fifteen days after the death of Comte de Spada, on the 25th of December (you will see presently how the date became fixed in my memory), I was reading, for the thousandth time, the papers I was arranging, for the palace was sold to a stranger; and I was going to leave Rome and settle at Florence, when I fell asleep. I awoke in darkness. I rang for a light, but as no one came, I determined to find one for myself. I took a wax-candle in one hand, and with the other groped about for a piece of paper (my matchbox being empty), with which I hoped to produce a light from the small flame still playing on the embers.

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Fearing, however, to make use of any valuable piece of paper, I hesitated for a moment, then recollected that I had seen in the famous breviary which was on the table beside me, an old paper quite yellow with age, which had served as a marker for centuries, kept there by the request of the heirs. I felt for it, found it, twisted it up together, and putting it to the expiring flame, set light to it.

"But beneath my fingers, as if by magic, in proportion as the fire ascended, I saw yellowish characters appear on the paper. I grasped it in my hand, put out the flame as quickly as I could, lighted my taper in the fire itself, nad opened the crumpled paper with inexpressible emotion, recognising, when I had done so, that these characters had been traced in mysterious and sympathetic ink, only appearing when exposed to the fire: nearly one-third of the paper had been consumed by the flame!"

He offered the paper to Dantes, who read the following words traced with an ink of a color which most nearly resembled rust:

"This 25th day of April, 1498, be . . .
Alexander VI. and fearing that not . . .
he may desire to become my heir, and re . . .
and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned . . .
my sole heir, that I have bu . . .
and has visited with me, that is in . . .
island of Monte-Cristo all I poss . . .
jewels, diamonds, gems, that I alone . . .
may amount to nearly two mil . . .
will find on raising the twentieth ro . . .
creek to the east in a right line. Two open . . .
in these caves: the treasure is in the furthest a . . .
which treasure I bequeath and leave en . . .
as my sole heir.
"25th April, 1494.
"Caes . . ."

"And now," said the abbe, "read this other paper"; and he presented to Dantes a second leaf with fragments of lines written on it, which Edmond read as follows:

"This 25th day of April, 1498, be . . .
. . . ing invited to dine by his Holiness
. . . content with making me pay for my hat
. . . serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara
. . . I declare to my nephew Guido Spada,
. . . ried in a place he knows
. . . the caves of the small
. . . essed of ingots, gold, money,
. . . know of the existence of this treasure, which
. . . lions of Roman crowns, and which he
. . . ck from the small
. . . ings have been made
. . . ngle in the second:
. . . tire to him
† AR SPADA."

Faria followed him with excited look.

"It is the declaration of Cardinal Spada, and the will so long sought for," exclaimed Edmond; "and who completed it as it now is?"

"I did. Aided by the remaining fragment I guessed the rest; measuring the length of the lines by those of the paper.

"I resolved to set out, and did set out that very instant, carrying with me the beginning of my great work on forming Italy into one kingdom; but for some time the infernal police had their eyes on me and my hasty departure aroused their suspicions. I was arrested at the very moment I was leaving Piombino.

"Now," continued Faria, addressing Dantes with an almost paternal expression—"now, my dear fellow, you know as much as I do myself. If we ever escape together, half this treasure is yours; if I die here and you escape alone, the whole belongs to you."

"But," inquired Dantes, hesitating, "has this treasure no more legitimate possessor in this world than ourselves?"

"No, no, be easy on that score; the family is extinct. The last Comte de Spada, moreover, made me his heir; bequeathing to me this symbolic breviary, he bequeathed to me all it contained: no, no, make your mind satisfied on that point. If we lay hands on this fortune, we may enjoy it without remorse."

"And you say this treasure amounts to —"

"Two millions of Roman crowns; nearly thirteen millions of our money."

"Impossible!" said Dantes, staggered at the enormous amount.

"You are my son, Dantes," exclaimed the old man. "You are the child of my captivity. My profession condemns me to celibacy. God has sent you to me to console, at one and the same time, the man who could not be a father, and the prisoner who could not get free."

And Faria extended the arm of which alone the use remained to him to the young man, who threw his own arms around his neck and wept bitterly.

THE abbe did not know the Isle of Monte-Cristo, but Dantes knew it, and had often passed it, situated twenty-five miles from Pianosa, between Corsica and the Isle of Elba, and he had once touched at it. This island was, always had been, and still is, completely deserted. It is a rock of almost conical form, which seems as though produced by some volcanic effort from the depth of the ocean.

Dantes traced a plan of the island to Faria, and Faria gave him advice as to the means he should employ to recover the treasure.

One night not long after, Edmond awoke suddenly, believing he heard someone calling him. He moved his bed, drew up the stone, rushed into the passage, and reached the opposite extremity; the secret entrance was open.

By the light of the wretched and wavering lamp, of which we have spoken, he saw the old man, pale, but yet erect, clinging to the bedstead. His features were writhing with those horrible symptoms which he already knew, and which had so seriously alarmed him when he saw them for the first time.

Dantes cried, "Oh! I have saved you once, and I will save you a second time!"

And raising the foot of the bed he drew out the phial, still a third filled with the red liquor.

"See!" he exclaimed, "there remains still some of this saving draught. Quick! quick! tell me what I must do this time—are there any fresh instructions? Speak, my friend, I listen."

"There is not a hope," replied Faria, shaking his head. "Monte-Cristo! forget not Monte-Cristo!"

And he fell back in his bed.

Dantes unclosed the teeth, which offered less resistance than before, counted one after the other twelve drops and watched.

Half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half elapsed, and during this time of anguish Edmond leaned over his friend, his hand applied to his heart, and felt the body gradually grow cold, and the heart's pulsation become more and more deep and dull, until at length all stopped; the last movement of the heart ceased, the face became livid, the eyes remained open, but the look was glazed. Faria was dead.

It was six o'clock in the morning, the dawn was just breaking, and its weak ray came into the dungeon and paled the ineffectual light of the lamp.

Dantes extinguished the lamp, carefully concealed it, and then went away, closing as well as he could the entrance to the secret passage by the large stone as he descended. It was time, for the gaoler was coming. On this occasion he began his rounds at Dantes' cell, and on leaving him he went on to Faria's dungeon.

Dantes was then seized with an indescribable desire to know what was going on in the dungeon of his unfortunate friend. He therefore returned by the subterranean gallery, and arrived in time to hear the exclamations of the turnkey, who called out for help.

Other turnkeys came, and then was heard the regular tramp of soldiers; behind them came the governor.

Edmond heard the noise of the bed on which they were moving the corpse, heard the voice of the governor, who desired them to throw water on the face, and seeing that in spite of this application the prisoner did not recover, sent for the doctor. Some words of pity fell on Dantes' listening ears, mingled with brutal laughter.

"Well! Well!" said one, "the madman has gone to look after his treasure. Good journey to him!"

"With all his millions he will not have enough to pay for his shroud!" said another.

"Oh!" added a third voice, "the shrouds of the Chateau d'If are not dear!"

"Perhaps," said one of the previous speakers, "as he was a churchman, they may go to some expense in his behalf."

"They may give him the honors of the sack."

"Yes, yes; make your mind easy; he shall be decently interred in the newest sack we can find."

"Will there be any mass?" asked one of the attendants.

"That is impossible," replied the governor. "The chaplain of the chateau came to me yesterday to beg for leave of absence in order to take a trip to Hyeres for a week. I told him I would attend to the prisoners in his absence. If the poor abbe had not been in such a hurry he might have had his requiem."

During this time the operation of putting the body in the sack was going on.

"This evening," said the governor when the task was ended.

"At what o'clock?" inquired the turnkey.

"Why, about ten or eleven o'clock."

Then the steps retreated, and the voices died away in the distance; the noise of the door with its creaking hinges and bolts ceased, and a silence duller than any solitude ensued, the silence of death, which pervaded all, and struck its icy chill through the young man's whole frame.

Dantes, quitting the passage, entered his friend's room.

On the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was visible a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which was stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria's last winding-sheet, a winding-sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little.

"I, too," said Dantes, "shall die in my dungeon like Faria."

As he said this, he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man struck with a sudden idea. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow, as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed. "Why not take the place of the dead?" he cried to himself.

Without giving himself time to reconsider

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his decision, and indeed that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and transported it along the gallery to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, passed round its head the rag he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes which glared horribly, turned his head towards the wall, so that the gaoler might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that he himself was there asleep, as was his frequent custom; returned along the gallery, threw the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags that the men might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth, and, getting into the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack inside.

THE beating of his heart might have been heard, if by any mischance the gaolers had entered at that moment.

If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs ere he would have worked his way through the soft soil, hoping that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support. If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then, so much the better, all would be over.

At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath, wishing at the same time he could have repressed in like manner the quick pulsation of his arteries.

They stopped at the door—there were two men apparently and Dantes guessed it was the two grave-diggers who came to seek him—this idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier. The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantes' eyes through the coarse sack that covered him, he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He's heavy though for an old and thin man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied his companion.

"What's the knot for?" thought Dantes.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch who went first, ascended the stairs.

Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dantes recognised the Mistral. It was a sensation at the same time full of delight and agony.

The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground.

Edmond heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the grave-digger, who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then."

And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, before going forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the Chateau is built, reached Dantes' ear distinctly as they progressed.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbe runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter.

Dantes did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them. "A little farther—a little farther," said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantes felt that they took him one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro.

"One!" said the grave-diggers. "Two! Three, and away!"

And at the same instant Dantes felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by some heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the time were a century. At last, with a terrific dash, he entered the ice-cold water, and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantes had been flung into the sea, and dragged into its depths by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet.

The sea is the Cemetery of Chateau d'If.

DANTES, although giddy, and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the shot, he felt it dragging him down still lower; he then bent his body, and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, whilst the shot bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantes merely paused to breathe, and then dived again in order to avoid being seen. When he rose a second time he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk.

It was necessary to strike out to sea; Ratonneau and Pomegue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Chateau d'If. But Ratonneau and Pomegue are inhabited, together with the isles of Daume; Tiboulen or Lemaire were the most secure. The isles of Tiboulen and Lemaire are a league from the Chateau d'If. Dantes, nevertheless, determined to make for them; but how could he find his way in the darkness of the night. At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the lighthouse of Planier.

By leaving this light on the right he kept the isle of Tiboulen a little on the left; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But as we have said, it was at least a league from the Chateau d'If to this island.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, clogged Dantes' efforts; he listened if any noise was audible; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the horizon, and strove to penetrate the darkness; every wave seemed a boat in his pursuit, and he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the Chateau, but the repetition of which weakened his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible Chateau had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he felt its presence. An hour passed, during which Dantes, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves.

"Let us see," said he, "I have swum above an hour; but as the wind is against me, that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the isle of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?"

A shudder passed over him. He sought to tread water in order to rest himself, but the sea was too violent, and he felt that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink"; and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee, his imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. Dantes put out his hand, and felt resistance; he then extended his leg and felt the land, and in an instant guessed the nature of the object he had taken for a cloud. Before him rose a mass of strangely-formed rocks, that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the isle of Tiboulen.

Dantes rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude, stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue.

At the expiration of an hour he was awakened by the roar of the thunder. An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter; and scarcely had he availed himself of it, when the tempest burst forth in all its fury.

As he rose, a flash of lightning, that seemed as if the whole of the heavens were opened, illumined the darkness. By its light, between the isle of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, he saw, like a spectre, a fishing boat driven rapidly on by the force of the winds and waves.

A second after he saw it again approaching nearer. He cried at the top of his voice to warn the men of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash showed him four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth clung to the broken rudder.

Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave way, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night like a vast sea bird. At the same moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress. Perched on the summit of the rock Dantes saw by the lightning the vessel in pieces; and among the fragments were visible the agonised features of the unhappy sailors. Then all became dark again.

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Dantes ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces; he listened, he strove to examine, but he heard and saw nothing—all human cries had ceased. The tempest alone continued to rage.

By degrees the wind abated; vast grey clouds rolled towards the west; and the blue firmament appeared studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon; the waves whitened, a light played over them, and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day.

As his eyes turned in the direction of the Chateau d'If, he saw at the extremity of the Isle of Pomegue, like a bird skimming over the sea, a small barque that the eye of a sailor alone could recognise as a Genoese tartane. She was coming out of Marseilles harbor, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving through the waves.

IN an instant Dantes plan was formed: He swam to where the cap of one of the dead sailors hung to a point of the rock, placed it on his head, seized one of the beams floating near, then struck out so as to cross the line the vessel was taking.

"I am saved," murmured he.

And this conviction restored his strength.

He soon perceived that the vessel, having the wind right ahead, was tacking between the Chateau d'If and the tower of Planier.

Although almost sure as to what course she would take, yet he watched her anxiously until she tacked and stood towards him. Then he advanced; but, before they had met, the vessel again changed her direction. By a violent effort he rose half out of the water, waving his cap, and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors. This time he was both seen and heard, and the tartane instantly steered towards him. He saw they were about to lower the boat. An instant after, the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly towards him. Dantes abandoned the beam, which he thought now useless, and swam vigorously to meet them. But he had reckoned too much upon his strength; his arms grew stiff, his legs had lost their flexibility, and he was almost breathless. He uttered a second cry. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them cried in Italian, "Courage!"

The word reached his ear as a wave, which he no longer had the strength to surmount, passed over his head. He rose again to the surface, supporting himself by one of those desperate efforts a drowning man makes, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sink again, as if the fatal shot were again tied to his feet. He felt someone seize him by the hair; but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes Dantes found himself on the deck of the tartane. His first care was to see what direction they were pursuing. They were rapidly leaving the Chateau d'If behind. Dantes was so exhausted that the exclamation of joy he uttered was mistaken for a sigh. He was lying on the deck, a sailor was rubbing his limbs with a woollen cloth; another, whom he recognised as the one who had cried out "Courage!" held a gourd full of rum to his mouth; whilst the third, an old sailor at once the pilot and captain, looked on with that egotistical pity men feel for a misfortune that they have escaped yesterday and which may overtake them to-morrow.

A few drops of the rum restored suspended animation, whilst the friction of his limbs restored their elasticity.

"Who are you?" said the pilot, in bad French.

"I am," replied Dantes, in bad Italian, "a Maltese sailor. We were coming from Syracuse laden with grain. The storm of last night overtook us at Cape Morgion, and we were wrecked on these rocks."

"Where do you come from?"

"From these rocks that I had the good luck to cling to whilst our captain and the rest of the crew were all lost. I saw your ship, and fearful of being left to perish on the desolate island, I swam off on a fragment of the vessel in order to try to gain your barque. You have saved my life, and I thank you," continued Dantes. "I was lost when one of your sailors caught hold of my hair."

"It was I," said a sailor, of a frank and manly appearance; "and it was time, for you were sinking."

"Yes," returned Dantes, holding out his hand, "I thank you again."

"Now what are we to do with you?" said the captain.

"Anything you please. My captain is dead; I have barely escaped; but I am a good sailor. Leave me at the first port you make; I shall be sure to find employment."

"Do you know the Mediterranean?"

"I have sailed over it since my childhood."

"You know the best harbors?"

"There are few ports that I could not enter or leave with my eyes blinded."

"I say, captain," said the sailor, who had cried "Courage!" to Dantes, "if what he says is true, what hinders his staying with us?"

"Where are you going to?" asked Dantes in his turn.

"To Leghorn."

"Then why, instead of tacking so frequently, do you not sail nearer the wind?"

"Because we should run straight on the island of Rion."

"You shall pass it by twenty fathoms."

"Take the helm, and let us see what you know."

The young man took the helm, ascertaining by a slight pressure if the vessel answered the rudder, and seeing that, without being a first-rate sailer, she yet was tolerably obedient—

"To the braces," said he.

The four seamen, who composed the crew, obeyed, whilst the pilot looked on.

"Haul taut."

They obeyed.

"Belay."

This order was also executed, and the vessel passed, as Dantes had predicted, twenty fathoms to the right.

"You see," said Dantes, quitting the helm, "I shall be of some use to you, at least, during the voyage. If you do not want me at Leghorn, you can leave me there, and I will pay you out of the first wages I get for my food and the clothes you lend me."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can agree very well if you are reasonable."

"Give me what you give the others, and all will be arranged," returned Dantes.

"That's not fair," said the seaman who had saved Dantes. "For you know more than we do."

"What is that to you, Jacopo?" returned the captain. "Everyone is free to ask what he pleases."

"That's true," replied Jacopo. "I only made a remark."

"Well, you would do much better to lend him a jacket and a pair of trousers if you have them."

"No," said Jacopo; "but I have a shirt and a pair of trousers."

"That is all I want," interrupted Dantes.

Jacopo dived into the hold, and soon returned with the articles of clothing.

"Now, then, do you wish for anything else?" said the captain.

"A piece of bread and another glass of the capital rum I tasted, for I have not eaten or drunk for a long time."

He had not tasted food for forty hours.

A piece of bread was brought, and Jacopo offered him the gourd.

"Larboard your helm," cried the captain to the steersman.

Dantes glanced to the same side as he lifted the gourd to his mouth; but his hand stopped.

"Halloa! What's the matter at the Chateau d'If," said the captain. A small white cloud, which had attracted Dantes' attention, crowned the summit of the bastion of the Chateau d'If. At the same moment the faint report of a gun was heard. The sailors looked at one another.

"A prisoner has escaped from the Chateau d'If, and they are firing the alarm gun," said Dantes calmly.

The captain glanced at him, but he had lifted the rum to his lips, and was drinking it with so much composure, that his suspicions, if he had any, died away.

"I have been so frightened last night," continued Dantes, smiling, "that I have almost lost my memory. I ask you what year it is?"

"The year 1829," returned Jacopo.

It was fourteen years day for day since Dantes' arrest. He was nineteen when he entered the Chateau d'If; he was thirty-three when he escaped.

A sorrowful smile passed over his face, he asked himself what had become of Mercedes, who must believe him dead. Then his eyes lighted up with hatred as he thought of the three men who had caused him so long and wretched a captivity. He renewed against Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort, the oath of implacable vengeance he had made in his dungeon.

THIS oath was no longer a vain menace, for the fastest sailer in the Mediterranean would have been unable to overtake the little tartane, that with every stitch of canvas set was flying before the wind to Leghorn.

Dantes had entered the Chateau d'If with the round, open smiling face of a young and happy man, with whom the early paths of life have been smooth.

Edmond smiled when he beheld himself first in a glass after this lapse of years; it was impossible that his best friend—if, indeed, he had any friend left—could recognise him; he could not recognise himself.

La Jeune Amelie had a very active crew, very obedient to their captain, who lost as little time as possible. He had scarcely been a week at Leghorn before the hold of his vessel was filled with painted muslins, prohibited cottons, English powder, and tobacco on which the crown had forgotten to put its mark. The master was to get all this out of Leghorn free of duties, and land it on the shores of Corsica, where certain speculators undertook to forward the cargo to France.

They sailed; Edmond was again cleaving the azure sea which had been the first horizon of his youth.

The next morning going on deck, which he always did at an early hour, he leaned against the bulwarks gazing with intense earnestness at a pile of granite rocks, which the rising sun tinged with rosy light. It was the Isle of Monte-Cristo.

La Jeune Amelie left it three-quarters of a league to the larboard, and kept on for Corsica.

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Two months and a half elapsed in these trips, and Edmond had become as skilful a coaster as he had been a hardy seaman; he had formed an acquaintance with all the smugglers on the coast, and learned the masonic signs by which these half pirates recognise each other. He had passed and repassed his isle of Monte-Cristo twenty times, but not once had found an opportunity of landing there.

He then formed a resolution. This was, as soon as his engagement with the patron of La Jeune Amelie ended, he would hire a small barque on his own account (for in his several voyages he had amassed a hundred piastres), and under some pretext land at the isle of Monte-Cristo.

But in vain did he rack his imagination; fertile as it was, he could not devise any plan for reaching the wished-for isle without being accompanied.

Dantes was tossed about on these doubts and wishes, when the patron who had great confidence in him, and was very desirous of retaining him in his service, took him by the arm one evening, and led him to a tavern on the Via del'Oglio, where the leading smugglers of Leghorn used to congregate.

It was here they discussed the affairs of the coast.

This time it was a great matter that was under discussion, connected with a vessel laden with Turkey carpets, stuffs of the Levant, and cashmeres. It was requisite to find some neutral ground on which an exchange could be made, and then to try to land these goods on the coast of France. If successful the profit would be enormous, there would be a gain of fifty or sixty piastres each for the crew.

The patron of La Jeune Amelie proposed as a place of landing the isle of Monte-Cristo, which was completely deserted.

At the mention of Monte-Cristo Dantes started with joy, he rose to conceal his emotion, and took a turn round the smoky tavern, where all the languages of the known world were jumbled in a lingua franca. When he again joined the two persons who had been discussing this momentous question, it had been decided that they should touch at Monte-Cristo, and set out on the following night.

At seven o'clock in the evening all was ready, and at ten minutes past seven they doubled the lighthouse just as the beacon was kindled.

The sea was calm, and with a fresh breeze from the south-east they sailed beneath a bright blue sky, in which God also lighted up in turn his beacon lights, each of which is a world.

As they drew near Monte-Cristo, Dantes gazed most earnestly at the mass of rocks which gave out all the variety of twilight colors, from the brightest pink to the deepest blue, and from time to time his cheeks flushed, his brow became purple, and a mist passed over his eyes. Night came, and at ten o'clock p.m. they anchored. La Jeune Amelie was the first at the rendezvous.

In spite of his usual command over himself, Dantes could not restrain his impetuosity. He was the first who jumped on shore.

He questioned Jacopo. "Where shall we pass the night?" he inquired.

"Why, on board the tartane," replied the sailor.

"Should we not be better in the grottoes?"

"What grottoes?"

"Why the grottoes—caves of the island."

"I do not know of any grottoes," replied Jacopo.

A cold damp sprang to Dantes' brow.

"What! Are there no grottoes at Monte-Cristo?"

"None."

For a moment Dantes was speechless, then he remembered that these caves might have been filled up by some accident, or even stopped up for the sake of greater security by Cardinal Spada.

The point was then to discover the last opening. It was useless to search at night, and Dantes therefore delayed all investigation until the morning.

No one had the slightest suspicion; and when next day, taking a fowling-piece, powder, and shot, Dantes testified a desire to go and kill some of the wold goats that were seen springing from rock to rock, his wish was construed into a love of sport or a desire for solitude. However, Jacopo insisted on following him, and Dantes did not oppose this, fearing if he did so that he might incur distrust. Scarcely, however, had he gone a quarter of a league than, having killed a kid, he begged Jacopo to take it to his comrades and request them to cook it, and when ready to let him know by firing a gun. This, and some dried fruits, and a flask of the wine of Monte Pulciano, was the bill of fare.

DANTES went forward, looking behind and round about him from time to time. Having reached the summit of a rock, he saw, a thousand feet beneath him, his companions, whom Jacopo had rejoined, who were all busy preparing the repast which Edmond's skill as a marksman had augmented with a capital dish.

He looked at them for a moment with the sad and soft smile of a man superior to his fellows.

Meanwhile, by a way between two walls of rock, following a path worn by a torrent, which, in all human probability, human foot had never before trod, Dantes approached the spot where he supposed the grottoes must have existed. Keeping along the coast, and examining the smallest object with serious attention, he thought he could trace on certain rocks marks made by the hand of man.

Time, which encrusts all physical substances with its mossy mantle, as it invests all things moral with its mantle of forgetfulness, seemed to have respected these signs, traced with a certain regularity, and probably with the design of leaving traces. Occasionally these marks disappeared beneath tufts of myrtle, which spread into large bushes laden with blossoms, or beneath parasitical lichen. It was thus requisite that Dantes should move branches on one side, or remove the mosses in order to retrace the indicating marks which were to be his guides in this labyrinth. These signs had renewed the best hopes in his mind. Why should it not have been the Cardinal who had first traced them, in order that they might, in the event of a catastrophe which he could not forsee would have been so complete, serve as a guide for his nephew? This solitary place was precisely suited for a man desirous of burying a treasure. Only, might not these betraying marks have attracted other eyes than those for whom they were made, and had the dark and wondrous isle indeed faithfully guarded its precious secret?

It seemed, however, to Dantes, who was hidden from his comrades by the inequalities of the ground, that at sixty paces from the harbor the marks ceased; nor did they terminate at any grotto. A large round rock, placed solidly on its base, was the only spot to which they seemed to lead. He reflected that perhaps instead of having reached the end he might have only touched on the beginning, and he therefore turned round and retraced his steps.

During this time his comrades had prepared the repast, had got some water from a spring, spread out the fruit and bread, and cooked the kid. Just at the moment when they were taking the dainty animal from the spit, they saw Dantes, who, light and daring as a chamois, was springing from rock to rock, and they fired the signal agreed upon. The sportsman instantly changed his direction, and ran quickly towards them. But at the moment when they were all following with their eyes his agile bounds, Dantes' foot slipped, and they saw him stagger on the edge of a rock and disappear. They all rushed towards him, but Jacopo reached him first.

He found Dantes stretched bleeding and almost senseless. He had rolled down a height of twelve or fifteen feet. They poured some drops of rum down his throat. Dantes opened his eyes, complained of a great pain in his knee, a feeling of heaviness in his head, and severe pains in his loins. They wished to carry him to the shore, but when they touched him, although under Jacopo's directions, he declared, with heavy groans, that he could not bear to be moved.

"He has broken his ribs," said the commander, in a low voice. "No matter; he is an excellent fellow, and we must not leave him. We will try to carry him on board the tartane."

Dantes declared, however, that he would rather die where he was than undergo the agony caused by the slightest movement he made.

"Well," said the captain, "let what may happen, it shall never be said that we deserted a good comrade like you. We will not go till evening."

"No, no," said Dantes, "I was awkward, and it is just that I pay the penalty of my clumsiness. Leave me a small supply of biscuit, a gun, powder, and balls, to kill the kids, or defend myself at need, and a pickaxe to build me something like a shed if you delay in coming back for me."

"We shall be absent at least a week," said the patron, "and then we must run out of our course to come here and take you up again."

"Why," said Dantes, "if in two or three days you hail any fishing-boat, desire them to come here to me. I will pay twenty-five piastres for my passage back to Leghorn. If you do not come across one return for me."

The master shook his head.

"Listen, Captain Baldi; there's one way of settling this," said Jacopo. "Do you go, and I will stay and take care of the wounded man."

"And give up your share of the venture," said Dantes, "to remain with me?"

"Yes," said Jacopo, "and without any hesitation."

"You are a good fellow and a kind-hearted messmate," replied Dantes, "and heaven will recompense you for your generous intentions; but I do not wish anyone to stay with me. A day or two's rest will set me up, and I hope I shall find among the rocks certain herbs most excellent for contusions."

It took some time to persuade them that he really meant what he said, but at length they agreed to go as arranged.

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However, they did not set sail without turning about several times, and each time making signs of a cordial leave-taking, to which Edmond replied with his hand only, as if he could not move the rest of his body.

Then, when they had disappeared, he said with a smile—

"'Tis strange that it should be among such men that we find proofs of friendship and devotion."

He dragged himself cautiously to the top of a rock, from which he had a full view of the sea, and thence he saw the tartane complete her preparations for sailing, weigh anchor, and, balancing herself as gracefully as a water-fowl ere it takes to the wing, set sail. At the end of an hour she was completely out of sight; at least it was impossible for the wounded man to see her any longer from the spot where he was.

THEN Dantes rose more agile and light than the kid among the myrtles and shrubs of these wild rocks, took his gun in one hand, his pickaxe in the other, and hastened towards the rock on which the marks he had noted terminated.

"And now," he exclaimed, remembering the tale of the Arabian fisherman, which Faria had related to him—"now open sesame!"

The rock, shaken by the explosion of gunpowder Dantes put under it, tottered on its base as Dantes redoubled his efforts. He seemed like one of the ancient Titans, whose strength was far above that of mortal men. The rock yielded, rolled, bounded and finally disappeared in the ocean.

On the spot it had occupied was visible a circular place, with an iron ring let into a square flag-stone. Dantes uttered a cry of joy and surprise; never had a first attempt been crowned with more perfect success. He would fain have continued, but his knees trembled, his heart beat so violently, and his eyes became so dim, that he was forced to pause. This feeling lasted but for a moment. Then he inserted his lever in the ring, and, exerting all his strength, the flag-stone yielded, and disclosed a kind of stair that descended until it was lost in the obscurity of a subterranean grotto. Anyone else would have rushed on with a cry of joy. Dantes turned pale, hesitated, and reflected.

Then he descended, a smile on his lips, and murmuring that last word of human philosophy, "perhaps!" But instead of the darkness, and the thick and mephitic atmosphere he had expected to find, he saw a dim and bluish light, which, as well as the air, entered, not merely by the aperture he had just formed, but by the interstices and crevices of the rock, which were visible from without, and through which he could distinguish the blue sky and the waving branches of the evergreen oaks, and the tendrils of the creepers that grew from the rocks.

After having stood a few minutes in the cavern, the atmosphere of which was rather warm than damp, Dantes' eye, habituated as it was to darkness, could pierce even to the remotest angles of the cavern, which was of granite that sparkled like diamonds.

He recalled to memory the will which he knew by heart: "In the farthest angle of the second opening," were the cardinal's words. He had only found the first grotto, he had now to seek the second. Dantes commenced his search. He reflected that this second grotto must, doubtless, penetrate deeper into the isle; he examined the stones, and sounded one part of the wall where he fancid the opening existed, masked for precaution's sake. The pickaxe sounded for a moment with a dull sound that covered his forehead with large drops of perspiration. At last it seemed to him that one part of the wall gave forth a more hollow and deeper echo; he eagerly advanced, and with the quickness of perception that no one but a prisoner possesses, saw that it was there, in all probability, the opening must be.

He again struck it, and with greater force. A species of stucco fell to the ground in flakes, exposing a large white stone. The aperture of the rock had been closed with stones, then this stucco had been applied, and painted to imitate granite.

Dantes struck with the sharp end of his pickaxe, which entered some way between the interstices of the stone. It was there he must dig. But by some strange phenomenon in proportion as the proofs that Faria had not been deceived became stronger, so did his heart give way, and a feeling of discouragement steal over him. This last proof, instead of giving him fresh strength, deprived him of it; the pickaxe descended, or rather fell; he placed it on the ground, passed his hand over his brow, and remounted the stairs, alleging to himself as an excuse a desire to be assured that no one was watching him, but in reality because he felt he was ready to faint. The isle was deserted, and the sun seemed to cover it with its fiery glance; afar off a few small fishing-boats studded the bosom of the blue ocean.

Dantes had tasted nothing, but he thought not of hunger at such a moment; he hastily swallowed a few drops of rum, and again entered the cavern. The pickaxe that had seemed so heavy was now like a feather in his grasp; he seized it and again attacked the wall.

After several blows he perceived that the stones were not cemented, but merely placed one upon the other, and covered with stucco; he inserted the point of his pickaxe, and using the handle as a lever, soon saw with joy the stone turn, as if on hinges, and fall at his feet. He had nothing more to do now but with the iron tooth of the pickaxe to draw the stones towards him one by one.

At last, after fresh hesitation, Dantes entered the second grotto, which was lower and more gloomy than the former; the air that could only enter by the newly-formed opening had that mephitic smell Dantes was surprised not to find in the first. He waited in order to allow pure air to displace the foul atmosphere, and then entered. At the left of the opening was a dark and deep angle.

The treasure, if it existed, was buried in this corner. The time had at length arrived; two feet of earth removed, and Dantes' fate would be decided. He advanced towards the angle, and summoning all his resolution attacked the ground with the pickaxe. At the fifth or sixth blow the pickaxe struck against an iron substance. Never did funeral knell, never did alarm-bell produce a greater effect on the hearer. Had Dantes found nothing, he could not have become more ghastly pale. He again struck his pickaxe into the earth, and encountered the same resistance, but not the same sound.

"It is a casket of wood bound with iron," thought he.

At this moment a shadow passed rapidly before the opening; Dantes seized his gun, sprang through the opening, and mounted the stair. A wild goat had passed before the mouth of the cave, and was feeding at a little distance.

This would have been a favorable occasion to secure his dinner; but Dantes feared lest the report of his gun should attract attention.

He reflected an instant, cut a branch of a resinous tree, lighted it at the fire at which the smugglers had prepared their breakfast, and descended with this torch. He wished to see all. He approached the hole he had formed, with the torch, and saw that his pickaxe had in reality struck against iron and wood. He planted his torch in the ground and resumed his labor. In an instant a space three feet long by two feet broad was cleared, and Dantes could see an oaken coffer bound with cut steel; in the midst of the lid he saw engraved on a silver plate, which was still untarnished, the arms of the Spada family, viz., a sword pale on an oval shield, like all the Italian armorial bearings, and surmounted by a cardinal's hat; Dantes easily recognised them; Faria had so often drawn them for him. There was no longer any doubt, the treasure was there; no one would have been at such pains to conceal an empty casket.

In an instant he had cleared every obstacle away, and he saw successively the lock, placed between two padlocks, and the two handles at each end, all carved as things were carved at that epoch, when art rendered the commonest metals precious. Dantes seized the handles, and strove to lift the coffer; it was impossible. He sought to open it; lock and padlock were closed; these faithful guardians seemed unwilling to surrender their trust. Dantes inserted the sharp end of the pickaxe between the coffer and the lid, and pressing with all his force on the handle burst open the fastenings. The hinges yielded in their turn and fell, still holding in their grasp fragments of the planks, and all was open.

A vertigo seized Edmond; he cocked his gun and laid it beside him. He then closed his eyes as children do, then he opened them, and stood motionless with amazement.

THREE compartments divided the coffer. In the first, blazed piles of golden coin. In the second, bars of unpolished gold were ranged. In the third were piles of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, which, as they fell on one another, sounded like hail against glass.

After having touched, felt, and examined these treasures, Edmond rushed through the caverns like a man seized with frenzy; he leapt on a rock, from whence he could behold the sea. He was alone. Alone with these countless, these unheard-of treasures! Was he awake, or was it but a dream?

He would fain have gazed upon his gold, and yet he had not strength enough; for an instant he leaned his head in his hands as if to prevent his senses from leaving him, and then rushed madly about the rocks of Monte-Cristo, terrifying the wild goats and scaring the sea-fowls with his wild cries and gestures; at last he returned, and still unable to believe the evidence of his senses, rushed into the grotto, and found himself before this mine of gold and jewels. This time he fell on his knees, and, clasping his hands convulsively, uttered a prayer intelligible to God alone.

He then set himself to work to count his fortune. There were a thousand ingots of gold, each weighing from two to three pounds; then he piled up twenty-five thousand crowns, each worth about four pounds sterling of our money, and bearing the effigies of Alexander VI, and his predecessors; and he saw that the compartment was not half empty.

And he measured ten double handsful of precious stones, many of which, mounted by the most famous workmen, were valuable for their execution. Dantes saw the light gradually disappear; and fearing to be surprised in the cavern, left it, his gun in his

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hand. A piece of biscuit and a small quantity of rum formed his supper, and he snatched a few hours' sleep, lying over the mouth of the cave.

This night was one of those delicious and yet terrible ones, of which he had already passed two or three in his lifetime.

Daylight, for which Dantes had so eagerly and impatiently waited, again dawned upon the desert shores of Monte-Cristo. With the first dawn of day he resumed his researches. Again he climbed the rocky height he had ascended the previous evening, and strained his view to catch every peculiarity of the landscape; but it wore the same wild barren aspect when seen by the rays of the morning sun which it had done when surveyed by the fading glimmer of eve. Returning to the entrance of the cave, he raised the stone that covered it; and descending to the place that contained the treasure filled his pockets with precious stones, put the box together as well and securely as he could, sprinkled fresh sand over the spot from which it had been taken, and then carefully trod down the ground to give it everywhere a similar appearance; quitting the grotto, he replaced the stone, heaping on it broken masses of rocks and rough fragments of crumbling granite, filling the interstices with earth, into which was skilfully mingled a quantity of rapidly growing plants, such as the wild myrtle, and flowering thorn; carefully watering these new plantations, he scrupulously effaced every trace of footmark, leaving the approach to the cavern as savage-looking and untrodden as he had found it. This done, he impatiently awaited the return of his companions. To wait at Monte-Cristo for the purpose of watching over the almost incalculable riches that had thus fallen into his possession satisfied not the cravings of his heart, which yearned to return to dwell among mankind, and to assume the rank, power, and influence unbounded wealth alone can bestow.

On the sixth day the smugglers returned. From a distance Dantes recognised the cut and manner of sailing of La Jeune Amelie, and dragging himself with affected difficulty towards the landing-place, he met his companions with an assurance that, although considerably better than when they quitted him, he still suffered acutely from his late accident. He then inquired how they had fared in their trip.

To this question the smugglers replied that, although successful in landing their cargo in safety, they had scarcely done so when they received intelligence that a guardship had just quitted the port of Toulon, and was crowding all sail towards them; this obliged them to make all the speed they could to evade the enemy; when they lamented the absence of Dantes, whose superior skill in the management of a vessel would have availed them so materially. In fact, the chasing vessel had almost overtaken them, when, fortunately, night came on and enabled them to double the Cape of Corsica, and so elude all further pursuit.

Upon the whole, however, the trip had been sufficiently successful to satisfy all concerned; while the crew, and particularly Jacopo, expressed great regrets at Dantes not having been an equal sharer with themselves in the profits, amounting to no less a sum than fifty piastres each.

Edmond preserved the most admirable self-command, not suffering the faintest indication of a smile to escape him at the enumeration of all the benefits he would have reaped had he been able to quit the isle; but as La Jeune Amelie had merely come to Monte-Cristo to fetch him away, he embarked that same evening, and proceeded with the captain to Leghorn. Arrived at Leghorn, he repaired to the house of a Jew, a dealer in precious stones, to whom he disposed of four of his smallest diamonds for five thousand francs each.

Dantes half feared that such valuable jewels in the hands of a poor sailor like himself might excite suspicion; but the cunning purchaser asked no troublesome questions concerning a bargain by which he gained at least four thousand francs.

The following day Dantes presented Jacopo with an entirely new vessel, accompanying the gift by a donation of one hundred piastres, that he might provide himself with a suitable crew and other requisites for his outfit, upon conditions of his going direct to Marseilles, for the purpose of inquiring after an old man named Louis Dantes, residing in the Allees de Meillan, and also a young female called Mercedes, an inhabitant of the Catalan village.

JACOPO could scarcely believe his senses at receiving this munificent present, which Dantes hastened to account for by saying that he had merely been a sailor from whim, and a desire to spite his friends, who did not allow him as much money as he liked to spend; but that on his arrival at Leghorn he had come into possession of a large fortune, left him by an uncle, whose sole heir he was. The superior education of Dantes gave an air of such probability to this statement that it never once occurred to Jacopo to doubt its accuracy.

The term for which Edmond had engaged to serve on board La Jeune Amelie having expired, Dantes took leave of the captain, who at first tried all his powers of persuasion to induce him to remain one of the crew, but after having been told the history of the legacy ceased to importune him further. The succeeding morning Jacopo set sail for Marseilles, with directions from Dantes to rejoin him at the island of Monte-Cristo.

Having seen Jacopo fairly out of the harbor, Dantes proceeded to make his final adieux on board La Jeune Amelie distributing so liberal a gratuity among her crew as procured him unanimous good wishes, and expressions of cordial interest in all that concerned him; to the captain he promised to write when he had made up his mind as to his future plans; this leave-taking over, Dantes departed for Genoa. At the moment of his arrival a small yacht was being tried in the bay; this yacht had been built by order of an Englishman, who, having heard that the Genoese excelled all other builders along the shores of the Mediterranean in the construction of fast-sailing vessels, was desirous of possessing a specimen of their skill; the price agreed upon between the Englishman and Genoese builder was forty thousand francs.

Dantes, struck with the beauty and capability of the little vessel, applied to its owner to transfer it to him, offering sixty thousand francs, upon condition of being allowed to take immediate possession of it; the proposal was too advantageous to be refused; the more so, as the person for whom the yacht was intended had gone upon a tour through Switzerland, and was not expected back in less than three weeks or a month, by which time the builder reckoned upon being able to complete another.

A bargain was therefore struck. Dantes led the owner of the yacht to the dwelling of a Jew, retired with the latter individual for a few minutes to a small back parlor, and upon their return from thence the Jew counted out to the shipbuilder the sum of sixty thousand francs in bright golden money.

The delighted builder than offered his services in providing a suitable crew for the little vessel, but this Dantes declined, with many thanks, saying he was accustomed to cruise about quite alone, and his principal pleasure consisted in managing his yacht himself; the only thing the builder could oblige him in would be to contrive, a sort of secret closet in the cabin at his bed's head the closet to contain three divisions, so constructed as to be concealed from all but himself. The builder cheerfully undertook the commission, and promised to have these secret places completed by the next day, Dantes furnishing the size and plan upon which he desired they should be arranged.

The following day Dantes sailed with his yacht from the port of Genoa, amid the gaze of an immense crowd drawn together by curiosity to see the rich Spanish nobleman who preferred managing his vessel himself; but their wonder was soon exchanged for admiration at the perfect skill with which Dantes handled the helm, and without quitting it, making his little vessel perform every movement he chose to direct; his barque seemed indeed all but human in her intelligence, so promptly did she obey the slightest impulse given; and Dantes required but a short trial of his beautiful craft to acknowledge that it was not without truth the Genoese had attained their high reputation in the art of shipbuilding.

The spectators followed the little vessel with their eyes so long as it remained visible; they then turned their conjectures upon her probable destination; some insisted she was making for Corsica, others the Isle of Elba; bets were offered to any amount that she was bound for Spain; while Africa was positively reported by many persons as her intended course, but no one thought of Monte-Cristo.

Yet, thither it was that Dantes guided his vessel, and at Monte-Cristo he arrived at the close of the second day; his barque having proved herself a first-class sailer, and had come the distance from Genoa in thirty-five hours. Dantes had carefully noted the general appearance of the shore, and instead of landing at the usual place, he dropped anchor in the little creek.

The isle was utterly deserted, nor did it seem as though human foot had trodden on it since he quitted it; his treasure was just as he had left it.

Early on the following morning he commenced the removal of his riches, and ere nightfall the whole of his immense wealth was safely deposited in the secret compartments of his hidden closet.

A week passed by. Dantes employed it in manoeuvring his yacht round the island, studying it as a skilful horseman would the animal he destined for some important service, till at the end of that time he was perfectly conversant with its good and bad qualities.

Upon the eighth day of his being on the island, he discerned a small vessel crowding all sail towards Monte-Cristo. As it neared, he recognised it as the barque he had given to Jacopo; he immediately signalled it; his signal was returned, and in two hours afterwards the barque lay at anchor beside the yacht.

A mournful answer awaited each of Edmond's eager inquiries as to the information Jacopo had obtained.

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Old Dantes was dead, and Mercedes had disappeared.

Dantes listened to these melancholy tidings with outward calmness; but leaping lightly ashore, he signified his desire to be quite alone. In a couple of hours he returned. Two of the men from Jacopo's barque came on board the yacht to assist in navigating it, and he commanded she should be steered direct to Marseilles.

For his father's death, he was in some manner prepared; but how to account for the mysterious disappearance of Mercedes he knew not.

Without divulging his secret, Dantes could not give sufficiently clear instructions to an agent—there were, besides, other particulars he was desirous of ascertaining, and those were of a nature he alone could investigate in a manner satisfactory to himself. His looking-glass had assured him during his stay at Leghorn that he ran no risk of recognition; added to which, he had now the means of adopting any disguise he thought proper. One fine morning, then, his yacht, followed by the little barque, boldly entered the port of Marseilles, and anchored exactly opposite the memorable spot from whence, on the never-to-be-forgotten night of his departure for the Chateau d'If, he had been put on board the vessel destined to convey him thither.

Still Dantes could not view without a shudder the approach of a gendarme, who accompanied the officers, deputed to demand his bill of health; but with that perfect self-possession he had acquired during his acquaintance with Faria, Dantes coolly presented an English passport he had obtained from Leghorn, and with that prompt attention which all such English documents receive, he was informed there existed no obstacle to his immediate debarkation.

The first object that attracted the attention of Dantes as he landed on the Canebiere, was one of the crew belonging to the Pharaon. Edmond hailed the appearance of this man, who had served under himself, as test of the safe and perfect change time had worked in his own appearance; going straight towards him, he began questioning him on different subjects, carefully watching the man's countenance as he did so; but not a word or look implied the sailor had the slightest idea of ever having seen him before.

Giving the man a piece of money in return for his civility, Dantes proceeded onwards; but ere he had gone many steps, he heard him loudly calling him to stop.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the honest fellow, in almost breathless haste; "but I believe you made a mistake, you intended to give me a two-franc piece, and see, you gave me a double Napoleon."

"Thank you, my good friend; I see that I made a trifling mistake, as you say, but by way of rewarding your honest spirit, I give you another double Napoleon, that you may drink to my health, and be able to ask your messmates to join you."

So extreme was the surprise of the sailor, that he was unable even to say thank you.

Dantes meanwhile continued his route; each step he trod oppressed his heart with fresh emotion; his first and most indelible recollections were there, not a tree, not a street that he passed but seemed filled with dear and cherished reminiscences. And thus he proceeded onwards till he arrived at the end of Rue de Noailles, from whence a full view of the Allees de Meillan was obtained.

The nasturtiums and other plants which his father had delighted to train before his window had all disappeared from the upper part of the house; yet, leaning against a tree, he remained long gazing on those windows where the busy hand of the active old man might have once been daily seen training and arranging his floral treasures. Then he advanced to the door and inquired whether there were any chambers to be let in the house; though answered in the negative, he begged so earnestly to be permitted to visit those on the fifth floor, that, in spite of the concierge's oft-repeated assurance of their being occupied, he succeeded in inducing the man to go up to the present possessors, and ask permission for a gentleman to look at them. The tenants of the humble lodging, once the scene of all Dantes' early joys, consisted of a young couple who had been scarcely married a week, and the sight of a wedded happiness he was doomed never to experience drove a bitter pang through his heart. Nothing in the two small chambers forming the apartments remained as it had been in time of the elder Dantes; the very paper was different, while the articles of antiquated furniture had all disappeared.

When he withdrew from the scene of his painful recollections, the young couple accompanied him downstairs, reiterating their hope that he would come again whenever he pleased, and assuring him their poor dwelling should ever be open to him. As Edmond passed the door of similar rooms on the fourth floor, he paused to inquire whether Caderousse, the tailor, still dwelt there; but he received for reply that the individual in question had got into difficulties, and at the present time kept a small inn on the route from Bellegarde to Beaucaire.

Having obtained the address of the person to whom the house in the Allees de Meillan belonged, Dantes next proceeded thither, and, under the name of Lord Wilmore (the same name as that in his passport), purchased the small dwelling for the sum of 25,000 francs, at least 10,000 more than it was worth. The very same day the occupants of the apartments on the fifth floor of the house, now become the property of Dantes, were duly informed by the notary, who had arranged the necessary transfer of deeds, etc., that the new landlord gave them their choice of any of the rooms in the house without any increase of rent, upon condition of their giving instant possession of the two small chambers they at present inhabited.

MIDWAY between the town of Beaucaire and the village of Bellegarde stood a small roadside inn, from the front of which hung, creaking and flapping in the wind, a sheet of tin, covered with a caricature resemblance of the Pont du Gard. The garden, scorched up beneath the ardent sun of a latitude of thirty degrees, permitted nothing to thrive, or scarcely live in its arid soil; a few dingy olives and stunted fig-trees struggled hard for existence, but their withered, dusty foliage abundantly proved how unequal was the conflict; between these sickly shrubs grew a scanty supply of garlic, tomatoes and onions, while lone and solitary, like a forgotten sentinel, a tall pine raised its melancholy head in one of the corners of this unattractive spot, and displayed its flexible stem and fan-shaped summit, dried and cracked by the withering influence of the mistral, that scourge of Provence.

The innkeeper himself was a man of from forty to fifty-five years of age, tall, strong, and bony, a perfect specimen of the natives of those southern latitudes; he had the dark, sparkling, and deep-set eye, curved nose, and teeth white as those of a carnivorous animal; his hair, which, spite of the light touch time had as yet left on it, seemed as though it refused to assume any other color than its own, was like his beard, which he wore under his chin, thick and curly, and but slightly mingled with a few silvery threads. His naturally murky complexion had assumed a still further shade of brown, from the habit the unfortunate man had acquired of stationing himself from early morn till latest eve at the threshold of his door, in eager hope that some traveller, either equestrian or pedestrian, might bless his eyes. This anxious man was no other than Caderousse. His wife, on the contrary, whose maiden name had been Madeleine Radelle, was pale, meagre, and sickly-looking.

Born in the neighborhood of Arles, she had shared in the beauty for which its females are proverbial; but that beauty had gradually withered beneath the devastating influence of a slow fever. She never saw her husband without breaking out into bitter invectives against fate, to all of which he would calmly return an unvarying reply:

"Cease to grieve about it, La Carconte. It is God's pleasure that you should suffer, and whether you like it or not you must bear it."

Caderousse was, as usual, at his place of observation before the door, his eyes glancing listlessly from a piece of closely-shaven grass—on which some fowls were industriously, though fruitlessly, endeavoring to turn up some grain or insect suited to their palate—to the deserted road, the two extremities of which pointed respectively north and south, when he saw a priest, dressed in black, and wearing a three-cornered hat come riding along.

Having arrived before the auberge du Pont du Gard, the horse stopped.

"You are welcome, sir, most welcome!" said the astonished Caderousse, in his blandest tones. "A thousand pardons, your reverence! I really did not observe whom I had the honor to receive under my poor roof. What would you please to have, M. l'Abbe? What refreshment can I offer you? All I have is at your service."

The priest gazed on the individual addressing him with a long and searching gaze; then he said, speaking with a strong Italian accent—

"You are, I presume, M. Caderousse?"

"Your reverence is quite correct," answered the host, even more surprised at the question than he had been by the silence which had prefaced it; "I am Gaspard Caderousse, at your service."

"Gaspard Caderousse!" rejoined the priest. "Yes, that agrees both with the baptismal appellation and surname of the individual I allude to. You formerly lived, I believe, in the Allees de Meillan, on the fourth floor of a small house situated there?"

"I did."

"Where you followed the business of a tailor?"

"True, I was a tailor, till the trade fell off so as not to afford me a living. Then it was so very hot at Marseilles, that really I could bear it no longer; and it is my idea that all the respectable inhabitants will be obliged to follow my example and quit it. But, talking of heat, is there nothing I can offer you by way of refreshment?"

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"Yes; let me have a bottle of your best wine, and then, with your permission, we will resume our conversation from where we left off."

"As you please, M. l'Abbe," said Caderousse.

When the priest was seated with the bottle and glass before him he asked: "Did you in the year 1814 or 1815, know anything of a young sailor named Edmond Dantes?"

"DID I? I should think I did. Poor dear Edmond! Why, Edmond Dantes and myself were intimate friends!" exclaimed Caderousse, whose countenance assumed an almost purple hue, as he caught the penetrating gaze of the abbe fixed on him, while the clear, calm eye of the questioner seemed to cover him with confusion.

"He died a more wretched, hopeless, heart-broken prisoner than the felons who pay the penalty of their crimes at the galleys of Toulon!"

A deadly paleness succeeded a deep suffusion which had before spread itself over the countenance of Caderousse, who turned away, but not so much so as to prevent the priest's observing him wiping away the tears from his eyes with a corner of a red handkerchief twisted round his head.

"You knew the poor lad, then!" sighed Caderousse.

"Nay, I was merely called to see him when on his dying bed, that I might administer to him the consolations of religion."

"And of what did he die?" asked Caderousse, in a choking voice.

"Of what think you do young and strong men die in prison, when they have scarcely numbered their thirtieth year? Edmond Dantes died in prison of sorrow and a broken heart."

Caderousse wiped away the large drops of perspiration that gathered on his brow.

"But the strangest part of the story is," resumed the abbe, "that Dantes, even in his dying moments, swore by his crucified Redeemer, that he was utterly ignorant of the cause of his imprisonment."

"And so he was!" murmured Caderousse. "How should he have been otherwise? Ah, M. l'Abbe, the poor fellow told you the truth."

"And for that reason he besought me to try to penetrate the mystery and to clear his memory."

And here the look of the abbe, becoming more and more fixed, seemed to rest with ill-concealed satisfaction on the gloomy depression which seemed rapidly spreading over the countenance of Caderousse.

"A rich Englishman," continued the abbe, "who had been his companion in misfortune, but had been released from prison during the second restoration, was possessed of a diamond of immense value; this precious jewel he bestowed on Dantes upon himself quitting the prison, as a mark of his gratitude for the kindness and brotherly care with which Dantes had nursed him in a severe illness he underwent during his confinement. Instead of employing this diamond in attempting to bribe his gaolers, who might only have taken it and then betrayed him to the governor, Dantes carefully preserved it, that in the event of his getting out of prison he might have wherewithal to live, for the produce of such a diamond would have sufficed to make his fortune."

"Then I suppose," asked Caderousse, with eager glowing looks, "that it was a stone of immense value?"

"You shall judge for yourself, I have it with me."

Calmly drawing forth from his pocket a small box covered with black shagreen, the abbe opened it, and displayed to the delighted eyes of Caderousse, the sparkling jewel it contained, set in a ring of admirable workmanship.

"And that diamond," cried Caderousse, almost breathless with eager admiration, "is worth 50,000 francs?"

"It is, without the setting, which is also valuable," replied the abbe, as he closed the box, and returned it to his pocket, whilst its brilliant hues seemed still to dance before the eyes of the fascinated innkeeper.

"But how comes this diamond in your possession, M. l'Abbe?" Did Edmond make you his heir."

"No, merely his testamentary executor. When dying the unfortunate youth said to me, 'I once possessed four dear and faithful friends, besides the maiden to whom I was betrothed; and I feel convinced they have all unfeignedly grieved over my loss. The name of one of the four friends I allude to is Caderousse.' "

The innkeeper shivered as though he felt the dead cold hand of the betrayed Edmond grasping his own.

"'Another of the number," continued the abbe, without seeming to notice the and the third, in spite of being my rival, emotion of Caderousse, "'is called Danglars; entertained a very sincere affection for me. His name was Fernand; that of my betrothed was——' Stay, stay," continued the abbe, "I have forgotten what he called her."

"Mercedes!" cried Caderousse, eagerly.

"Bring me a carafe of water," said the abbe.

Caderousse quickly performed the stranger's bidding; and after pouring some into a glass, and slowly swallowing its contents, the abbe, resuming his usual placidity of manner, said as he placed his empty glass on the table—

"'Well, then,' said Dantes—for you understand I repeat his words just as he uttered them—'you will go to Marseilles for the purpose of selling this diamond: the produce of which you will divide into five equal parts, and give an equal portion to the only persons who have loved me upon earth.' "

"But why into five parts?" asked Caderousse, "you only mentioned four persons."

"Because the fifth is dead, as I hear. The fifth sharer in Edmond's bequest was his own father."

"Too true, too true!" ejaculated Caderousse, almost suffocated by the contending passions which assailed him. "The poor old man did die!"

"Of what?" asked the priest, anxiously and eagerly.

"Why, of downright starvation."

"Starvation!" exclaimed the abbe, springing from his seat.

"What I have said, I have said," answered Caderousse.

"It appears then, that the miserable old man you were telling me of was forsaken by everyone. Surely had not such been the case, he would not have perished by so dreadful a death as you described."

"Why, he was not altogether forsaken," continued Caderousse; "for Mercedes the Catalan, and M. Morrel were very kind to him; but somehow the poor old man had contracted a profound hatred of Fernand —the very person," added Caderousse, with a bitter smile, "that you named just now as being one of Dantes' faithful and attached friends."

"And was he not so?" asked the Abbe.

"Can a man be faithful to another whose wife he covets and desires for himself? But Dantes was so honorable and true in his own nature, that he believed everybody's professions of friendship. Poor Edmond! he was cruelly deceived; but it was a happy thing he never knew it, or he might have found it more difficult, when on his deathbed, to pardon his enemies."

"Do you then know in what manner Fernand injured Dantes!" inquired the abbe of Caderousse.

"Do I. No one better."

"Speak out, then; say what it was!"

So saying, the abbe again drew the small box from his pocket, opened it, and contrived to hold it in such a light that a bright flash of brilliant hues passed before the dazzled gaze of Caderousse.

"Wife, wife!" cried he, in a voice almost hoarse with eager emotion, "come hither and behold this rich diamond!"

"Diamond!" exclaimed La Carconte, rising and descending to the chamber with a tolerably firm step, "what diamond are you talking about?"

"Why, did you not hear all we said?" inquired Caderousse. "It is a beautiful diamond left by poor Edmond Dantes, to be sold and the money divided between his father, Mercedes, his betrothed bride, Fernand, Danglars, and myself. The jewel is worth, at least, 50,000 francs."

"Oh, what a splendid diamond!" cried the astonished woman.

"The fifth part of the produce of this stone belongs to us, then, does it not?" asked Caderousse, still devouring the glittering gem with his eyes.

"It does," replied the abbe; "with the addition of an equal division of that part intended for the elder Dantes, which I conceive myself at liberty to share equally among the four surviving persons."

"And wherefore among us four?" inquired Caderousse.

"AS being the friends Edmond esteemed most faithful and devoted to him."

"I don't call those friends who betray and ruin you," murmured the wife, in her turn, in a low, muttering voice.

So saying, she once more climbed the staircase leading to her chamber, her frame shuddering with aguish chills and her teeth rattling in her head, in spite of the intense heat of the weather. Arrived at the top stair, she turned round, and called out in a warning tone to her husband—

"Gaspard, consider well what you are about to do!"

"I have decided to tell you all I know," said Caderousse to the abbe, without heeding her. "First, sir, you must make me a promise that if you ever make use of the details I am about to give you, that you will never let anyone know that it was I who supplied them, for the persons of whom I am about to talk are rich and powerful, and if they only laid the tips of their fingers on me, I should break to pieces like glass."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," replied the abbe; "I am a priest, and confessions die in my breast; recollect our only desire is to carry out in a fitting manner the last wishes of our friend. Speak, then, without reserve as without hatred; tell the truth, the whole truth; I do not know, never may know, the

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persons of whom you are about to speak; besides I am an Italian and not a Frenchman, and belong to God, and not to man, and I retire to my monastery, which I have only quitted to fulfil the last wishes of a dying man."

This last assurance seemed to give Caderousse courage.

"Well, then, under these circumstances," said Caderousse, "I will; indeed I ought to undeceive you as to the friendship which poor Edmond believed so sincere and unquestionable."

"BEGIN with his father, if you please," said the abbe ; "Edmond talked to me a great deal about the old man for whom he had the deepest love."

"The history is a sad one, sir," said Caderousse, shaking his head. "From day to day the old man lived on alone when his boy was lost to him; and more and more solitary. M. Morrel and Mercedes came to see him. At length, the poor old fellow reached the end of all he had; he owed three quarters' rent, and they threatened to turn him out; he begged for another week, which was granted to him. I know this, because the landlord came into my apartment when he left his. For the three first days I heard him walking about as usual, but on the fourth I heard him no longer. I then resolved to go up to him at all risks. The door was closed, but I looked through the keyhole, and saw him so pale and haggard that, believing him very ill, I went and told M. Morrel, and then ran on to Mercedes. They both came immediately, M. Morrel bringing a doctor; the doctor said it was an affection of the stomach, and ordered him a limited diet. I was there too, and I never shall forget the old man's smile at this prescription. From that time he opened his door; he had an excuse for not eating any more as the doctor had put him on a diet."

The abbe uttered a kind of groan.

"Mercedes came again, and she found him so altered that she was even more anxious than before to have him taken to her own abode. This was M. Morrel's wish also, who would fain have conveyed the old man against his consent; but the old man resisted, and cried so, that they were actually frightened. Mercedes remained, therefore, by his bedside, and M. Morrel went away, making a sign to the Catalane that he had left his purse on the chimney piece. But availing himself of the doctor's order, the old man would not take any sustenance; at length (after nine days' despair and fasting) he died, cursing those who had caused his misery, and saying to Mercedes—

"'If you ever see my Edmond again, tell him I die blessing him.'"

The abbe rose from his chair, made two turns round the chamber, and pressed his trembling hand against his parched throat.

"And you believed he died——"

"Of hunger, sir, of hunger," said Caderousse; "I am as certain of it as that we two are Christians."

The abbe with a shaking hand seized a glass of water that was standing by him half-full, swallowed it at one gulp, and then resumed his seat with red eyes and pale cheeks.

"Tell me, now," he cried, "who are these men who have killed the son with despair, and the father with famine?"

"Two men jealous of him, sir, one from love and the other ambition—Fernand and Danglars. They denounced Edmond as a Bonapartist agent; one wrote a letter, and the other put it in the post. They wrote it at La Reserve, the day before the festival of the bethrothal."

"'Twas so then—'twas so then," murmured the abbe, "oh! Faria! Faria! How well did you judge men and things!"

"It was Danglars who wrote the denunciation with his left hand, that his writing might not be recognised, and Fernand who put in in the post."

"But," exclaimed the abbe, suddenly, "you were there yourself."

I!" said Caderousse, astonished, "who told you I was there?"

The abbe saw he had overshot the mark, and he added quickly—

"No one; but in order to have known everything so well, you must have been an eye-witness."

"True! True!" said Caderousse in a choking voice, "I was there."

"And did you not remonstrate against such infamy?" asked the abbe; "if not you were an accomplice."

"Sir," replied Caderousse, "they had made me drink to such an excess that I nearly lost all perception. I had only an indistinct understanding of what was passing around me; I said all that a man in such a state could say; but they both assured me that it was a jest they were carrying on, and perfectly harmless."

"Next day—next day, sir, you must have seen plain enough what they had been doing, yet you said nothing, though you were present when Dantes was arrested."

"Yes, sir, I was there, and very anxious to speak; but Danglars restrained me.

"'If he should really be guilty,' said he, 'and did really put into the isle of Elba; if he is really charged with a letter for the Bonapartist committee at Paris, and if they find this letter upon him, those who have supported him will pass for his accomplices.'

"I confess I had my fears in the state in which politics then were, and I held my tongue; it was cowardly, I confess, but it was not criminal. My remorse preys on me night and day. I often ask pardon of God, I swear to you, because this action, the only one with which I have seriously to reproach myself in all my life, is no doubt the cause of my abject condition."

"You have two or three times mentioned a M. Morrel," said the abbe after a silence, "who was he?"

"The owner of the Pharaon, and patron of Dantes, he was an honest man, full of courage and real regard. Twenty times he interceded for Edmond; when the emperor returned, he wrote, implored, threatened, and so energetically, that on the second restoration he was persecuted as a Bonapartist. Ten times, as I told you, he came to see Dantes' father, and offered to receive him in his own house; and the night or two before his death, as I have already said, he left his purse on the mantelpiece, with which they paid the old man's debts and buried him decently, and then Edmond's father died as he had lived, without doing harm to any one. I have the purse still by me, a large one made of red silk."

"And," asked the abbe, "is M. Morrel still alive?"

"Yes," replied Caderousse, "but he is reduced almost to the last extremity—nay, he is almost at the point of dishonor. He has lost five ships in two years, has suffered by the bankruptcy of three large houses, and his only hope now is in that very Pharaon which poor Dantes commanded, which is expected from the Indies with a cargo of cochineal and indigo. If this ship founders like the others, he is a ruined man."

"What has become of Danglars, the instigator, and therefore the most guilty?"

"What has become of him? Why he left Marseilles, and was taken on the recommendation of M. Morrel, who did not know his crime, as cashier into a Spanish bank. During the war with Spain, he was employed in the commissariat of the French army, and made a fortune; then with that money he speculated in the funds, and trebled or quadrupled his capital; and, having first married his banker's daughter, who left him a widower, he has married a second time, a widow, a Madame de Nargonne, daughter of M. de Servieux, the King's chamberlain, who is in high favor at Court. He is a millionaire, and they have made him a count, and now he is Le Compte Danglars, with a house in the Rue de Mont Blanc, with ten horses in his stables, six footmen in his ante-chamber, and I know not how many hundreds of thousands in his strong box."

"And Fernand?"

"Some days before the return of the Emperor Fernand was drawn in the conscription. The Bourbons left him quietly enough at the Catalans, but Napoleon returned, an extraordinary muster was determined on, and Fernand was compelled to join. I went, too, but as I was older than Fernand, and had just married my poor wife, I was only sent to the coast. Fernand was enrolled in the active troop, went to the frontier with his regiment, and was at the battle of Ligny. The night after the battle he was sentry at the door of a general, who carried on a secret correspondence with the enemy. That same night the general was to go over to the English. He proposed to Fernand to accompany him; Fernand agreed to do so, deserted his post and followed the general.

"THAT which would have brought Fernand to a court-martial, if Napoleon remained on the throne, served for his recommendation to the Bourbons. He returned to France with the epaulette of sub-lieutenant, and as the protection of the general, who is in the highest favor, was accorded to him, he was a captain in 1823, during the Spanish War, that is to say, at the time when Danglars made his early speculations. Fernand was a Spaniard, and being sent to Spain to ascertain the feeling of his fellow-countrymen, found Danglars there, became on very intimate terms with him, procured his general support from the royalists of the capital and the provinces, received promises and made pledges on his own part, guided his regiment by paths known to himself alone in gorges of the mountains kept by the royalists, and in fact, rendered such services in this brief campaign, that after the taking of Trocadero he was made colonel, and received the title of count, and the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"Yes, but listen, this was not all. The war with Spain being ended, Fernand's career was checked by the long peace which seemed likely to endure throughout Europe. Greece only had risen against Turkey, and had begun her war of independence; all eyes were turned towards Athens; it was the fashion to pity and support the Greeks. The French Government, without protecting them openly, as you know, tolerated partial migrations. Fernand sought and

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obtained leave to go and serve in Greece, still having his name kept in the ranks of the army. Some time after, it was stated that the Comte de Morcerf, this was the name Fernand bore, had entered the service of Ali Pacha, with the rank of instructor-general. Ali Pacha was killed as you know, but before he died he recompensed the service of Fernand by leaving him a considerable sum, with which he returned to France, when his rank of lieutenant-general was confirmed."

"So that now——" inquired the abbe.

"So that now," continued Caderousse, "he possesses a magnificent mansion, No. 27 Rue du Helder, Paris."

The abbe opened his mouth, remained for a moment like a man who hesitates, then making an effort over himself, he said:

"And Mercedes, they tell me that she has disappeared?"

"Mercedes was at first in the deepest despair at the blow which deprived her of Edmond. I have told you of her attempts to propitiate M. de Villefort, her devotion to the father of Dantes. In the midst of her despair a fresh trouble overtook her, this was the departure of Fernand, of Fernand whose crime she did not know, and whom she regarded as her brother. One evening, she heard a step she knew, turned round anxiously, the door opened, and Fernand, dressed in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant, stood before her. She seized Fernand's hands with a transport, which he took for love, but which was only joy at being no longer alone in the world, and seeing at last a friend after long hours of solitary sorrow. And then, it must be confessed, Fernand had never been hated; he was only not precisely loved. Another possessed all Mercedes' heart, that other was absent, had disappeared, perhaps was dead. Fernand was now a lieutenant. He reminded Mercedes that he loved her. She begged for six months more to expect and bewail Edmond."

"So that," said the abbe, with a bitter smile, "that makes eighteen months in all; what more could the most devoted lover desire?"

"Six months afterwards," continued Caderousse, "the marriage took place in the church of Accoules."

"Did you ever seen Mercedes again?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, during the war of Spain at Perpignan, where Fernand had left her; she was attending to the education of her son."

The abbe started.

"Her son?" said he.

"Yes," replied Caderousse, "little Albert."

"But, then, to be able to instruct her child," continued the abbe, "she must have received an education herself. I understood from Edmond that she was the daughter of a simple fisherman, beautiful, but uneducated."

"Oh!" replied Caderousse, "did he know so little of his lovely betrothed? Mercedes might have been a queen, sir, if the crown were to be placed on the heads of the loveliest and most intelligent. Fernand's fortune already became greater, and she became greater with his growing fortune. She learned drawing, music, everything. Besides, I believe, between ourselves, she did this in order to distract her mind, that she might forget, and she only filled her head thus in order to alleviate the weight on her heart. But now everything must be told," continued Caderousse; "no doubt, fortune and honors have comforted her. She is rich, a countess, and yet——"

Caderousse paused.

"Yet what?" asked the abbe.

"Yet I am sure she is not happy," said Caderousse.

"And M. de Villefort?" asked the abbe.

"Oh! he was never a friend of mine, I did not know him, and I had nothing to ask of him."

"Do you not know what became of him, and the share he had in Edmond's misfortunes?"

"No. I only know that some time after having arrested him, he married Mademoiselle de Saint-Meran, and soon after left Marseilles; no doubt he has been as lucky as the rest, no doubt he is as rich as Danglars, as high in station as Fernand. I only, as you see, have remained poor, wretched, and forgotten!"

"You are mistaken, my friend," replied the abbe; "God may seem sometimes to forget for a while, whilst His justice reposes, but there always comes a moment when He remembers—and behold! a proof."

As he spoke, the abbe took the diamond from his pocket, and giving it to Caderousse said—

"Here, my friend, take this diamond, it is yours."

"What! for me only?" cried Caderousse; "ah! sir, do not jest with me!"

"This diamond was to have been shared amongst his friends. Edmond had one friend only, and thus it cannot be divided. Take the diamond then, and sell it: it is worth fifty thousand francs (£2000), and I repeat my wish that this sum may suffice to release you from your wretchedness."

"Oh, sir," said Caderousse, putting out one hand timidly, and with the other wiping away the perspiration which bedewed his brow—"oh, sir, do not make a jest of the happiness or despair of a man!"

"I know what happiness and what despair are, and I never make a jest of such feelings. Take it then, but in exchange——"

Caderousse, who touched the diamond, withdrew his hand.

The abbe smiled.

"In exchange," he continued, "give me the red silk purse that M. Morrel left on old Dantes' chimney-piece, which you tell me is still in your hands."

Caderousse, more and more astonished, went towards a large oaken cupboard, opened it, and gave the abbe a long purse of faded red silk, round which were two copper runners that had once been gilt. The abbe took it, and in return gave Caderousse the diamond.

The abbe with difficulty got away from the enthusiastic thanks of Caderousse, opened the door himself, got out and mounted his horse, once more saluted the inkeeper, who kept uttering his loud farewells, and then returned by the road he had travelled in coming. When Caderousse turned round, he saw behind him La Carconte paler and trembling more than ever.

"Fifty thousand francs!" muttered La Carconte, "it is a large sum of money, but it is not a fortune."

THE day after, a man of about thirty or two-and-thirty, dressed in a bright blue frock-coat, nankeen trousers, and a white waistcoat, having the appearance and accent of an Englishman, presented himself before the Mayor of Marseilles.

"Sir," said he, "I am chief clerk of the house of Thomson and French of Rome. We are, and have been these ten years, connected with the house of Morrel and Son of Marseilles. We have a hundred thousand francs (4000l.) or thereabouts engaged in speculation with them, and we are a little uneasy at reports that have reached us that the firm is on the eve of ruin. I have come, therefore, express from Rome to ask you for information as to this house."

"Sir," replied the Mayor, "I know very well that during the last four or five years misfortune seems to pursue M. Morrel. He has lost four or five vessels and suffered by three or four bankruptcies; but it is not for me, although I am a creditor myself to the amount of ten thousand francs (400l.), to give any information as to the state of his finances. Ask of me, as Mayor, what is my opinion of M. Morrel, I shall say he is a man honorable to the last degree, and who has up to this time fulfilled every engagement with scrupulous punctuality. This is all I can say, sir; if you wish to learn more, address yourself to M. de Boville, the Inspector of Prisons, No. 15 Rue de Nouailles; he has, I believe, two hundred thousand francs placed in the hands of Morrel, and if there be any grounds for apprehension, as this is a greater amount than mine, you will most probably find him better informed than myself."

The Englishman seemed to appreciate this extreme delicacy, made his bow, and went away, walking with that step peculiar to the sons of Great Britain, towards the street mentioned. M. de Boville was in his private room, and the Englishman, on perceiving him, made a gesture of surprise, which seemed to indicate that it was not the first time he had been in his presence. As to M. de Boville he was in such a state of despair that it was evident all the faculties of his mind, absorbed in the thought which occupied him at the moment, did not allow either his memory or his imagination to stray to the past. The Englishman, with the coolness of his nation, addressed him in terms nearly similar to those with which he had accosted the Mayor of Marseilles.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed M. de Boville, "your fears are unfortunately but too well founded, and you see before you a man in despair. I had two hundred thousand francs placed in the hands of Morrel and Son; these two hundred thousand francs were the dowry of my daughter, who is to be married in a fortnight, and these two hundred thousand francs were payable, half on the 15th of this month, and the other half on the 15th of next month. I had informed M. Morrel of my desire to have these payments punctually, and he has been here within the last half-hour to tell me that if his ship the Pharaon does not come into port on the 15th he would be wholly unable to make this payment."

"But," said the Englishman, "this looks very much like a suspension of payments!"

"Say, sir, that it resembles a bankruptcy!" exclaimed M. de Boville, despairingly.

The Englishman appeared to reflect a moment, and then said:

"Thus, then, sir, this credit inspires you with considerable apprehensions!"

"To tell you the truth, I consider it lost."

"Well, then, I will buy it of you."

"But at a tremendous discount, of course?"

"No; for two hundred thousand francs. Our house," added the Englishman, with a laugh, "does not do things in that way."

"And you will pay——"

"Ready money."

And the Englishman drew from his pocket a bundle of banknotes, which might have been twice the sum M. de Boville feared to lose. A ray of joy passed across M. de Boville's countenance, yet he made an effort over himself, and said:

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"Sir, I ought to tell you that in all probability you will not get six per cent. of this sum."

"That's no affair of mine," replied the Englishman; "that is the affair of the house of Thompson and French, in whose name I act. They have, perhaps, some motive to serve in hastening the ruin of a rival firm. But all I know, sir, is, that I am ready to hand you over this sum in exchange for your assignment of the debt. I only ask a brokerage."

"Of course, that is perfectly just," cried M. de Boville. "The commission is usually one and a half; will you have two—three—five per cent, or even more? Say!"

"Sir," replied the Englishman, laughing, "I am like my house, and do not do such things—no, the commission I ask is quite different."

"Name it, sir, I beg."

"You are the inspector of prisons, and you keep the registers of entries and departures?"

"I do."

"To these registers there are added notes relative to the prisoners?"

"There are special reports on every prisoner."

"Well, sir, I was educated at Rome by a poor devil of an abbe, called Faria, who disappeared suddenly. I have since learned that he was confined in the Chateau d'If, and I should like to learn some particulars of his death."

"Oh, I recollect him perfectly," cried M. de Boville, "he was crazy, but he is dead, five or six months ago, last February."

"You have a good memory, sir, to recollect dates so well!"

"I recollect this, because the poor devil's death was accompanied by a singular circumstance."

"May I ask what that was?" said the Englishman, with an expression of curiosity.

"Oh dear, yes, sir; the abbe's dungeon was forty or fifty feet distant from that of an old agent of Bonaparte—one of those who had the most contributed to the return of the usurper in 1815, a very resolute and very dangerous man. I myself had occasion to see him in 1816 or 1817, and we could only go into his dungeon with a file of soldiers; that man made a deep impression on me; I shall never forget his countenance!"

"And you say, sir, that the two dungeons —"

"Were separated by a distance of fifty feet; but it appears that this Edmond Dantes had procured tools, or made them, for they found a passage by which the prisoners communicated."

"But the abbe died?"

"Dantes then saw a means of accelerating his escape. He, no doubt, thought that prisoners who died in the Chateau d'If were interred in a burial-ground as usual, and he conveyed the dead man into his own cell, assumed his place in the sack in which they had sewn him up, and awaited the moment of interment."

"It was a bold step, and one that indicated some courage," remarked the Englishman.

"As I have already told you, sir, he was a very dangerous man; and fortunately, by his own act disembarrassed the government of the fears it had on his account, for the Chateau d'If has no cemetery, and they simply throw the dead into the sea after having fastened a thirty-six pound shot to their feet."

"Really!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Yes, sir," continued the inspector of prisons. "You may imagine the amazement of the fugitive when he found himself flung headlong upon the rocks! I should like to have seen his face at this moment."

"That would have been difficult."

"No matter," replied De Boville, in supreme good humor at the certainty of recovering his two hundred thousand francs—"no matter, I can fancy it."

And he shouted with laughter.

"So can I," said the Englishman, and he laughed too; but he laughed as the English do, at the end of his teeth.

After which they both entered M. de Boville's study.

All was here arranged in perfect order; each register had its number, each file of paper its place. The inspector begged the Englishman to seat himself in an armchair, and placed before him the register and documents relative to the Chateau d'If, giving him all the time he desired to examine it, whilst he seated himself in a corner, and began to read his newspaper.

The Englishman easily found the entries relative to the Abbe Faria; but it seemed that the history which the inspector had related interested him greatly, for, after having perused the first documents he turned over the leaves until he reached the deposition respecting Edmond Dantes. There he found everything arranged in due order—the denunciation, examination, Morrel's petition, M. de Villefort's marginal notes. He folded up the denunciation quietly, and put it in his pocket; read the examination, and saw that the name of Noirtier was not mentioned in it; perused, too, the application, dated 10th April, 1815, in which Morrel, by the deputy-procureur's advice, exaggerated with the best intentions (for Napoleon was then on the throne) the services Dantes had rendered to the imperial cause—services which Villefort's certificates rendered indispensable. Then he saw through all. This petition to Napoleon, kept back by Villefort, had become, under the second restoration, a terrible weapon against him in the hands of the procureur du roi. He was no longer astonished when he searched on to find in the register this note placed in a bracket against his name:

Edmond Dantes, violent Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from Elba. The greatest watchfulness and care to be exercised.

Beneath these lines was written in another hand—

"Nothing to be done."

He compared the writing in the bracket with the writing of the certificate placed beneath Morrel's petition, and discovered that they were the same—that is to say, were in Villefort's handwriting.

As to the note which accompanied this, the Englishman understood that it might have been added by some inspector, who had taken a momentary interest in Dantes' situation, but who had found it impossible to give any effect to the interest he experienced.

As we have said, the inspector, from discretion, and that he might not disturb the Abbe Faria's pupil in his researches, had seated himself in a corner, and was reading "Le Drapeau Blanc."

He did not see the Englishman fold and place in his pocket the denunciation written by Danglars under the arbor of La Reserve, and which had the postmark of Marseilles, 2nd March, delivery 6 o'clock p.m.

TOWARDS the beginning of the year 1838 two young men belonging to the best society of Paris were staying at Florence: one was Viscount Albert de Morcerf and the other Baron Franz d'Epinay. They had decided to spend the carnival together at Rome, and Franz, who had lived in Italy for more than four years, was to be his friend's cicerone.

As it is no small matter to spend the carnival at Rome, especially when you have no great desire to sleep in the Piazza del Popolo or the Campo Vaccino, they wrote to Signor Pastrini, the proprietor of the Hotel de Londres to ask him to reserve a comfortable suite for them.

On the Saturday evening before the carnival they arrived in Rome. The suite reserved for them consisted of two small bedrooms and a sitting-room. The bedrooms overlooked the street, a fact which Pastrini commented upon as a priceless advantage. The remaining rooms on that floor were let to an immensely rich gentleman who was supposed to be either a Sicilian or a Maltese, the proprietor was not quite sure which.

"That is all very well, Pastrini," said Franz, "but we want some supper at once, and also a carriage for to-morrow and the following days."

When they had finished their dinner the innkeeper appeared before them.

"I hear," he said, "that you have ordered the carriage for eight o'clock and that you propose visiting the Colosseum?"

"You have heard aright."

"Is it also true that you intend to start from the Porta del Popolo, then to follow the outer walls, and to return by the Porta San Giovanni?"

"Those were my very words."

"Your itinerary is impossible, or to say the least very dangerous."

"Dangerous! Why?"

"Because of the bandit, Luigi Vampa."

"Prick up your ears, Albert! Here's a bandit for you at last!"

"Well, and what has that to do with my orders to the coachman to leave by the Porta del Popolo and return by the Porta San Giovanni?"

"Simply that you may leave by the one, but I very much doubt whether you will return by the other, and because, as soon as night falls, one is not safe fifty yards from the gates."

"Here's a great adventure for us, old man," said Albert, turning to Franz. "We will fill our carriage with pistols, blunderbuses, and double-barrelled guns. Instead of Luigi Vampa holding us up, we will hold him up."

FRANZ arranged the route in such a way that Albert might reach the Colosseum without passing a single ancient ruin, so that nothing should attract his eyes till the Colosseum itself burst upon him in all its gigantic proportions. They therefore followed the Via Sistina, cut across in front of Santa Maria Maggiore, and drove along the Via Urbana and by San Petro in Vincoli until they came to the Via del Colosseo.

When they arrived at the sombre-looking and gigantic Colosseum the long, pale rays of the moon were pouring through the gaping apertures in its massive walls.

The carriage stopped a few yards from the Meta Sudans. The coachman opened the door of the carriage, whereupon the two young men leapt out and found themselves face to face with a cicerone who seemed to have sprung from nowhere.

Franz had already visited the Colosseum some ten times. His companion, however, had never set foot in it before, and it must be said to his credit that, in spite of the ignorant prattle of his guide, he was deeply impressed.

Scarcely had Franz, the pensive one, gone a hundred yards under the inner portals, however, when he left Albert to his guide, who would not renounce his prescriptive right to show him all around the Lions'

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Den, the Loggia of the Gladiators, the Podium of the Caesars. Ascending a half-dilapidated staircase, Franz seated himself in the shadow of a column facing a niche which gave him an all-embracing view of the gigantic dimensions of this majestic ruin.

He had been sitting thus for about a quarter of an hour when he seemed to hear a stone rolling down the staircase opposite the one by which he had ascended. It was no strange matter for a stone, loosened by age, to break away, but it seemed to Franz that this stone had been displaced by the pressure of a human foot, and that the sound of a muffled footstep reached his ears.

He was not mistaken; a moment later a man appeared, and from the hesitating manner in which he came up the last few steps and stopped at the top, apparently listening, it was obvious he had come for some particular purpose and was expecting to meet someone.

INSTINCTIVELY Franz withdrew behind his column.

The individual whose mysterious arrival had attracted his attention stood partly in the shadow of the ruins, so that Franz was unable to distinguish his features, although the details of his dress were plainly discernible. He wore a large, dark-brown cloak, one end of which was thrown over his left shoulder in such a way as to hide the lower part of his face, while a broad-brimmed hat concealed the upper part.

He had been standing there for some minutes and began to show visible signs of impatience, when another man appeared.

"I crave your pardon for keeping you waiting, Excellency," said he with a Roman accent. "I am, however, but a few minutes late; it has just struck ten by the clock on Saint John Lateran. I have just come from the Castle of Saint Angelo and had great difficulty in seeing Beppo."

"Who is Beppo?"

"Beppo is employed in the prison, and I pay him a small fee every year for information as to what is going on in His Holiness' Palace."

"Ha, ha! I see you are a prudent man."

"Why, just so, Excellency! One never knows what may happen. One day I may be entrapped like poor Peppino and shall also be in need of a rat to gnaw the cords that keep me a prisoner."

"To come to the point, what news did you glean?"

"There will be two executions on Tuesday at two o'clock, as is customary in Rome at the commencement of all great festivals. One of the condemned men will be mazzolato. He is a worthless wretch who has murdered the priest that brought him up and therefore deserves no pity. The other one will be decapitato, and he, Your Excellency, is no other than poor Peppino."

"What can you expect, my dear friend? You have struck such terror into the pontifical government and the neighboring kingdoms, that they are going to make an example of him."

"But Peppino does not even belong to my gang. He is a poor shepherd whose only crime consisted in supplying us with provisions."

"Which certainly made him your accomplice. But mark the consideration that is being shown him. Instead of clubbing him to death, as they will do to you if they ever get hold of you, they content themselves with merely guillotining him."

"I am in the mood to do anything and everything to prevent the execution of this poor wretch who has got himself into trouble by doing me a service. Per la Madonna! I should be a coward if I did not do something for the poor fellow!"

"What do you intend doing?"

"I shall place a score of men round the scaffold and the moment they bring him out I shall give the signal, and, with daggers drawn, my men and I will throw ourselves on the guard and carry off their prisoner."

"That seems to me very risky. I veritably believe my plan is better than yours."

"If you save Peppino, Excellency, you may count not only on my devotion to you but on my absolute obedience."

"Be careful what you say, my friend. I may remind you of that one day! Sh... I hear a noise. It is unnecessary for us to be seen together. All these guides are spies and they might recognise you, and, though I appreciate your friendship, I fear my reputation would suffer if they knew we were on such a friendly footing."

"Farewell, then, Excellency. I rely on you as you may rely on me."

With these words the last speaker disappeared down the stairs, while the other, covering himself more closely with his cloak, almost touched Franz as he descended to the arena by the outer steps.

Just then Franz heard his name echoing through the vaults. It was Albert calling him. Ten minutes later the two were rumbling along towards the hotel, and Franz was listening in a very indifferent and distracted manner to the learned dissertations Albert made, in the style of Pliny and Calpurnius, on the iron-pointed nets used to prevent the ferocious beasts from springing on the spectators. He let him talk on without interruption; he wanted to be alone to think undisturbed over what had happened.

The next day Franz had several letters to write and left Albert to his own devices. Albert made the most of his time; he took his letters of introduction to their addresses, and received invitations for every evening. He also achieved the great feat of seeing all Rome in one day, and spent the evening at the opera. Moreover, by the time he reached his hotel he had solved the carriage question. When the two friends were smoking their last cigar in their sitting-room before retiring for the night, Albert suddenly said:

"I have arranged a little surprise for you. You know how difficult it is to procure a carriage. Well, I have a wonderful idea."

Franz looked at his friend as though he had no great confidence in his imagination.

"We cannot get a carriage and horses, but what about a waggon and a pair of oxen?"

Franz stared, and a smile of amused interest played about his lips.

As he spoke, the door opened, and their landlord put his head in.

"Permesso?" said he.

"Certainly," Franz replied.

"Well have you found the waggon and oxen for us?" said Albert.

"I have done better than that," he replied in a very self-satisfied manner. "Your Excellencies are aware that the Count of Monte Cristo is on the same floor as yourselves. Hearing of the dilemma in which you are placed, he offers you two seats in his carriage and two seats at his window in the Palazzo Rospoli."

Albert and Franz exchanged looks.

"But can we accept this offer from a stranger, a man we do not even know?" asked Albert.

"It seems to me," said Franz to Albert, "that if this man is as well-mannered as our host says he is, he would have conveyed his invitation to us in some other way, either in writing or——"

At this instant there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Franz.

A servant wearing a very smart livery made his appearance.

"From the Count of Monte Cristo to Monsieur Franz d'Epinay and the Viscount Albert de Morcerf," said he, handing two cards to the host, who gave them to the young men.

"The Count of Monte Cristo" asks permission to call upon you to-morrow morning," continued the servant. "He will be honored to know what hour is convenient to you."

"Upon my word, there is nothing to find fault with here," said Albert to Franz. "Everything is as it should be."

"Tell the Count that, on the contrary, we shall do ourselves the honor of calling upon him."

The servant withdrew.

The next morning Franz woke up at eight o'clock and, as soon as he was dressed, sent for the landlord, who presented himself with his usual obsequiousness.

"Signor Pastrini," said Franz, "is there not an execution to-day?"

"There is, Your Excellency; but if you ask me because you wish to have a window, it is too late."

"No, that is not the reason," replied Franz. "What I want to know is how many condemned men there are, their names, and the nature of their punishment."

"What a bit of good luck, Your Excellency! They have just brought me the tavolette."

"What are the tavolette?"

"They are wooden tablets put up at the corners of the streets on the evening before an execution, giving the names of the condemned men, the reason of their condemnation, and the nature of their punishment. The purpose of the notice is to invite the faithful to pray to God that He may grant the culprits sincere repentance."

"I should like to read one of the tavolette," said Franz.

"NOTHING could be easier," said the landlord, opening the door. "I have had one put on the landing." Taking the tavoletta from the wall he handed it to Franz. A literal translation of the wording on the tablet is as follows:

> It is hereby made known to all that the following will be executed in the Piazza del Popolo by order of the Rota Tribunal on Tuesday, the 22nd of February, the first day of Carnival: Andrea Rondolo, accused of the murder of the highly honored and venerable priest, Don Cesare Terlini, canon at the church of St. John Lateran, and Peppino, alias Rocca Priori, accused of complicity with the detestable bandit, Luigi Vampa, and other members of his gang.
>
> The first-named shall be mazzolato, the latter shall be decapitato.
>
> "All charitable souls are hereby entreated to pray God to grant these two unfortunates the grace of sincere repentance."

This was exactly what Franz had heard the previous evening in the ruins of the Colosseum.

Time was passing, however; it was nine o'clock, and Franz was just going to waken Albert when, to his great astonishment, he came out of his room fully dressed.

"Well, now that we are ready, do you think we could go and pay our respects to the Count of Monte-Cristo?" Franz inquired of his host.

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"Certainly," was the reply. "The Count of Monte-Cristo is an early riser and I feel sure he has been up these two hours."

"Then you do not think we shall be committing an act of indiscretion if we call on him now?"

"I am sure we should not."

"Then, Alberi, if you are ready, let us go and thank our neighbor for his courtesy."

They had only to cross the landing; the landlord preceded them and rang the bell. A servant opened the door.

"I signori francisi," said the landlord.

The servant bowed and invited them to enter.

They were conducted through two rooms, more luxuriously furnished than they had thought possible in Pastrini's hotel, and were then shown into a very elegant sitting-room.

"If you Excellencies will take a seat," said the servant. "I will let the Count know you are here." And he disappeared through one of the doors.

Franz and Albert looked at one another and then at the furniture, pictures, and trophies. On closer inspection it all appeared to them even more magnificent than at first.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" Franz asked his friend.

"Upon my word, I think our neighbor must be some stockbroker who has speculated on the fall of Spanish funds; or else some prince travelling incognito."

"Hush! hush! that is what we are now going to find out, for here he comes."

As he finished speaking the sound of a door turning on its hinges was heard, and almost immediately the tapestry was drawn aside to admit the owner of all these riches.

Albert advanced towards him, but Franz remained glued to his seat. He who entered was no other than the cloaked man of the Colosseum.

"MESSIEURS," said the Count of Monte-Cristo as he entered, "pray accept my excuses for allowing myself to be forestalled, but I feared I might disturb you if I called on you at an early hour. Besides, you advised me you were coming, and I held myself at your disposal."

"Franz and I owe you a thousand thanks, Count," said Albert. "You have truly extricated us from a great dilemma."

"Indeed!" returned the Count motioning the two young men to be seated on a settee, "it is only that idiot Pastrini's fault that you were not relieved of your anxiety sooner. As soon as I learnt that I could be of use to you, I eagerly seized the opportunity of paying you my respects."

He put out his hand towards the bell-rope and pulled it three times. The Count's steward immediately appeared.

"Signor Bertuccio," said the Count, "have you procured a window overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, as I instructed you to do?"

"Yes, Excellency," replied the steward, "but it was very late."

"What!" said the Count frowning, "did I not tell you that I wanted one?"

"And Your Excellency has one, the one which had been let to Prince Lobanieff, but I had to pay a hundred..."

"That will do, that will do, Signor Bertuccio! spare these gentlemen such domestic details. You have procured a window and that is all I want to know. Give the coachman the address and hold yourself in readiness on the staircase to conduct us thither. You may go."

They then rose and passed into the dining-room.

At the end of the breakfast Franz took out his watch.

"Well," said the Colint, "what are you doing?"

"Excuse us, Count," said Franz, "but we have a thousand and one things to attend to."

"What things?"

"We have no disguises, and they cannot be dispensed with to-day."

"Do not concern yourselves about that. As far as I know, we have a private room in the Piazza del Popolo; I will have any costumes you desire sent there, and we can change into our disguises on the spot."

"After the execution?" said Franz.

"After, during, or before, just as you like."

"In front of the scaffold?"

"The scaffold is part of the festival."

"Count, upon reflection, I shall content myself with accepting a seat in your carriage and in the window of the Palazzo Ruspoli, but I leave you free to dispose of my seat in the window of the Piazza del Popolo, though I appreciate your courtesy."

"Excellency," said the servant opening the door, "a man in the habit of a friar wishes to speak with you."

"Ah, yes, I know what he wants," said the Count. "If you will go into the salon, you will find some excellent Havana cigars on the centre table. I will rejoin you in a minute."

The two young men rose and went out by one door while the Count, after renewing his apologies, left by the other.

A few minutes later the Count returned.

"Here I am, messieurs," he said, "and entirely at your service. I have given the necessary orders; the carriage will go to the Piazza del Popolo, and we shall go down the Corso if you really wish to. Take some of those cigars, Monsieur de Morcerf."

"By Jove, I shall be delighted," said Albert, "for your Italian cigars are awful. When you come to Paris, I shall return all this hospitality."

"I will not refuse; I hope to go there some day and, with your permission, I shall pay you a visit. Come along, messieurs, we have no time to lose; it is half-past twelve. Let us be off."

All three went out together and, passing the Piazza di Spagna, went along the Via Frattina which led them straight to the Piano and Ruspoli Palaces. Franz's whole attention was directed to the windows of the Palazzo Ruspoli; he had not forgotten the signal agreed upon by the cloaked man and his mysterious companion.

"Which are your windows?" he asked the Count as naturally as he could.

"The last three," replied the Count with a carelessness which was quite unaffected, for he could not guess the reason of the question.

Franz rapidly looked up at the three windows. The side windows were draped with yellow damask and the centre one with white damask having a red cross on it. The man in the cloak had kept his word, and there was no doubt that the cloaked man and the Count were one and the same person.

When they had driven round the Corso for the second time, the Count stopped the carriage and asked his companions' permission to quit them, leaving his carriage at their disposal. Franz looked up; they were opposite the Palazzo Ruspoli. At the centre window, the one hung with white damask with a red cross, was a blue domino.

"Messieurs," said the Count, jumping out, "when you are tired of being actors and wish to become spectators, you know you have seats at my windows. In the meantime, my coachman, my window, and my servants are at your disposal."

Franz thanked the Count for his kind offer; Albert, however, was busy coquetting with a carriageful of Roman peasants who had taken their stand near the Count's carriage, and was throwing bouquets at them.

Unfortunately for him the line of carriages drove on, and while he went toward the Piazza del Popolo, the carriage that had attracted his attention moved on toward the Palazzo di Venezia.

IN spite of Albert's hopes he could boast of no other adventure that day than that he had passed the carriage with the Roman peasants two or three times. Once, whether by accident or intentionally, his mask fell off. He took his remaining bouquets and threw them into the carriage.

The Count of Monte Cristo had given definite orders that his carriage should be at their disposal for the remaining days of the Carnival, and they were to make use of it without fear of trespassing too much on his kindness. The young men decided to take advantage of the Count's courtesy, and the next afternoon, having replaced their costume of the previous evening, which was somewhat the worse for the numerous combats they had engaged in, by a Roman peasant's attire, they gave orders for the horses to be harnessed. They started forth and hastened toward the Corso by the Via Vittoria.

When they were going round the Corso for the second time, a bouquet of fresh violets was thrown into their carriage from one filled with pierrettes, from which it was quite clear to Albert that the contadine of the previous evening had also changed their costumes, and that, whether by chance or whether both parties had been prompted by a similar sentiment, he was now wearing their costume and they were wearing his.

The day was no less animated than the previous evening; it is even probable that a keen observer would have noted more noise and gaiety. Once the two friends saw the Count at his window, but when they next passed he had disappeared. Needless to say, the flirtation between Albert and the pierrette with the violets lasted the whole day.

When they returned home in the evening Franz found a letter awaiting him from the Ambassador informing him that he would have the honor of being received by His Holiness on the morrow. At each previous visit to Rome he had solicited and had been granted the same honor, and, moved by a religious feeling as much as by gratitude, he did not wish to leave the capital of the Christian world without paying his respectful homage at the feet of one of the successors of St. Peter, who has been such a rare example of all virtues. There was, therefore, no question of the Carnival for him that day; for, in spite of his simplicity and kindness, the grandeur of the noble and holy old man whom they called Gregory XVI was such that one was always filled with awe and respectful emotion at the thought of kneeling before him.

On leaving the Vatican Franz went straight to the hotel, carefully avoiding the Corso. He had brought away with him a treasure of pious thoughts, and he felt it would be profanation to go near the mad gaiety of the mascherata for some little time.

At ten minutes past five Albert entered overjoyed. The pierrette had reassumed her peasant's costume, and, as she passed his carriage, had raised her mask. She was charming to behold.

Franz congratulated Albert, who received his congratulations with the air of a man conscious that they were merited.

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THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO

He had recognised, by certain unmistakable signs, that his fair incognita belonged to the aristocracy, and had made up his mind to write to her the next day.

Though given no details, Franz noticed that Albert had something to ask him, but hesitated to formulate the request.

Franz was not so selfish as to stand in Albert's way in the case of an adventure that promised to prove so agreeable to his curiosity and so flattering to his vanity. He therefore promised Albert that he would be quite pleased to witness the carnival on the morrow from the windows of the Rospoli Palace.

The next morning he saw Albert pass and repass. He held an enormous bouquet, which he, doubtless, meant to make the bearer of his amorous epistle. This probability was changed into certainty when Franz saw the bouquet, a beautiful bunch of white camellias, in the hands of a charming pierette dressed in rose-colored satin.

The evening was no longer joy, but ecstasy. Albert did not doubt that the fair unknown would reply in the same manner; nor was he mistaken, for the next evening saw him enter, triumphantly waving a folded paper he held by the corner.

"Well," said he, "what did I tell you?"

"She has answered you?" asked Franz.

"Read!"

Franz took the letter and read:

"At seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, descend from your carriage opposite the Via del Pontefici, and follow the Roman peasant who snatches your moccoletto from you. When you arrive at the first step of the church of St. Giacomo, be sure to fasten a knot of rose-colored ribbons to the shoulder of your pierrot's costume so that you will be recognised. Until then you will not see me. Constancy and discretion."

"Well?" asked he, when Franz had finished reading. "What do you think of that?"

"I think that the adventure is looking decidedly interesting."

"If my unknown be as amiable as she is beautiful," said Albert, "I shall stay at Rome for at least six weeks. I adore Rome and I have always had a great taste for archaeology."

"Yes, to be sure, two or three more such adventures and I do not despair of seeing you a member of the academy!"

At length Tuesday, the last and most tumultuous day of the Carnival arrived, the day on which the theatres open at ten o'clock in the morning and Lent begins at eight o'clock in the evening.

Night was rapidly approaching, and already at the cry of "Moccoletti!" repeated by the shrill voices of a thousand vendors, two or three stars began to twinkle amid the crowd. It was a signal. At the end of ten minutes fifty thousand lights were glittering. It seemed like a dance of Jack o' lanterns.

This flaming frolic continued for two hours; the Corso was light as day; the features of the spectators on the third and fourth storeys were visible. Every five minutes Albert took out his watch; at length it pointed to seven. The two friends were at that moment in the Via del Pontefici. Albert sprang out of the carriage, moccoletto in hand. Two or three masks strove to tear it from him or extinguish it, but, being a neat boxer, Albert sent them sprawling one after the other, and continued his course toward the church of St. Giacomo. The steps were crowded with curious and masked revellers striving to snatch the torches from each other's hands.

Franz watched Albert's progress and saw him put his foot on the first step; a masked lady wearing the well-known peasant's costume instantly stretched out her hand and, without meeting with any resistance, snatched the moccoletto from him.

Franz was too far away to hear the words that passed between them, but they must have been friendly, for he saw them go away together arm in arm. He watched them for some time making their way through the crowd, but lost sight of them in the Via Macello. Suddenly the bell sounded signalling the close of Carnival, and at the same moment all the moccoletti were extinguished as if by magic.

IN his whole life Franz had neved experienced such a sudden change of impressions, such a swift transition from jollity to sadness as at that moment. It was as though Rome had been changed by the magic breath of some demon of darkness into a vast tomb. It so chanced, too, that the moon was on the wane and would not rise until about eleven o'clock, which added to the intensity of the darkness. The streets the young man traversed were, therefore, plunged into blackest obscurity. He had not far to go, however, and at the end of ten minutes his carriage, or rather the Count's, stopped before the Hotel de Londres.

Dinner was waiting, but as Albert had said he did not expect to be in so soon, Franz sat down to table without him.

At eleven o'clock Albert had not come back. Franz put on his coat and went out, telling his host that he was spending the evening at the Duke of Bracciano's.

The Duke of Bracciano's house was at that time one of the most charming in Rome; his wife, who was one of the last descendants of the Colonnas, did the honors in the most perfect style, and the parties she gave attained European celebrity. Franz and Albert had brought letters of introduction to them, and the Duke's first question was as to what had become of Albert. Franz replied that he had left him when they were extinguishing the moccoletti and had lost sight of him in the Via Macello.

"Do you know where he went to?" asked the Duke.

"Not exactly, but I believe there was some question of a rendezvous."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Duke. "It is a bad day, or rather night, to be out late. You know Rome better than he does and should not have let him go."

Franz felt a shudder run down his back when he observed that the Duke was as uneasy in his mind as he himself was.

"I left word at the hotel that I had the honor of spending the evening with you, Duke," he said, "and that they were to inform me directly he returned."

"Wait a moment; I believe one of my servants is looking for you."

The Duke was not mistaken; on observing Franz, the servant came up to him.

"Excellency," said he, "the proprietor of the Hotel de Londres has sent to inform you that a man is waiting for you there with a letter from Viscount Morcerf."

"A letter from the Viscount!" cried Franz. "Where is the messenger?"

"He went away directly he saw me come into the ballroom to find you."

Franz took his hat and hastened away. As he neared the hotel, he saw a man standing in the middle of the road and did not doubt he was Albert's messenger. He went up to him, and said:

"Have you not brought me a letter from Viscount Morcerf?"

"What is Your Excellency's name?"

"Baron Franz d'Epinay."

"Then the letter is addressed to Your Excellency."

"Is there an answer?" asked Franz, taking the letter.

"Your friend hopes so!"

Franz went in and, as soon as his candle was lit, unfolded the paper. The letter was written in Albert's handwriting and signed by him. Franz read it twice before he could comprehend the contents, which were as follows:

Dear Franz:

Directly you receive this, be good enough to take my letter of credit from my portfolio in the drawer of the writing-desk and add yours to it should it not be enough. Hasten to Torlonia's and draw out at once four thousand piastres, which give to bearer. It is urgent that this sum of money should be sent to me without delay.

I will say no more, for I count on you as you would count on me.

Yours ever,

Albert de Morcerf.

P.S.—I now believe in Italian bandits.

Beneath these lines the following words were written in a strange hand:

If the four thousand piastres are not in my hands by six in the morning, Count Albert will have ceased to exist at seven o'clock.

Luigi Vampa.

This second signature explained all to Franz. Albert had fallen into the hands of the famous chief of banditti in whose existence he had for so long refused to believe.

There was no time to lose. He hastened to the desk, opened it, found the portfolio in the drawer and in the portfolio the letter of credit; it was made out for six thousand piastres, but Albert had already spent three thousand. Franz had no letter of credit; as he lived at Florence and had come to Rome for but seven or eight days, he had only taken a hundred louis with him, and of these he had not more than fifty left.

Seven or eight hundred piastres were therefore lacking to make up the requisite sum, but in such circumstances Franz could always be sure that Messrs. Torlonia would oblige him. He was about to return to the Bracciano Palace without loss of time, when a bright idea occurred to him; he would appeal to the Count of Monte-Cristo.

The Count was in a small room which was surrounded by divans which Franz had not yet seen.

"Well, what good wind blows you here at this hour?" said he. "Have you come to ask me to supper? That would indeed be very kind of you."

"No, I have come to speak to you of a very serious matter. Are we alone?"

The Count went to the door and returned. "Quite alone," said he.

Franz gave him Albert's letter. "Read that," said he.

The Count read it.

"What do you say to that," asked Franz.

"Have you the money he demands?"

"Yes, all but eight hundred piastres."

The Count went to his desk, opened a drawer filled with gold, and said:

"I hope you will not offend me by applying to anyone but me."

"You see that, on the contrary, I have come straight to you."

"Thank you. Take what you please."

"Is it absolutely necessary to send the money to Luigi Vampa?" asked the young man, looking fixedly at the Count.

"Judge for yourself. The postscript is explicit."

"I have an idea that if you took the trouble to reflect, you would find an easier way out of it," said Franz.

"How so?" returned the Count with surprise.

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"I am sure that if we went together to Luigi Vampa, he would not refuse you Albert's freedom."

"What influence can I possibly have over a bandit?"

"Have you not just rendered him one of those services that are never forgotten?"

"What is that?"

"Have you not saved Peppino's life?"

"Who told you that?"

"No matter. I know it."

The Count knit his brows and remained silent a moment.

"And if I were to seek Vampa, would you accompany me?"

"If my society would not be disagreeable."

"Very well, then. It is a lovely night, and a drive in the outskirts of Rome will do us both good. Where is the man who brought this letter?"

"In the street."

"We must learn where we are going to. I will call him in."

The Count went to the window and whistled in a particular manner. The man left the cover of the wall and advanced into the centre of the street.

"Salite!" said the Count in the same tone in which he would have given an order to a servant. The messenger obeyed without the least hesitation, with alacrity rather, and, coming up the steps at a bound, entered the hotel; five seconds later he was at the door.

"Ah! it is you, Peppino," said the Count.

Instead of answering, Peppino threw himself on his knees and, seizing the Count's hands, covered them with kisses.

"You have not forgotten that I saved your life, then!"

"No, Excellency, and I shall never forget it!" returned Peppino in a tone of profound gratitude.

"NEVER? That is a long time; but it is something that you believe so. Rise and answer me."

Peppino glanced anxiously at Franz.

"Oh, you may speak before his Excellency," said the Count, "he is one of my friends—permit me to give you this title," continued the Count in French, "it is necessary so as to give this man confidence."

"Good," returned Peppino. "I am ready to answer any questions your Excellency may address to me."

"How did Viscount Albert fall into Luigi's hands?"

"Excellency, the Frenchman's carriage several times passed the one in which Teresa was driving. The Frenchman threw her a bouquet; Teresa returned the compliment; of course with the consent of the chief, who was in the carriage."

"What!" cried Franz. "Was Luigi Vampa in the carriage with the Roman peasants?"

"It was he who drove, disguised as a coachman. The Frenchman took off his mask, and Teresa, with the chief's consent, did the same. The Frenchman asked for a rendezvous; Teresa gave him one, but instead of Teresa it was Beppo on the steps of the church of San Giacomo."

"What?" exclaimed Franz. "The peasant girl who snatched his moccoletto from him . . .?"

"Was a lad of fifteen," replied Peppino. "But it was no shame on your friend to have been deceived. Beppo has taken in many more."

"And Beppo led him outside the walls?" asked the Count.

"Exactly so. A carriage was waiting at the end of Via Macello. Beppo got in and invited the Frenchman to follow him, and he did not wait to be asked twice. Beppo told him he was going to take him to a villa a league from Rome; the Frenchman assured him he would follow him to the ends of the world. When they were about two hundred yards outside the gates, the Frenchman became somewhat too familiar, so Beppo put a brace of pistols to his head; the coachman pulled up and did likewise. At the same time four of the band, who were concealed on the banks of the Almo, dashed up to the carriage doors. The Frenchman tried to defend himself and indeed nearly strangled Beppo, but he was powerless against five armed men and was forced to give in. They made him get out and walk along the bank of the river, and thus brought him to Teresa and Luigi, who were waiting for him in the catacombs of Saint Sebastian."

"Well, this seems quite a likely story," said the Count, turning to Franz. "What do you say to it?"

"Why, that I should think it very funny if it had happened to anyone but Albert."

The Count rang, and a footman appeared.

"Order out the carriage," he said, "and remove the pistols which are in the holsters. You need not awaken the coachman. Ali will drive."

In a very short time the noise of wheels was heard, and the carriage stopped at the door. The Count took out his watch. "Half-past twelve," he said. "If we started at five o'clock, we should be in time, but the delay might cause your friend an uneasy night, so we had better go with all speed to rescue him from the hands of the brigands. Are you still resolved to accompany me?"

"More determined than ever."

"Well then, come along."

Franz and the Count went downstairs accompanied by Peppino and found the carriage at the door with Ali on the box. Franz and the Count got in, Peppino placed himself beside Ali, and they set off at a rapid pace. At the St. Sebastian gate the porter raised objections, but the Count of Monte Cristo produced an authorisation from the Governor of Rome to leave or enter the city at any hour of the day or night; the portcullis was therefore raised, the porter had a louis for his trouble, and they went on their way. The road which the carriage now traversed was the ancient Appian Way, with its border of tombs. By the light of the moon which was now rising, Franz imagined from time to time that he saw a sentry emerge from behind a ruin and at a sign from Peppino disappear again.

A short time before they reached the Circus of Caracalla the carriage stopped; Peppino opened the door, and the Count and Franz alighted.

"We shall be there in about ten minutes," said the Count to his companion.

Taking Peppino aside, he gave him some instructions in a low voice, and Peppino went away, taking with him a torch they had brought with them in the well of the carriage.

Five minutes elapsed, during which time Franz saw a shepherd advance along a narrow path in between the irregularities of the ground and then disappear in the tall red grass that looked like the bristling mane of some gigantic lion.

"Now, let us follow him," said the Count. They went along the same path which, after about a hundred yards, led them down a sharp incline to the bottom of a little valley. There they perceived two men talking together in a sheltered nook. One of these men was Peppino, the other was a man on sentry-duty. Franz and the Count advanced, and the bandit saluted.

"Excellency," said Peppino, addressing the Count, "have the goodness to follow me; the opening to the catacombs is but two yards from here."

"VERY well," said the Count, "lead the way."

And there behind a clump of bushes in the midst of several rocks an opening presented itself which was hardly large enough for a man to pass through. Peppino was the first to creep through the crack, but had not gone many steps before the subterranean passage suddenly widened. He stopped, lighted his torch, and looked round to ascertain whether the others were following him. Franz and the Count were still compelled to stoop, and there was only just sufficient width to allow them to walk two abreast. They had proceeded about fifty yards in this manner when the cry: "Who goes there?" brought them to a standstill. At the same time, they saw the light of their torch reflected on the barrel of a carbine in the darkness beyond.

"A friend," said Peppino, and, advancing alone, he said a few words in an undertone to the sentry, who, like the first, saluted and signed to the nocturnal visitors to continue their way.

Behind the sentry there were some twenty steps. Franz and the Count went down them and found themselves in front of the cross-roads of a burial place. Five roads diverged like the rays of a star, and the sides of the walls, hollowed out into niches in the shape of coffins, indicated that they had at last come to the catacombs. In one of these cavities, of which it was impossible to discover the size, some rays of light were visible. The Count placed his hand on Franz's shoulder and said: "Would you like to see a bandit camp at rest?"

"I should indeed," was Franz's reply.

"Come with me, then; Peppino, put out the torch!"

Peppino obeyed, and they were in complete darkness. They proceeded in silence the Count guiding Franz as if he possessed the peculiar faculty of seeing in the dark. Three arches confronted them, the centre one forming a door. On one side these arches opened on to the corridor in which Franz and the Count were standing, and on the other into a large square room entirely surrounded by niches similar to those already mentioned. In the centre of this room were four stones, which had formerly served as an altar, as was evident from the cross which still surmounted them.

A lamp, placed at the base of a pillar, lighted with a pale and flickering flame the singular scene which presented itself to the eyes of the two visitors concealed in the shadow. A man was seated reading, with his elbow on the column and his back to the arches, through which the newcomers watched him. This was the chief of the band, Luigi Vampa. Around him, grouped according to fancy, could be seen some twenty brigands lying in their mantles or with their backs against one of the stone seats which ran all around the Columbarium; each one had his carbine within reach. Down below, silent, scarcely visible,

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and like a shadow, was a sentry, who was walking up and down before a kind of opening. When the Count thought Franz had gazed long enough on this picturesque tableau, he raised his finger to his lips to warn him to be quiet, and, ascending the three steps which lead from the corridor to the Columbarium, entered the room by the centre arch, and advanced towards Vampa, who was so intent on the book before him that he did not hear the sound of his footsteps.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry, who was on the alert and saw by the light of the lamp a growing shadow approaching his chief.

At this cry Vampa rose quickly, at the same time taking a pistol from his belt. In a moment twenty bandits were on their feet with their carbines levelled at the Count.

"Well," said he in a perfectly calm voice, and without moving a muscle, "well, my dear Vampa, it appears to me that you receive your friends with a great deal of ceremony!"

"Ground arms!" shouted the chief with a commanding sweep of one hand, whilst with the other he respectfully took off his hat. Then, turning to the singular person who was watching this scene, he said: "Excuse me, Count, but I was far from expecting the honor of a visit from you and did not recognise you."

"It seems that your memory is equally short in everything, Vampa," said the Count, "and that, not only do you forget people's faces, but also the conditions you make with them."

"What conditions have I forgotten, Count?" inquired the bandit with the air of a man who, having committed an error, is anxious to repair it.

"Was it not agreed," asked the Count, "that not only my person, but that of my friends, should be respected by you?"

"And how have I broken faith, Your Excellency?"

"You have this evening carried off and conveyed hither the Viscount Albert de Morcerf. Well," continued the Count, in a tone which made Franz shudder, "this young gentleman is one of my friends, this young gentleman is staying in the same hotel as myself, this young gentleman has done the Corso for a week in my carriage, and yet, I repeat to you, you have carried him off and conveyed him hither, and" added the Count, taking a letter from his pocket, "you have set a ransom on him as if he were just anybody."

"Why didn't some of you tell me all this?" inquired the brigand chief, turning towards his men, who all retreated before his look. "Why have you allowed me to fall thus in my word towards a gentleman like the Count, who has all our lives in his hands? By heavens! if I thought that one of you knew that the gentleman was a friend of His Excellency's, I would blow his brains out with my own hand!"

"You see," said the Count, turning toward Franz, "I told you there was some mistake."

"Are you not alone?" asked Vampa with uneasiness.

"I am with the person to whom this letter was addressed, and to whom I desired to prove that Luigi Vampa was a man of his word. Come, Your Excellency, here is Luigi Vampa, who will himself express to you his regret at the mistake he has made."

Franz approached; the chief advanced several steps toward him.

"Your Excellency is right welcome," he said to him. "You heard what the Count just said and also my reply; let me add that I would not have had such a thing happen, not even for the four thousand piastres at which I had fixed your friend's ransom."

"But where is the Viscount?" said Franz, looking round anxiously.

"Nothing has happened to him, I hope?" asked the Count with a frown.

"The prisoner is there," replied Vampa, pointing to the recess in front of which the bandit sentry was on guard, "and I will go myself and tell him he is free."

The chief went toward the place he had pointed out as Albert's prison, and Franz and the Count followed. Vampa drew back a bolt, and pushed open a door.

By the gleam of a lamp Albert was seen wrapped up in a cloak which one of the bandits had lent him, lying in a corner of the room in profound slumber.

"WELL, I never!" said the Count, smiling in his own peculiar way. "That is not so bad for a man who is to be shot at seven o'clock to-morrow morning!"

Vampa looked at Albert in admiration. "You are right, Count," he said, "this must be one of your friends."

Then, going up to Albert, he touched him on the shoulder, saying: "Will Your Excellency please to awaken?"

Albert stretched out his arms, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Ah, is that you, captain? Well, you might have let me sleep. I was having such a delightful dream. I was dancing the galop at the Duke's with the Countess G——"

Then he drew from his pocket his watch, which he had kept by him that he might see how the time sped.

"Half-past one only!" said he. "Why the devil do you rouse me at this hour?"

"To tell you that you are free, Excellency! A gentleman to whom I can refuse nothing has come to demand your liberty."

The bandit gazed on this scene with amazement; he was evidently accustomed to see his prisoners grovel before him, yet here was one whose gay spirits never faltered, even for one moment. As for Franz, he was delighted at the way in which Albert had maintained the honor of his country, even in the presence of death.

"If you make haste, Albert," he said, "we shall still have time to finish the night at the Duke's. You can continue your interrupted galop, so that you will owe no ill-will to Signor Luigi, who has, indeed, acted like a gentleman throughout this whole affair."

"Quite right, we may reach the Palazzo by two o'clock. Signor Luigi," continued Albert, "is there any formality to fulfil before I take leave of Your Excellency?"

"None, signore," replied the bandit. "You are as free as the air."

"Well, then, a happy and merry life to you! Come, messieurs, come! Ah! excuse me! May I?" And he lighted a cigar at a torch which one of the bandits was holding. "Now, Count," he continued, "let us make all possible speed. I am most anxious to finish my evening at the Duke of Bracciano's."

They found the carriage where they had left it. The Count said a word to Ali, and the horses went off at a great speed.

It was just two o'clock by Albert's watch when the two friends entered the ballroom.

Their return made quite a stir, but, as they entered together, all uneasiness on Albert's account was instantly dispelled.

On rising the next morning, Albert's first thought was to pay a visit to the Count. He had thanked him in the evening, it is true, but it seemed to him it was not too much to thank a man twice for a service such as the Count had rendered him.

The Count of Monte Cristo attracted Franz, yet filled him with terror, and he would not let Albert go alone. They were shown into the salon, where the Count joined them five minutes later.

Albert advanced towards him, saying: "Permit me, Count, to say to you this morning what I expressed so badly yesterday evening. Never shall I forget the way in which you came to my assistance, nor the fact that I practically owe you my life."

"My dear fellow," replied the Count smiling, "you are exaggerating your obligations towards me. You are indebted to me for a small economy of some twenty thousand francs in your travelling budget, and that is all; it is scarcely worth mentioning. On the other hand," he added, "permit me to congratulate you on your admirable coolness and indifference in the face of danger."

"Oh! tut, tut!" said Albert. "I tried to imagine I had had a quarrel resulting in a duel, and I wanted to show these bandits that though duels are fought in nearly every country of the world, it is only the French who fight with a smile on their lips. This, however, in no way lessens my obligations towards you, and I have come to ask you whether I, my friends, or my acquaintances cannot serve you in any way. My father, the Count of Morcerf, who is of Spanish origin, holds a high position both in France and in Spain, and he and all who love me will be only too pleased to be of any service to you."

"I accept your offer," said the Count, "for I assure you I have only been waiting for just such an opportunity to realise a hope I have had in view for some time past."

"When do you propose going?"

"When shall you be there yourself?"

"Oh, I shall be there in a fortnight or three weeks at the latest."

"Very well," said the Count, "I will give you three months, which would be allowing a wide margin." Then, examining a calendar that was hanging near the mirror, he continued: "To-day is the twenty-first of February. Will it suit you if I call on you on the twenty-first of May at half-past ten in the morning?"

"Splendid!" said Albert, "breakfast will be ready."

"Where do you live?"

"Rue du Helder, number twenty-seven."

"Very well," said the Count. He took his notebook from his pocket and wrote: "Rue du Helder, number twenty-seven, May the twenty-first at 10.30 a.m." "And now," said he, replacing his notebook, "you may rely on me. The hand of your timepiece will not be more accurate than I shall be."

IN the house in the Rue du Helder, where Albert de Morcerf had invited the Count of Monte-Cristo, everything was being prepared on the morning of the 21st of May to fulfil the engagement.

Albert inhabited a suite of rooms at the corner of a large court, directly opposite another building, in which were the servants' apartments. Four young men waited.

"There 's no Count of Monte-Cristo!" said Debray, one of the young men. "There is half-past ten striking, Albert!"

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"Confess you have dreamed this, and let us sit down to breakfast," said Beauchamp.

But the sound of the clock had not died away when Germain announced—

"His Excellency the Count of Monte-Cristo."

The involuntary start everyone gave proved how much Morcerf's words had impressed them, and Albert could not prevent himself from feeling a sudden emotion. He had not heard a carriage stop in the street, or steps in the antechamber; the door had opened noiselessly.

The Count appeared, dressed with the greatest simplicity, but the most fastidious dandy could have found nothing to cavil at in his toilet, for every article of dress, hat, coat, gloves, and boots, were from the first makers. He seemed scarcely five-and-thirty. The Count advanced smiling into the centre of the room and approached Albert, who hastened towards him holding out his hand.

"PUNCTUALITY," said Monte-Cristo, "is the politeness of kings—according to one of your sovereigns, I think; but it is not the same with travellers. However, I hope you will excuse the two or three seconds I am behind-hand; five hundred leagues are not to be accomplished without some trouble, and especially in France, where it seems it is forbidden to beat the postilions."

"M. le Comte," replied Albert, "I was announcing your visit to some of my friends, whom I had invited in consequence of the promise you did me the honor to make, and whom I now present to you. They are M. le Comte de Chateau-Renaud, whose nobility goes back to twelve peers, and whose ancestors had a place at the Round Table; M. Lucien Debray, private secretary to the Ministre de l'Interieur; M. Beauchamp, an editor of a paper, and the terror of the French government, of whom, in spite of his celebrity, you have not heard in Italy, since his paper is prohibited there; and M. Maximilian Morrel, captain of Spahis."

At this name the Count, who had hitherto saluted every one with courtesy, but at the same time with coldness and formality, stepped a pace forward, and a slight tinge of red colored his pale cheeks.

"You wear the uniform of the new French conquerors, monsieur," said he. "It is a handsome uniform."

No one knew what caused the count's voice to vibrate so deeply, and what made his eye flash.

"Gentlemen," said Albert, "Germain informs me breakfast is ready. My dear count, allow me to show you the way."

They passed silently into the breakfast-room; every one took his place.

"Gentlemen," said the count, seating himself, "permit me to make a confession. I am a stranger, and a stranger to such a degree that this is the first time I have ever been in Paris. The French way of living is utterly unknown to me, and up to the present time I have followed the Eastern customs, which are entirely different from the Parisian. I beg you therefore to excuse me if you find anything in me too Turkish, too Italian, or too Arabian. Now, then, let us breakfast."

"With what an air he says all this!" muttered Beauchamp; "decidedly he is a great man."

"A great man in his country," added Debray.

"A great man in every country, M. Debray," said Chateau-Renaud.

The count was, it may be remembered, a most temperate guest. Albert remarked this, expressing his fears lest, at the outset, the Parisian mode of life should displease the traveller in the most essential point.

"I wonder," said Morcerf presently to the count, "if you have made any arrangement where to lodge in Paris? If not, I shall be proud to offer you hospitality."

"I will venture to offer the count a suite of apartments in a charming hotel," said Morrel shyly, "in the Pompadour style, that my sister has inhabited for a year, in the Rue Meslay. I live there during my leave of absence," he continued; "and I shall be together with my brother-in-law, Emmanuel Herbaut, at the disposition of M. le Comte, whenever he thinks fit to honor us."

"Thanks, monsieur," said Monte-Cristo, "I shall content myself with being presented to your sister and her husband, if you will do me the honor to introduce me; but I cannot accept either of these kind offers, since my habitation is already prepared."

"What!" cried Morcerf, "you are, then, going to an hotel—that will be very dull for you."

"Was I so badly lodged at Rome?" said Monte-Cristo, smiling.

"Why, at Rome you spent fifty thousand piastres in furnishing your apartments, but I presume that you are not disposed to spend a similar sum every day."

"It is not that which deterred me," replied Monte-Cristo; "but as I determined to have a house to myself I sent on my valet-de-chambre, and he ought by this time to have bought the house and furnished it."

"But you have then a valet-de-chambre who knows Paris?" said Beauchamp.

"It is the first time he has ever been in Paris. He is black, and cannot speak," returned Monte-Cristo.

"It is Ali!" cried Albert, in the midst of the general surprise.

"Yes. Ali himself, my Nubian mute, whom you saw, I think, at Rome."

"Certainly," said Morcerf. "I recollect him perfectly. But how could you charge a Nubian to purchase a house, and to furnish it? He will do every thing wrong."

"Undeceive yourself," replied Monte-Cristo. "I am quite sure that, on the contrary, he will choose everything as I wish. He knows my tastes, my caprices, my wants. He has been here a week, with the instinct of a hound hunting by himself; he will organise everything for me. He knew I should arrive to-day at ten o'clock; since nine he awaited me at the Barriere de Fontainebleau. He gave me this paper. It contains the number of my new abode. Read it yourself," and Monte-Cristo passed a paper to Albert.

"Ah, that is really original," said Beauchamp, to whom Albert passed the paper.

"And very princely," added Chateau-Renaud.

"Do you not know your house?" asked Debray.

"No," said Monte-Cristo. "I told you I did not wish to be behind my time. I dressed myself in the carriage, and descended at the vicomte's door."

The young men looked at each other. They did not know if it was a comedy Monte-Cristo was playing; but every word he uttered had such an air of simplicity that it was impossible to suppose what he said was false; besides why should he tell a falsehood?

"My dear Albert," said Debray, rising, "It is half-past two," and as his host accompanied him to the door, he added, "Your guest is charming; but you leave the best company to go into the worst sometimes. I must return to the minister's. I will tell him of the count, and we shall soon know who he is."

"Take care," returned Albert, "no one has been able to accomplish that."

"Bravo!" said Beauchamp, who had followed them out, to Albert. "I do not go to the Chamber, but I have something better to offer my readers than a speech of M. Danglars."

"For Heaven's sake, Beauchamp!" returned Morcerf, "do not deprive me of the merit of introducing him everywhere. Is he not peculiar?"

"He is more than that," replied Chateau-Renaud; "he is one of the most extraordinary men I ever saw in my life."

Maximilian Morrel left the room with the Baron de Chateau-Renaud a few minutes later.

When Albert found himself alone with Monte-Cristo, "M. le Comte," said he, "allow me to commence my ciceroneship by showing you a specimen of a bachelor's apartment. You, who are accustomed to the palaces of Italy, can amuse yourself by calculating in how many square feet a young man who is not the worst lodged in Paris can live. As we pass from one room to another I will open the windows to let you breathe."

From the salon they passed into the bedchamber; it was a model of taste and simple elegance. A single portrait, signed Leopold Robert, shone in its carved and gilded frame.

This portrait attracted the Count of Monte-Cristo's attention, for he made three rapid steps in the chamber, and stopped suddenly before it. It was the portrait of a young woman of five or six-and-twenty, with a dark complexion, and light and lustrous eyes veiled beneath their long lashes. She wore the picturesque costume of the Catalan fisherwomen, a red-and-black bodice and the golden pins in her hair. She was looking at the sea, and her shadow was defined on the blue ocean and sky.

The light was so faint in the room that Albert did not perceive the count's pallor, or the nervous heaving of his chest and shoulders. Silence prevailed for an instant, during which Monte-Cristo gazed intently on the picture.

"YOU have there a most charming picture, viscount," he said at last, in a perfectly calm tone.

"Ah!" returned Albert, "you do not know my mother; she it is whom you see here; she had her portrait painted thus six or eight years ago. This costume is a fancy one, it appears, and the resemblance is so great that I think I still see my mother the same as she was in 1830. She had this portrait painted during my father's absence. She doubtless intended giving him an agreeable surprise, but, strange to say, this portrait seemed to displease him, and he could not overcome his dislike to it."

Monte-Cristo was still engaged in examining the portrait when a door opened, and he found himself opposite to the Count de Morcerf himself. He was a man of forty to forty-five years, but he seemed at least fifty, and his black moustache and eyebrows contrasted strangely with his almost white hair, which was cut short in the military fashion. He was dressed in plain clothes, and wore at his buttonhole the ribands of the different orders to which he belonged. Monte-Cristo saw him advance towards him without making a single step. It seemed as if

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his feet were rooted to the ground and his eyes on the Count de Morcerf.

"Father," said the young man, "I have the honor of presenting to you M. le Comte de Monte-Cristo, the generous friend whom I had the good fortune to meet in the critical juncture of which I have told you."

"You are most welcome, monsieur," said the Count de Morcerf, saluting Monte-Cristo with a smile. "And monsieur has rendered our house, in preserving its only heir, a service which ensures him our eternal gratitude."

As he said these words, the Count de Morcerf pointed to a chair, whilst he seated himself in another opposite the window.

Monte-Cristo, whilst he took the seat Morcerf offered him, placed himself in such a manner as to remain concealed in the shadow of the large velvet curtains, and read on the careworn and livid features of the count a whole history of secret griefs written in each wrinkle time had planted there.

"My wife," said Morcerf, "was at her toilet when she was informed of the visit she was about to receive. She will, however, be in the salon in ten minutes."

Monte-Cristo acknowledged the courtesy with a bow.

"Ah! here is my mother!" cried Albert.

Monte-Cristo turned round hastily, and saw Madame de Morcerf at the entrance of the salon, at the door opposite to that by which her husband had entered, pale and motionless; when Monte-Cristo turned round, she let fall her arm, which for some unknown reason had been resting on the gilded door-post. She had been there some moments, and had overheard the last words of the visitor.

THE latter rose and bowed to the countess, who inclined herself without speaking.

"Good heavens, madame!" said the count, "are you unwell, or is it the heat of the room that affects you?"

"Are you ill, mother?" cried Albert, springing towards her.

She thanked them both with a smile.

"No," returned she, "but I feel some emotion on seeing, for the first time, the man, without whose intervention we should have been in tears and desolation. Monsieur," she continued, advancing with the majesty of a queen, "I owe to you the life of my son, and for this I bless you. Now I thank you for the pleasure you give me in thus affording me the opportunity of thanking you as I have blessed you, from the bottom of my heart.

The count bowed again, but lower than before; he was even paler than Mercedes.

"Madame," said he, "M. le Comte and yourself recompense too generously a simple action. To save a man, to spare a father's feelings or a mother's sensibility, is not to do a good action, but a simple deed of humanity."

At these words, uttered with the most exquisite sweetness and politeness, Madame de Morcerf replied:—

"It is very fortunate for my son, monsieur, that he found such a friend, and I thank God that things are thus."

And Mercedes raised her fine eyes to heaven, with so fervent an expression of gratitude that the count fancied he saw tears in them.

M. de Morcerf approached her.

"Madame," said he, "I must make my excuses to M. le Comte for quitting him, and I pray you to do so also. The sitting commences at two, it is now three, and I am to speak."

"Go, then, and monsieur and I will strive our best to forget your absence!" replied the countess, with the same tone of deep feeling. "M. le Comte," continued she, turning to Monte-Cristo, "will you do us the honor of passing the rest of the day with us?"

"Believe me, madame, I feel most grateful for your kindness, but I got out of my travelling carriage at your door this morning, and I am ignorant how I am installed in Paris, which I scarcely know; this is but a trifling inquietude, I know, but one that may be appreciated."

"We shall have this pleasure another time!" said the countess; "you promise that?"

Monte-Cristo inclined himself, without answering, but the gesture might pass for assent.

"I will not detain you, monsieur," continued the countess.

When Albert returned to his mother, after seeing his guest to the door, he found her in the boudoir, reclining in a large velvet armchair, the whole room so obscure that only the shining spangle, fastened here and there to the drapery, and the angles of the gilded frames of the pictures, gave a kind of light to the room. Albert could not see his mother's face, which was lost in a thin veil she had put on her head which descended around her features like a cloud of vapor, but it seemed to him as though her voice had altered. He could distinguish amidst the perfumes of the roses and heliotropes in the flower-stands the sharp and fragrant odor of volatile salts, and he remarked in one of the chased cups on the mantelpiece the countess' smelling-bottle, taken from its shagreen case, and exclaimed in a tone of uneasiness, as he entered—

"My dear mother, are you faint?"

"No, no, Albert! but you know these roses, tuberoses, and orange flowers, throw out at first, before one is used to them, such violent perfumes."

"Then," said Albert, putting his hand to the bell, "they must be taken into the antechamber. You are really upset, and just now were so pale as you came into the room——"

"Was I pale, Albert?"

"Yes; a paleness that suits you admirably, mother; but which did not the less alarm my father and myself!"

"Did your father speak of it?" inquired Mercedes, eagerly.

"No, but he noticed it, I know."

A servant entered, summoned by Albert's ringing.

"Take these flowers into the anteroom or dressing-room," he ordered.

The footman obeyed his orders.

A long pause ensued, which lasted until all the flowers were removed.

"What is this name of Monte-Cristo?" inquired the countess, when the servant had taken away the last vase of flowers; "is it a family name, or the name of the estate, or a simple title?"

"I believe, mother, it is merely a simple title. The Count purchased an island in the Tuscan Archipelago. You know the same thing was done for Saint Stephen of Florence, Saint George, Constantinian of Parma, and even for the Order of Malta. Except this, he has no pretension to nobility, and calls himself a chance count, although the general opinion at Rome is that the Count is a man of very high distinction."

"His manners are admirable!" said the Countess: "at least, as far as I could judge in the few moments he remained here."

"They are perfect, mother—so perfect that they surpass by far all I have known in the leading aristocracy of the three proudest nations of Europe—the English aristocracy, Spanish aristocracy, and French aristocracy."

The Countess paused a moment: then after a slight hesitation, she resumed—

"And what do you suppose is the count's age?" inquired Mercedes, evidently attaching great importance to this question.

"Thirty-five or thirty-six, mother."

"So young! it is impossible," said Mercedes, replying at the same time to what Albert said as well as to her own private reflection.

THE Count of Monte-Cristo set out for his house at Auteuil, accompanied by his Nubian slave, Ali, and several attendants.

No sooner had he arrived than Baptistin brought him a letter on a silver salver.

The count opened the letter, and read:

"M. de Monte-Cristo is apprised that this night a man will enter his house in the Champs-Elysees with the intention of carrying off some papers supposed to be in the secretaire in the dressing-room. The count's well-known courage will render unnecessary the aid of the police, whose interference might seriously affect him who sends this advice. The count, by concealing himself in the dressing-room, would be able to defend his property himself. Many attendants or apparent precautions would prevent the attempt, and M. de Monte-Cristo would lose the opportunity of discovering an enemy."

"They do not want my papers," said Monte-Cristo, "they think I am there, and want to kill me; they are no robbers but assassins. I will not allow M. le Prefet de Police to interfere with my private affairs. I am rich enough, forsooth, to dispute his authority on this occasion."

He allowed his servants, all except Ali, to think him still at Auteuil, but after dinner he returned to Paris.

He hastened to the side-door with Ali, entered precipitately, and, by the servants' staircase, of which he had the key, gained his bedroom without opening or disarranging a single curtain, without even the porter having the slightest suspicion that the house which he supposed empty contained its chief occupant.

Arrived in his bedroom, the count motioned Ali to stop, then he passed into the dressing-room, which he examined; all was as usual —the precious secretaire in its place, and the key in the secretaire. He doubly locked it, took the key, returned to the bedroom door, removed the double staple of the bolt, and went in.

Meanwhile Ali had procured the arms the count required, namely, a short carbine and a pair of double-barrelled pistols, with which as sure an aim might be taken as with a single-barrelled one. Thus armed, the count held the life of five men in his hands.

As the clock struck twelve, the count thought he heard a slight noise in the dressing-room; this first sound, or, rather, this first grinding, was followed by a second, then a third; at the fourth the count knew what to expect. A firm and well-practised hand was engaged in cutting the four sides of a pane of glass with a diamond.

At that moment Ali touched his master slightly on the shoulder. He turned. Ali pointed to the window of the room in which they were, facing the street. Monte-Cristo moved so as to gain a view from it.

"Good," thought he, "there are two of them; one acts while the other watches."

He made a sign to Ali not to lose sight of the man in the street, and returned to the one in the dressing-room.

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The glass-cutter had entered, and was feeling his way, his arms stretched out before him. At last he appeared to have made himself familiar with all parts of it. There were two doors; he bolted them both.

When he drew near to that of the bedroom Monte-Cristo expected he was coming in, and raised one of his pistols; but he simply heard the sound of the bolts sliding in their copper rings. It was only a precaution. The nocturnal visitor, ignorant of the count's having removed the staples, might now think himself at home, and pursue his purpose with full security.

He touched a spring, and immediately a pale light, just bright enough to render objects distinct, was reflected on the hands and countenance of the man. Monte-Cristo started violently, for the face was known to him. Then he slipped back noiselessly, and returned transformed.

HIS tunic had disappeared under a long cassock, his hair under a priest's wig; the three-cornered hat over this effectually transformed the Count into an abbe.

The man had advanced straight to the secretaire, the lock of which was beginning to crack under his instrument.

Monte-Cristo then drew a lighted taper from a closet, and when the thief was deeply engaged with his lock, silently opened the door, taking care that the light should shine directly on his face.

The door opened so quietly that the thief heard no sound. But, to his astonishment, the room was in a moment light. He turned.

"Good evening, dear M. Caderousse!" said Monte-Cristo; "what are you doing here at such an hour?"

"The Abbe Busoni!" exclaimed Caderousse; and, bewildered with terror at this strange apparition which had entered when he had bolted the doors, he let fall his bunch of keys, and remained motionless and stupefied.

The Count placed himself between Caderousse and the window, thus cutting off from the thief his only chance of retreat.

"The Abbe Busoni!" repeated Caderousse, fixing his haggard gaze on the Count.

"Yes, doubtless!—the Abbe Busoni himself," replied Monte-Cristo, "and I am very glad you recognise me, dear M. Caderousse; it proves you have a good memory, for it must be about ten years since we last met."

This calmness of Busoni, combined with his irony and boldness, staggered Caderousse.

"L'Abbe! l'abbe!" murmured he, clenching his fists and his teeth chattering.

"So you would rob the Count of Monte-Cristo," continued the false abbe.

"M. l'Abbe," murmured Caderousse, seeking to regain the window, which the Count pitilessly intercepted—"M. l'Abbe, I don't know—believe me—I take my oath——"

"Silence! God gives me strength to overcome a wild beast like you; in the name of that God I act—remember that, wretch! Now, begone!"

"Which way?"

"The way you came."

"M. l'Abbe," said Caderousse, "are you going to give me one more chance—try me once more?"

"I will," said the count. "If you reach your home safely, and leave Paris, leave France; and wherever you may be, so long as you conduct yourself well, I will send you a small annuity; for, if you return home safely, then——"

"Then?" asked Caderousse, shuddering.

"Then I shall believe God has forgiven you, and I will forgive you, too."

"As true as I am a Christian," stammered Caderousse, "you will make me die of fright!"

"Now, begone!" said the count, pointing to the window.

Caderousse, scarcely yet relying on this promise, put his legs out of the window and stood on the ladder. Monte-Cristo returned to his bedroom, and glancing rapidly from the garden to the street, he watched Caderousse, who, after walking to the end of the garden, fixed his ladder against the wall at a different place from where he came in.

Then Caderousse sat astride the coping, and, drawing up his ladder, passed it over the wall; he began to descend, or rather to slide down by the two stanchions, which he did with an ease which proved how accustomed he was to the exercise.

But once he had started he could not stop. He saw a man spring from the shade when he was half way down—he saw an arm raised as he touched the ground, but he could not check his descent. Before he could defend himself that arm struck him so violently in the back that he let go the ladder, crying, "Help!"

A second blow struck him almost immediately in the side, and he fell, calling, "Help, murder!"

Then, as he rolled on the ground, his adversary seized him by the hair, and struck him a third blow in the chest. This time Caderousse endeavored to call again, but he could only utter a groan, and he shuddered as the blood flowed from his three wounds. The assassin, finding he no longer cried, slipped his hands into his pockets and began a hasty search.

Then Caderousse, with a convulsive effort, raised himself on his elbow, and with a dying voice cried—

"Murder! I am dying! Help, M. l'Abbe—help!"

The door of the back staircase opened, then the side-gate of the garden, and Ali and his master were on the spot with lights, and the murderer fled.

Caderousse continued to call piteously—

"M. l'Abbe, help! help!"

Ali and his master conveyed the wounded man into a room. Monte-Cristo motioned to Ali to undress him, and he then examined his dreadful wounds.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "Thy vengeance is sometimes delayed, but only that it may fall the more effectually."

Ali looked at his master for further instructions.

"Go, wake the porter, and send him for a surgeon."

Ali obeyed, leaving the abbe alone with Caderousse, who had not yet revived.

When the wretched man opened his eyes, the count looked at him with a mournful expression of pity, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

"Did you recognise your murderer?" he asked.

"Yes—it was my comrade. He gave me the plan of this house, hoping I should rob the count. He had doubtless planned from the first to waylay me and murder me. He began to rifle my pockets but fled without discovering I had nothing, when he heard you coming."

"Remember my words—I said: 'If you return home safely, I shall believe God has forgiven you, and I will forgive you also.'"

"And you did not warn me!" cried Caderousse, raising himself on his elbows. "You knew I should be killed on leaving this house, and did not warn me!"

"No, for I saw God's justice placed in the hands of your comrade, and should have thought it sacrilege to oppose the designs of Providence."

"God's justice! Speak not of it, M. l'Abbe. If God were just, you know many would be punished who now escape. Do you then believe in God?"

"There is a Providence, there is a God," said Monte-Cristo, "of which you are a striking proof, as you lie in utter despair, denying Him; while I stand before you, rich, happy, safe, and entreating that God in whom you endeavor not to believe, while in your heart you still believe in Him."

"But who are you, then?" asked Caderousse, fixing his dying eyes on the count.

"Look well at me!" said Monte-Cristo, putting the light near his face.

"The abbe—the Abbe Busoni."

Monte-Cristo took off the wig which disfigured him, and uncovered his black hair, which added so much to the beauty of his pallid features.

"Oh!" said Caderousse, thunderstruck, "I have seen you before."

"Yes, Caderousse, you have seen me; you knew me once."

"Who, then, are you? And why, if you knew me, do you let me die?"

"Because nothing can save you, your wounds are mortal. Had it been possible to save your life, I should have considered it another proof of God's mercy, and I would again have endeavored to restore you, I swear by my father's grave."

"By your father's grave!" said Caderousse, half-raising himself to see more distinctly the man who had just taken this oath which all men hold sacred; "who, then, are you?"

The count had watched the approach of death. He knew this was the last struggle—he approached the dying man, and leaning over him with a calm and melancholy look, he whispered—

"I am—I am——"

And his almost closed lips uttered a name so low that he himself appeared afraid to hear it.

Caderousse sighed deeply, and fell back with a groan. The blood no longer flowed from his wounds. He was dead.

"One!" said the count, mysteriously, his eyes fixed on the wretch who had suffered so awful a death.

ONE morning, directly he awoke, Danglars asked for the newspapers, they were brought to him; he laid aside three or four, and at last fixed on "l'Impartial;" it was the paper of which Beauchamp was the chief editor. He hastily tore off the cover, opened the journal with nervous precipitation, passed contemptuously over "le premier Paris," and arriving at the miscellaneous intelligence, stopped, with a malicious smile, at a paragraph headed "Yanina."

"Very good!" observed Danglars, after having read the paragraph; "here is a little article on Colonel Fernand."

At the same moment, that is at nine o'clock in the morning, Albert de Morcerf, dressed in a black coat buttoned up to his chin, might have been seen walking with a quick and agitated step in the direction of Monte-Cristo's house in the Champs Elysees. When he presented himself at the gate the porter informed him that the count had gone out about half an hour previously.

"Is M. le Comte shooting in the gallery?" said Morcerf.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

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Albert immediately drove to the shooting gallery. As he arrived, Monte-Cristo appeared on the threshold.

"I ask your pardon, my dear count," said Albert, "for following you here, but I have come to ask you a service. I am to fight to-day."

"What is the quarrel? People fight for all sorts of reasons you know."

"I fight in the cause of honor; will you be my second?"

"That is a serious matter, and we will not discuss it here; let us speak of nothing till we get home."

Both then entered Monte-Cristo's carriage, which in the course of a few minutes deposited them safely at No. 30. Monte-Cristo took Albert into his study, and pointing to a seat placed another for himself.

"Now, with whom are you going to fight?" said the count.

"With Beauchamp."

"What has he done to you?"

"There appeared in his journel last night—— But wait, read for yourself."

And Albert handed over a paper to the count, who read as follows:

"A correspondent at Yanina informs us of a fact of which until now we had remained in ignorance. The castle which formed the protection of the town was given up to the Turks by a French officer named Fernand, in whom the Grand Vizier, Ali Tebelen, had reposed the greatest confidence."

"Well!" said Monte-Cristo, "what do you see in that to annoy you?"

"What do I see in it?"

"Yes; what does it signify to you if the castle of Yanina was given up by a French officer?"

"It signifies to my father, the Count of Morcerf, whose Christian name is Fernand!"

"Beauchamp will never retract, but he will tell you, what is very true, that perhaps there were fifty officers in the Greek army bearing the same name."

"We will fight, nevertheless. I will efface that blot on my father's character. My father, who was such a brave soldier, whose career was so brilliant——"

"Oh, well, he will add, 'We are warranted in believing that this Fernand is not the illustrious Count de Morcerf, who also bears the same Christian name.'"

"But if I am at last obliged to fight, will you not be my second?"

"My dear viscount," said Monte-Cristo, gravely, "you must have seen before today that at all times and in all places I have been at your disposal, but the service which you have just demanded of me is one which it is out of my power to render you."

"Why?"

"Perhaps you may know at some future period, and, in the meantime, I request you to excuse my declining to put you in possession of my reasons."

"Well, I will have Franz and Chateau-Renaud; they will be the very men for it." He left the count with the same haste with which he had sought him.

Beauchamp was in his office. It was one of those gloomy, dusty-looking apartments, such as journalists' offices have always been from time immemorial.

The servant announced M. Albert de Morcerf. Beauchamp repeated the name to himself, as though he could scarcely believe that he had heard right, and then gave orders for him to be admitted. Albert entered.

Beauchamp uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing his friend leap over and trample under foot all the newspapers which were strewed about the room.

"Beauchamp," said Albert, "it is of your journal that I come to speak."

"What is it?" said Beauchamp, much surprised.

"It is an article headed Yanina."

Beauchamp took the paper, and read the article to which Albert pointed.

"My dear Beauchamp, I wish you to contradict this statement."

Beauchamp looked at Albert with a benevolent expression.

"Come," said he, "this matter will want a good deal of talking over; a retraction is always a serious thing, you know. Sit down, and I will read it again."

Having read it, he added: "You are irritated and vexed—tell me how this Fernand is related to you?"

"He is merely my father," said Albert; "M. Fernand Mondego, Count de Morcerf, an old soldier, who has fought in twenty battles, and whose honorable scars they would now denounce as badges of disgrace."

"Is it your father?" said Beauchamp; "that is quite another thing. Then I can well understand your indignation, my dear Albert. I will reconsider"; and he read the paragraph for the third time, laying a stress on each word as he proceeded.

"You will retract the assertion, will you not, Beauchamp?" asked Albert, with increased, though stifled anger.

"Yes, when I am convinced that the statement is false," replied Beauchamp.

"But what is there to investigate, sir?" said Albert, enraged beyond measure. "If you do not believe that it is my father, say so immediately; and if, on the contrary, you believe it to be him, state your reason for doing so."

BEAUCHAMP looked at Albert with the smile which was peculiar to him, and in its numerous modifications, served to express every varied feeling of his mind.

"Very well, my dear sir, then I consent to cut throats with you; but I require three weeks' preparation; at the end of that time I shall come and say to you, 'The assertion is false, and I retract it'; or, 'The assertion is true,' when I shall immediately draw the sword from its sheath, or the pistols from the case, which ever you please," he said.

The three weeks passed. Beauchamp called on Albert.

"Your arrival here, without waiting my visit at your house to-day, looks well, sir," said Albert. "Tell me, may I shake hands with you, saying, 'Beauchamp, acknowledge you have injured me, and retain my friendship,' or must I simply propose to you a choice of arms?"

"Albert," said Beauchamp, with a look of sorrow which stupefied the young man, "let us first sit down and talk."

"Rather, sir, before we sit down, I must demand your answer."

"Albert," said the journalist, "there are questions which it is difficult to answer."

"Well," asked Morcerf, impatiently, "what does all this mean?"

"It means that I have just returned from Yanina. Here is my passport; examine the visa—Geneva, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Delvino, Yanina. Will you believe the government of a republic, a kingdom, an empire?"

Albert cast his eyes on the passport, then raised them in astonishment to Beauchamp.

"Albert, had you been a stranger, a foreigner, I should not have taken this trouble; but I thought this mark of consideration due to you. I took a week to go, another to return, four days of quarantine, and forty-eight hours to stay there; that makes three weeks. I returned last night; and here I am."

"How long you are before you tell me what I most wish to know!"

"My friend," said Beauchamp, in the most affectionate tone, "I should gladly make an apology—but alas! The paragraph was correct. The traitor who surrendered the castle——"

"Was?"

"Your father!"

Albert advanced furiously towards Beauchamp; but the latter restrained him more by a mild look than by his extended hand.

"Here is a proof of it."

Albert opened the paper; it was an attestation of four notable inhabitants of Yanina, proving that Colonel Fernand Mondego, in the service of Ali Tebelen, had surrendered the castle for two million crowns. The signatures were perfectly legal. Albert tottered and fell overpowered in a chair. It could no longer be doubted; the family name was fully given. After a moment's mournful silence, his heart overflowed, and he gave way to a flood of tears.

A week later there appeared in another paper the following paragraph:

"The French officer in the service of Ali, pacha of Yanina, alluded to three weeks since in the 'Impartial,' who not only surrendered the castle of Yanina but sold his benefactor to the Turks, styled himself truly at that time Fernand, as our honorable brother states; but he has since added to his Christian name a title of nobility and a family name. He now calls himself the Count of Morcerf, and ranks among the peers."

Thus this terrible secret had appeared again; and another paper cruelly informed, had published it broadcast. The same day, a great agitation was manifest in the House of Peers among the usually calm groups of the noble assembly. Everyone had arrived before the usual hour, and was conversing on the melancholy event which was to concentrate their attention on one of their most illustrious members.

The Count de Morcerf alone was ignorant of the news. He did not take in the paper in which it appeared, and had passed the morning in writing letters and in trying a horse. He arrived at the House of Peers at his usual hour, with a proud look and insolent demeanor; he alighted, passed through the corridors, and entered the house without observing the hesitation of the doorkeepers or the coolness of his colleagues. Business had already been begun for half an hour when he entered.

Everyone held the accusing paper, but, as usual, no one liked to take upon himself the responsibility of the attack. At length an honorable peer, Morcerf's acknowledged enemy, ascended the tribune with that solemnity which announced the expected moment had arrived.

There was an imposing silence; Morcerf alone knew not why such profound attention was given to an orator who was not always listened to with so much complacency. The count did not notice the introduction, in which the speaker announced that his communication would be of such vital importance that it demanded the undivided attention of the house; but, at the names Yanina and Colonel Fernand, he turned so awfully pale, that every member shuddered and fixed his eyes upon him. Moral wounds have this peculiarity, they conceal themselves but never close; always

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painful, always ready to bleed when touched, they remain fresh and open in the heart.

The article having been read during a painful silence, was only disturbed by a universal shudder. The orator stated his scruples and the difficulties of the case: it was the honor of M. de Morcerf, and that of the whole house, he proposed to defend, by provoking a debate on those personal questions always so warmly agitated. He concluded by calling for an examination, which might confound the calumnious report before it had time to spread, and to restore M. de Morcerf to the position he had long held in public opinion.

Morcerf was so completely overwhelmed by this enormous and unexpected calamity that he could scarcely stammer a few words as he looked round on the assembly.

The president put it to the vote, and it was decided the examination should take place. The count was asked what time he required to prepare his defence. Morcerf's courage had revived when he found himself alive after this horrible blow.

"My lords," answered he, "it is not by time I could repel the attack made on me by enemies unknown to me, and, doubtless, hidden in obscurity; it is immediately, and by a thunderbolt, I must repel the flash of lightning which for a moment startled me. Oh! that I could instead of taking up this defence, shed my last drop of blood to prove to my noble colleagues that I am their equal in worth."

A committee of twelve members was chosen to examine the proofs brought forward by Morcerf. The examination would commence at eight o'clock that evening in the committee-room, and, if it were necessary to postpone it, it would be resumed each evening at the same hour. Morcerf asked leave to retire; he had to collect the documents he had long been preparing against this storm, which his sagacity had foreseen.

At eight o'clock all were in their places, and M. de Morcerf entered at the last stroke. He held some papers in his hand; his countenance was calm and step firm, his dress particularly nice, and, according to the ancient military costume, buttoned completely up to the chin.

"You are at liberty to speak, M. de Morcerf," said the president, as he unsealed the letter; and the count began his defence, in a most eloquent and skilful manner. He produced documents, proving that the vizier of Yanina had, to the last moment, honored him with his entire confidence, since he had intrusted him with a negotiation of life and death with the emperor. He produced the ring, his mark of authority, with which Ali Pacha generally sealed his letters, and which the latter had given him that he might, on his return at any hour of the day or night, or even in his harem, gain access to him. Unfortunately, the negotiation failed, and when he returned to defend his benefactor, he was dead. "But," said the count, "so great was Ali Pacha's confidence, that, on his death-bed, he resigned his wife and daughter to my care."

"Have you any idea what is to become of them?"

"Alas! no, sir," replied the count, "all those who surrounded the vizier, or who knew me at his court, are either dead or scattered; alone, I believe, of all my countrymen, I survived that dreadful war; I have only the letters of Ali Tebelen, which I have placed before you; the ring, a token of his goodness, which is here; and lastly, the most convincing proof I can offer, namely, the absence of all witness against my veracity and the purity of my military life."

A murmur of approbation ran through the assembly. It only remained to put it to the vote, when the president resumed:—

"Gentlemen, and you, M. le Comte, you will not be displeased, I presume, to listen to one who calls himself a very important witness, and who has just presented himself. He is, doubtless, come to prove the perfect innocence of our colleague. Here is a letter I have just received on the subject; shall it be read or shall it be passed over?"

"Mr. President,—I can furnish the committee of inquiry into the conduct of the Lieutenant-General Count de Morcerf in Epirus and in Macedonia with important particulars.

"I WAS on the spot at the death of Ali Pacha; I was present during his last moments; I know what is become of Vasiliki and Haydee; I am at the command of the committee, and claim the honor of being heard. I shall be in the lobby when this note is delivered to you."

The president called to the doorkeeper to admit the visitor; all eyes were fixed on the door. To the astonishment of all behind the doorkeeper walked a woman enveloped in a large veil, which completely concealed her. It was evident that she was young and elegant, but that was all. The president requested her to throw aside her veil, and it was then seen she was dressed in the Grecian costume and was remarkably beautiful.

M. de Morcerf looked at her with surprise and terror.

"Madame," said the president when the flutter caused by this unexpected apparition had subsided, "you have engaged to furnish the committee with some important particulars respecting the affair at Yanina, and you have stated that you were an eye-witness of the events."

"I was indeed!" said the stranger with a tone of sweet melancholy, and with the sonorous voice peculiar to the East.

"But allow me to say, you must have been very young then."

"I was four years old; but as those events deeply concerned me, not a single particular has escaped my memory."

"In what manner could those events concern you? And who are you, that they should have made so deep an impression on you?"

"On them depends my father's life," replied she. "I am Haydee, the daughter of Ali Tebelen, Pacha of Yanina, and of Vasiliki, his beloved wife."

The blush of mingled pride and modesty which suddenly suffused the cheeks of the young girl, the brilliancy of her eye, and her highly important communication, produced an inexpressible effect on the assembly. As for the count, he could not have been more overwhelmed if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet.

"Madame," replied the president, bowing with profound respect, "allow me to ask one question; it shall be the last: "Can you prove the authenticity of what you have now stated?"

"I can, sir," said Haydee, drawing from under her veil a satin satchel highly perfumed; "for here is the register of my birth, signed by my father and his principal officers; and that of my baptism, my father having consented to my being brought up in my mother's faith; the latter has been sealed by the grand primate of Macedonia and Epirus; and lastly I have (and perhaps the most important) the record of the sale of my person, and that of my mother to the Armenian merchant, El-Kobbir, by the French officer, who, in his infamous bargain with the Porte, had reserved for his part of the booty the wife and daughter of his benefactor, whom he sold for the sum of four hundred thousand francs."

A greenish paleness spread over the count's cheeks and his eyes became bloodshot at these terrible imputations, which were listened to by the assembly with an ominous silence.

"Madame," said the president, when he had scanned the papers, "I see the name of the Count of Monte-Cristo mentioned as your present guardian, may reference be made to the Count, who is now, I believe, in Paris?"

"Sir," replied Haydee, "the Count of Monte-Cristo, my other father, has been in Normandy the last three days."

"Who, then, has counselled you to take this step, one for which the court is deeply indebted to you, and which is perfectly natural, considering your birth and your misfortunes?"

"Sir," said Haydee, "I have been led to take this step from a feeling of respect and grief. Although a Christian, may God forgive me! I have always sought to revenge my illustrious father. Since I set my foot in France, and knew the traitor lived in Paris, and have watched carefully, I live retired in the house of my noble protector, but I do it from choice; I love retirement and silence, because I can live with my thoughts and recollections of past days. But M. le Comte de Monte-Cristo surrounds me with every paternal care, and I am ignorant of nothing which passes in the world."

"Then," remarked the president, "the Count of Monte-Cristo knows nothing of your present proceedings?"

"He is quite unaware of them, and I have but one fear, which is, that he should disapprove of what I have done; but it is a glorious day for me," continued the young girl, raising her ardent gaze to heaven, "that on which I find at last an opportunity of revenging my father."

The count had not uttered one word the whole of this time; his colleagues looked at him, and, doubtless, pitied his blighted prospects which sank under the breath of a woman; his misery was depicted by sinister lines on his countenance.

"M. le Comte de Morcerf," said the president, "do not allow yourself to be depressed; answer: the justice of the court is supreme and impartial as that of God; it will not suffer you to be trampled on by your enemies without giving you an opportunity of defending yourself. Shall further inquiries be made? Shall two members of the house be sent to Yanina? Speak!"

"I have no reply to make," said the count in a low tone.

"Has the daughter of Ali Tebelen spoken the truth?" asked the president. "Is she then the terrible witness to whose charge you dare not plead 'Not guilty'? Have you really committed the crimes of which you are accused?"

The count looked round him with an expression which might have softened tigers, but which could not disarm his judges. Then he raised his eyes towards the ceiling, but withdrew them immediately, as if he feared the roof would open and reveal to his distressed view that second tribunal called heaven, and that other judge named God. Then, with a hasty movement, he tore open his coat, which seemed to stifle him, and flew from the room like a madman; his footstep was heard one moment in the corridor, then came the rattling of his carriage-wheels, as he was driven rapidly away.

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"Gentlemen," said the president, when silence was restored, "is M. le Comte de Morcerf convicted of felony, treason, and outrage?"

"Yes," replied all the members of the committee of inquiry with a unanimous voice.

AT eight o'clock next morning Albert arrived at Beauchamp's door. The valet-de-chambre had received orders to introduce him into the room of his master, who was just then bathing.

"You know well why I am here," cried Albert.

"My poor friend," replied Beauchamp, "I expected you."

"You know then all that has happened? I never for one moment have doubted your good faith, but without losing time, tell me, have you the slightest idea whence this terrible blow proceeds?"

"I think I have some clue."

"What is the name of the traitor?"

"Danglars."

"He!" cried Albert; "yes, it is indeed he who has so long pursued my father with jealous hatred. He, the man who would be popular, cannot forgive the Count of Morcerf for being created a peer; and this marriage which has been broken off has angered him—yes, it is all from the same cause."

"Inquire, Albert, but do not be angry without reason—inquire, and if it is true——"

"Oh! yes; if it is true," cried the young man, " he shall pay me all I have suffered."

"When such resolutions are made, Albert, they should be promptly executed. Do you wish to go to M. Danglars?"

They sent for a carriage.

When they arrived at M. Danglars' house, the servant announced the young men; but the banker, recollecting what had transpired the day before, did not wish them to be admitted. It was, however, too late; Albert had followed the footman, and, hearing the order given, forced the door open; and, followed by Beauchamp, found himself in the banker's study.

"Sir," cried the latter, "am I no longer at liberty to receive whom I choose in my house? You appear to forget yourself sadly."

"No, sir," said Albert, coldly, "there are circumstances in which one cannot, except through cowardice—I offer you that refuge—refuse to admit certain persons at least."

"What is your errand, then, with me, sir?"

"I mean,' said Albert, approaching, "I mean to propose a meeting in some retired corner where no one will interrupt us for ten minutes, that will be sufficient; where two men having met, one of them will remain on the ground."

"Sir," replied Danglars, pale with anger and fear, "I warn you, when I have the misfortune to meet with a mad dog I kill it; and far from thinking myself guilty of a crime I believe I do society a kindness. Now, if you are mad, and try to bite me, I will kill you without pity. Is it my fault that your father has dishonored himself?"

"Yes, miserable wretch!" cried Morcerf, "it is your fault."

Danglars retreated a few steps.

"My fault!" said he; "you must be mad! What do I know of Grecian history? Have I travelled in that country? Did I advise your father to sell the castle of Yanina—to betray——"

"Silence!" said Albert, with a thundering voice. "No, it is not you who have directly made this exposure and brought this sorrow on us, but you have hypocritically provoked it."

"I?"

"Yes, you! How came it to be known?"

"I suppose you read it in the paper in the account from Yanina?"

"Who wrote to Yanina?"

"I, doubtless, wrote. It appears to me that when one's daughter has been insulted by the coolness of a young man supposed to be betrothed to her, one has a right to make what inquiries one pleases; it is not only a right but a duty."

"You wrote, sir, knowing what answer you would receive."

"I, indeed! I assure you," cried Danglars, with a confidence and security proceeding less from fear than from the interest he really felt for the young man, "I solemnly declare to you that I should never have thought of writing to Yanina, had I known anything of Ali Pacha's misfortunes."

"Who then urged you to write? Tell me."

"No other than your friend, Monte-Cristo."

Albert and Beauchamp looked at each other.

"Sir," said Beauchamp, who had not yet spoken, "you accuse the count, who is absent from Paris at this moment, but will be, I hear, present at the opera to-night."

"I accuse no one, sir," said Danglars; "I relate, and I will repeat before the count what I have said to you."

"Does the count know what answer you received?"

"Yes, I showed it to him."

"Did he know my father's Christian name was Fernand, and his family name Mondego."

"Yes, I had told him that long since; and I did nothing more than any other would have done in my circumstances, and perhaps less."

Albert felt the color mounting to his brow; there was no doubt upon the subject, Danglars defended himself with the baseness, but at the same time with the assurance, of a man who speaks the truth at least in part, if not wholly—not for conscience' sake, but through fear. Besides, what was Morcerf seeking? It was not whether Danglars or Monte-Cristo was more or less guilty.

Albert took Beauchamp aside, and communicated these ideas to him.

"You are right," said the latter; "M. Danglars has only been a secondary agent in this sad affair; and it is of M. de Monte-Cristo that you must demand an explanation."

Albert turned.

"Sir," said he to Danglars, "understand that I do not take a final leave of you; I must ascertain if your insinuations are just, and am going now to inquire of the Count of Monte-Cristo." He bowed to the banker, and went out with Beauchamp. Danglars accompanied him to the door, where he again assured Albert no motive of personal hatred influenced him against the Count de Morcerf.

On his return home, Albert expressed his wish to Franz, Debray, and Morrel, to see them at the Opera that evening. Then he went to his mother, who, since the events of the day before, had refused to see anyone, and had kept her room.

"My dear mother," said he, "do you know if M. de Morcerf has any enemy?"

Mercedes started; she noticed that the young man did not say my father.

"My son," she said, "persons in the count's situation have many secret enemies. Those who are known are not the most dangerous."

"I know it, and appeal to your penetration. Nothing escapes you."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because for instance, you noticed, on the evening of the ball we gave, M. de Monte-Cristo would eat nothing in our house."

Mercedes raised herself on her feverish arm.

"M. de Monte-Cristo!" she exclaimed; "and how is he connected with the question you asked me?"

"You know, my mother, M. de Monte-Cristo is almost an Oriental, and it is customary with Orientals to secure full liberty of revenge by not eating or drinking in the house of their enemies."

"You speak strangely," said she to Albert, "and you appear to have some singular prejudices. What has the count done?"

An ironical smile passed over Albert's lips. Mercedes saw it, and, with her double instinct of a woman and a mother, she guessed all, but prudent and strong-minded, she concealed both her sorrows and fears.

Albert was silent; an instant after the countess resumed. "You came to inquire after my health; I will candidly acknowledge I am not well. You should stay here and cheer my solitude. I do not wish to be left alone."

"My mother," said the young man, "you know how gladly I would obey your wish; but an urgent and important affair obliges me to leave you the whole evening."

"Well!" replied Mercedes, sighing; "go, Albert, I will not make you a slave to your filial piety."

Albert pretended he did not hear, bowed to his mother, and quitted her.

Scarcely had he shut her door than Mercedes called a confidential servant, and ordered him to follow Albert wherever he should go that evening, and to come and tell her immediately what he observed. Then she rang for her lady's maid, and, weak as she was, she dressed in order to be ready for whatever might happen.

The footman's mission was an easy one. Albert went to his room, and dressed with unusual care. At ten minutes to eight Beauchamp arrived; he had seen Chateau-Renaud, who had promised to be in the orchestra before the curtain was raised.

BOTH got into Albert's coupe, who, having no reason to conceal where he was going, he called aloud, "To the opera!"

The count, in his survey of the pit, encountered a pale face and threatening eyes, which evidently sought to gain his attention. He recognised Albert, but thought it better not to notice him, as he looked so angry and discomposed. Without communicating his thoughts to his companion, he sat down, drew out his opera-glass, and looked another way. Although apparently not noticing Albert, he did not, however, lose sight of him; and when the curtain fell at the end of the second act, he saw him leave the orchestra with his two friends. Then his head was seen passing at the back of the boxes, and the count knew the approaching storm was intended to fall on him. He was at the moment conversing cheerfully with Morrel, but he was well prepared for what might happen. The door opened, and Monte-Cristo, turning round, saw Albert, pale and trembling, followed by Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud.

"Well!" cried he, with that benevolent politeness which distinguished his salutation from the common civilities of the world, "Good-evening, M. de Morcerf."

His manner expressed the most perfect cordiality.

Morrel only then recollected the letter he had received from the viscount, in which, without assigning any reason, he begged him to go to the opera, but he understood that something terrible was brooding.

"We are not come here, sir, to exchange hypocritical expressions of politeness or false professions of friendship," said Albert; "but to demand an explanation, count."

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The trembling voice of the young man was scarcely audible.

"An explanation at the opera?" said the count, with that calm tone and penetrating eye which characterises the man who knows his cause is good.

"Where are you come from, sir? You do not appear to be in possession of your senses."

"Provided I understand your perfidy, sir, and succeed in making you understand that I will be revenged, I shall be reasonable enough," said Albert, furiously.

"I do not understand you, sir," replied Monte-Cristo; "and if I did, your tone is too high. I am at home here, and I alone have a right to raise my voice above another's. Leave the box, sir!" Monte-Cristo pointed towards the door with the utmost commanding dignity.

"Ah! I shall know how to make you leave your home!" replied Albert, clasping in his convulsed grasp his glove, which Monte-Cristo did not lose sight of.

"Well, well!" said Monte-Cristo quietly. "I see you wish to quarrel with me; but I would give you one counsel, and do not forget it: it is a bad habit to make a display of a challenge. Display is not becoming to every one, M. de Morcerf."

At this name a murmur of astonishment passed round the group of spectators of this scene. They had talked of no one but Morcerf the whole day.

Albert understood the alluxion in a moment, and was about to throw his glove at the count, when Morrel seized his hand, while Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud, fearing the scene would surpass the limits of a challenge, held him back.

But Monte-Cristo, without rising, and leaning forward in his chair, merely extended his hand, and, taking the damp, crushed glove from the clenched hand of the young man—

"Sir," said he, in a solemn tone, "I consider your glove thrown, and will return it you round a bullet. Now leave me, or I will summon my servants to throw you out at the door."

Wild, almost unconscious, and with eyes inflamed, Albert stepped back, and Morrel closed the door. Monte-Cristo took up his glass again as if nothing had happened: he certainly had a heart of brass and face of marble.

Morrel saw it was useless to say more, and refrained.

The curtain, which had been drawn up during the scene with Albert, again fell, and a rap was heard at the door.

"Come in!" said Monte-Cristo, without his voice betraying the least emotion; and immediately Beauchamp appeared.

"Good evening, M. Beauchamp," said Monte-Cristo, as if this was the first time he had seen the journalist that evening; "take a seat."

Beauchamp bowed, and sitting down—

"Sir," said he, "I just now accompanied M. de Morcerf, as you saw."

"And that means," replied Monte-Cristo, laughing, "that you had probably just dined together. I am happy to see, M. Beauchamp, you are more sober than he was."

"Sir," said Beauchamp, "Albert was wrong, I acknowledge, to betray so much anger, and I come, on my own account, to apologise for him. And having done so, on my own account, only you understand, M. le Comte, I would add that I believe you too gentlemanly to refuse giving him some explanation concerning your connection with Yanina. Then I will add two words about the young Greek girl."

Monte-Cristo motioned to him to be silent.

"It is quite immaterial to me," said Monte-Cristo, "and it was very unnecessary to disturb me at the opera for such a trifle. In France people fight with the sword or pistol, in the colonies with the carbine, in Arabia with the dagger. Tell your client, that, although I am the insulted party, in order to carry out my eccentricity, I leave him the choice of arms, and will accept without discussion, without dispute, anything, even combat by drawing lots, which is always stupid, but with me different from other people, as I am sure to gain."

"Sure to gain!" repeated Beauchamp, looking with amazement at the count.

"Certainly," said Monte-Cristo, slightly shrugging up his shoulders, "otherwise I would not fight with M. de Morcerf. I shall kill him—I cannot help it. Only by a single line this evening at my house let me know the arms and the hour: I do not like to be kept waiting."

"Pistols, then, at eight o'clock, in the Bois de Vincennes," said Beauchamp, quite disconcerted, not knowing if he was dealing with an arrogant braggadocio or a supernatural being.

"Very well, sir," said Monte-Cristo. "Now all that is settled; do let me see the performance, and tell your friend Albert not to come any more this evening; he will hurt himself with all his ill-chosen barbarisms; let him go home and go to sleep."

Beauchamp left the box, perfectly amazed.

"Now," said Monte-Cristo, turning towards Morrel, "I may depend upon you, may I not?"

"Certainly," said Morrel, "I am at your service, count; still——"

"What?"

"It is desirable I should know the real cause."

"That is to say, you would rather not?"

"No."

"The young man himself is acting blindfolded, and knows not the true cause, which is known only to God and to me; but I give you my word, Morrel, that God Who does know it will be on our side."

WHEN the Count arrived home, he perceived a veiled woman.

"Who are you, madame?" asked the count.

The stranger cast one look around her, to be certain they were quite alone, then, bending, as if she would have knelt, and joining her hands, she said, with an accent of despair—

"Edmond, you will not kill my son?"

The count retreated a step, uttered a slight exclamation.

"What name did you pronounce then, Madame de Morcerf?" said he.

"Yours!" cried she, throwing back her veil—"yours, which I alone, perhaps, have not forgotten. Edmond, it is not Madame de Morcerf who has come to you, it is Mercedes."

"Mercedes is dead," said Monte-Cristo; "I know no one now of that name."

"Mercedes lives, sir, and she remembers, for she alone recognised you when she saw you, and even before she saw you, by your voice, Edmond—by the simple sound of your voice; and from that moment she has followed your steps, watched you, feared you, and she needs not to inquire what hand has dealt the blow which now strikes M. de Morcerf."

"If you have seen all, madame, you know that the son of Fernand has publicly insulted me," said Monte-Cristo, with awful calmness.

"Oh for pity's sake!"

"You have seen that he would have thrown his glove in my face if Morrel, one of my friends, had not stopped him."

"Listen to me: my son has also guessed who you are; he attributes his father's misfortunes to you."

"You are mistaken, they are not misfortunes—it is a punishment. It is not I who strike M. de Morcerf; it is Providence which punishes him."

"And why do you represent Providence?" cried Mercedes. "Why do you remember when it forgets? What are Yanina and its vizier to you, Edmond? What injury has Fernand Mondego done you in betraying Ali Tebelen?"

"And," replied Monte-Cristo, "all this is an affair between the French captain and the daughter of Vasiliki. It does not concern me, you are right; and if I have sworn to revenge myself, it is not on the French captain, nor on the Count de Morcerf, but on the fisherman Fernand, the husband of the Catalan Mercedes."

"Ah! sir," cried the countess, "how terrible a vengeance for a fault which fatality made me commit, for I am the only culprit, Edmond; and if you owe revenge to anyone, it is to me, who had not fortitude to bear your absence and my solitude."

"But," exclaimed Monte-Cristo, "why was I absent? And why were you alone?"

"Because you had been arrested, Edmond, and were a prisoner."

"And why was I arrested? Why was I a prisoner?"

"I do not know," said Mercedes.

"You do not; at least I hope not. But I will tell you. I was arrested and became a prisoner, because under the arbor of La Reserve, the day before I was to marry you, a man named Danglars wrote this letter which the fisherman Fernand himself posted."

Monte-Cristo went to a secretaire, opened a drawer by a spring, from which he took a paper which had lost its original color, and the ink of which had become a rusty hue: this he placed in the hands of Mercedes. It was Danglars' letter to the procureur du roi, which the Count of Monte-Cristo, disguised as a clerk from the house of Thomson and French, had taken from the bundle of Edmond Dantes, on the day he had paid the two hundred thousand francs to M. de Boville. Mercedes read with terror the following lines:—

"The procureur du roi is informed by a friend of the throne, and religion, that one, Edmond Dantes, mate of the ship, Pharaon, arrived this morning from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto-Ferrajo, has been entrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris.

"Proof of this crime will be found on arresting him, for the letter will be upon him or at his father's, or in his cabin on board the Pharaon."

"How dreadful!" said Mercedes, passing her hand across her brow moist with perspiration; "and that letter——"

"I bought it for two hundred thousand francs," said Monte-Cristo; "but that is a trifle, since it enables me to justify myself to you."

"And the result of that letter——"

"You well know that the result was my arrest; but you do not know how long that arrest lasted. You do not know that I remained for fourteen years within a quarter of a league of you, in a dungeon in the Chateau d'If."

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The poor woman's head and arms dropped; her legs bent under her; and she fell on her knees.

"Forgive, Edmond, forgive for my sake, who love you still!"

Her forehead almost touched the carpet, when the count sprang forward and raised her. Then, seated on a chair, she looked at the manly countenance of Monte-Cristo, on which grief and hatred still impressed a threatening expression.

The count, fearing to yield to the entreaties of her he had so ardently loved, recalled his sufferings to the assistance of his hatred.

"Revenge yourself, then, Edmond," cried the poor mother; "but let your vengeance fall on the culprits; on him, on me, but not on my son!"

Monte-Cristo groaned, and thrust his hands through his hair.

"Edmond," continued Mercedes, with her arms extended towards him, "since I first knew you, I have adored your name, have respected your memory. Edmond, my friend, do not compel me to tarnish that noble and fine image reflected incessantly on the mirror of my heart."

"Have you felt your father die in your absence?" cried Monte - Cristo, again thrusting his hands in his hair; "have you seen the woman you loved giving her hand to your rival while you were perishing at the bottom of a dungeon?"

"No," interrupted Mercedes, "but I have seen him whom I loved on the point of murdering my son."

Mercedes pronounced these words, with such deep anguish, with an accent of such intense despair, that Monte-Cristo could not restrain a sob. The lion was daunted; the avenger was conquered.

"What do you ask of me?" said he. "Your son's life? Well! he shall live!"

Mercedes uttered a cry which made the tears start from Monte-Cristo's eyes; but these tears disappeared almost instantaneously, for, doubtless, God had sent some angel to collect them; far more precious were they in his eyes than the richest pearls of Guzaret and of Ophir.

"Oh!" said she, seizing the count's hand, and raising it to her lips; "oh! thank you, Edmond! now you are exactly what I dreamt you were, such as I always loved you. Oh, now I may say so."

"So much the better," replied Monte-Cristo; "as that Edmond will not have long to be loved by you. Death is about to return to the tomb, the phantom to retire in darkness."

"What do you say, Edmond?"

"I say, since you command me, Mercedes, I must die."

"Die! and who told you so? Who talks of dying? Whence have you these ideas of death?"

"You do not suppose, that publicly outraged in the face of a whole theatre, in the presence of your friends and those of your son—challenged by a boy, who will glory in my pardon as in a victory—you do not suppose I can for one moment wish to live. What I most loved after you, Mercedes, was myself, my dignity, and that strength which rendered me superior to other men; that strength was my life. With a word you crushed it, and I die."

"But the duel will not take place, Edmond, since you forgive?"

"It will take place," said Monte-Cristo, in a most solemn tone; "but instead of your son's blood staining the ground, mine will flow."

Mercedes extended her hand to the count.

"Edmond," said she, and her eyes were wet with tears, "how noble it is of you, how great the action *you* have just performed; how sublime to have taken pity on a poor woman who came to you with every chance against her. Oh! I repeat it, Edmond; what you have just done is beautiful—it is grand, it is sublime."

"Do you say so now, Mercedes, and what would you say, if you knew the extent of the sacrifice I make to you? But, no, no, you cannot imagine what I lose in sacrificing my life at this moment."

Mercedes looked at the count with an air which depicted at the same time her astonishment, her admiration, and her gratitude.

Monte-Cristo pressed his forehead on his burning hands, as if his brain could no longer bear alone the weight of its thoughts.

"Edmond," said Mercedes, "I have but one word more to say to you."

The count smiled bitterly.

"Edmond," continued she, "though my face is pale, my eyes are dull, my beauty is gone; though I am, in short, no longer my former self, yet my heart is still the same. Adieu, then, Edmond; I have nothing more to ask of heaven—I have seen you again—and have found you as noble and as great as formerly you were. Adieu, Edmond, adieu, and thank you."

The count did not answer. Mercedes opened the door of the cabinet and disappeared before he had recovered from the painful and profound reverie into which his thwarted vengeance had plunged him. The clock of the Invalides struck one as the carriage which conveyed Madame de Morcerf rolled away on the pavement of the Champs Elysees, and made Monte-Cristo raise his head.

"What a fool I was," said he, "not to tear my heart out on the day when I resolved to revenge myself!"

Seizing a pen, he drew a paper from a secret drawer in his bureau, and traced at the bottom of that paper, which was no other than his will, made since his arrival in Paris, a sort of codicil, clearly explaining the nature of his death.

It was five o'clock in the morning, when a slight noise reached his ear, which appeared like a stifled sigh; he turned his head, looked round him, and saw no one; but the sound was repeated distinctly enough to convince him of its reality. He arose, and quietly opening the door of the drawing-room, saw Haydee, who had fallen on a chair with her arms hanging down, and her beautiful head thrown back. She had been standing at the door to prevent his going out without seeing her, until sleep, which the young cannot resist, had overpowered her frame, wearied as she was with watching so long. The noise of the door did not awaken her, and Monte-Cristo gazed at her with affectionate regret.

"Mercedes remembered she had a son," said he; "and I forgot I had a daughter." Then shaking his head sorrowfully, "Poor Haydee!" said he; "she wished to speak to me, as she has feared or guessed something. Oh! I cannot go without taking leave of her; I cannot die without confiding her to someone." He quietly regained his seat, and wrote under the other lines—

"I bequeath to Maximilian Morrel, captain, and son of my former employer, Pierre Morrel, shipowner, at Marseilles, the sum of twenty millions, a part of which may be offered to his sister Julia and brother-in-law Emmanuel, if he does not fear this increase of fortune may mar their happiness. These twenty millions are concealed in my grotto at Monte-Cristo, of which Bertuccio knows the secret. If his heart is free, and he will marry Haydee, the daughter of Ali Pacha of Yanina, whom I have brought up with the love of a father, and who has shown the love and tenderness of a daughter to me, he will thus accomplish my last wish.

"This will has already constituted Haydee heiress of the rest of my fortune; consisting in lands, rents on England, Austria, and Holland; furniture in my different palaces and houses, and which, without the twenty millions, and the legacies to my servants, may still amount to sixty millions."

As he was finishing, the sound of a cabriolet entering the yard was heard. Monte-Cristo approached the window, and saw Maximilian and Emmanuel alight.

"Good!" said he; it was time, and he sealed his will with three seals. One moment afterwards he heard a noise in the drawing-room, and went to open the door himself. Morrel was there; he had come twenty minutes before the time appointed.

"I AM, perhaps, come too soon, Count," said he; "but I frankly acknowledge I have not closed my eyes all night, nor has anyone in my house. I required to see you strong in your courageous assurance to recover myself."

Monte-Cristo could not resist this proof of affection; he extended his hand to the young man.

"Morrel," said he; "it is a happy day for me to feel I am beloved by such a man as you. Good morning, Emmanuel; you will come with me then, Maximilian?"

Maximilian and Emmanuel looked at each other.

Monte-Cristo drew out his watch.

"Let us go," said he. "It is five minutes past seven, and the appointment was for eight o'clock."

A carriage was in readiness at the door. Monte-Cristo stepped into it with his two friends.

As the clock struck eight, they drove up to their place of meeting.

"We are the first," said Morrel, looking out of the window.

"No," said Emmanuel, "I perceive two young men down there who are evidently waiting."

Morrel advanced towards Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud, who, seeing his intention, came to meet him.

The three young people bowed to each other courteously, if not affably.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Morrel, "but I do not see M. de Morcerf."

"There is a carriage coming," said Chateau-Renaud.

It advanced rapidly along one of the avenues leading towards the open space where they were assembled.

"You are doubtless provided with pistols, gentlemen? M. de Monte-Cristo yields the right of using his."

"We had anticipated this kindness on the part of the Count," said Beauchamp, "and I have brought some arms which I bought eight or ten days since, thinking I might want them on a similar occasion. They are quite new, and have not yet been used. Will you examine them?"

"Oh, M. Beauchamp, if you assure me M. de Morcerf does not know these arms, your word will be quite sufficient."

"Gentlemen," said Chateau-Renaud, "it is not Morcerf coming in that carriage; faith—it is Franz and Debray!"

The two young men he announced were indeed approaching.

"What chance brings you here, gentle-

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men?" said Chateau-Renaud, shaking hands with each of them.

"Because," said Debray, "Albert sent this morning to request us to come."

Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud exchanged looks of astonishment.

"I think I understand his reason," said Morrel. "Yesterday afternoon I received a letter from M. de Morcerf, begging me to attend the opera."

"And I," said Debray.

"And I, also," said Franz.

"And we, too," added Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud. "Having wished you all to witness the challenge, he now wishes you to be present at the combat."

"But after all these arrangements, he does not come himself," said Chateau-Renaud. "Albert is ten minutes behind time."

"There he comes!" said Beauchamp, "on horseback, at full gallop, followed by a servant."

"How imprudent," said Chateau-Renaud.

"And besides," said Beauchamp, "he has a collar above his cravat, an open coat and white waistcoat! Why has he not painted a spot upon his heart?—it would have been more simple."

Meanwhile Albert had arrived within ten paces of the group formed by the five young men. He jumped from his horse, threw the bridle on his servant's arm, and joined them. He was pale and his eyes were red and swollen; it was evident he had not slept. A shade of melancholy gravity which was not natural to him overspread his countenance.

"I thank you, gentlemen," said he, "for having complied with my request; I feel extremely grateful for this mark of friendship."

Morrel had stepped back as Morcerf approached, and remained at a short distance.

"And to you also, M. Morrel, my thanks are due. Come, there cannot be too many!"

"Sir," said Maximilian, "you are not perhaps aware I am M. de Monte-Cristo's friend?"

"I was not sure, but I expected it. So much the better; the more honorable men there are here the better I shall be satisfied."

"M. Morrel," said Chateau-Renaud, "will you apprise the Count of Monte-Cristo that M. de Morcerf is arrived, and we are at his command?"

Morrel was preparing to fulfil his commission. Beauchamp had meanwhile drawn the box of pistols from the carriage.

"Stop, gentlemen!" said Albert; "I have two words to say to the Count of Monte-Cristo."

"In private?" asked Morrel.

"No, sir; before all who are here."

Albert's witnesses looked at each other; Franz and Debray exchanged some words in a whisper; and Morrel, rejoiced at this unexpected incident, went to fetch the count, who was walking in a retired path with Emmanuel.

"Ah!" said Monte-Cristo, "I trust he is not going to tempt me by some fresh insult!"

The count advanced, accompanied by Maximilian and Emmanuel; his calm and serene look formed a singular contrast to Albert's grief-stricken face.

When at three paces distant, Albert and the count stopped.

"Sir," said Albert, at first with a tremulous voice, which gradually became firmer; "I reproached you with exposing the conduct of M. de Morcerf in Epirus; for, guilty as I now know him to be, I thought you had no right to punish him; but I have since learned you have that right. It is not Fernand Mondego's treachery towards Ali Pacha which induces me so readily to excuse you, but the treachery of the fisherman Fernand towards you, and the almost unheard-of miseries which were its consequences; and I say, and proclaim it publicly, that you were justified in revenging yourself on my father; and I, his son, thank you for not using greater severity."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of the spectators of this unexpected scene, it would not have surprised them more than did Albert's declaration.

As for Monte-Cristo, his eyes slowly rose towards heaven with an expression of infinite gratitude. He could not understand how Albert's fiery nature had suddenly stooped to this humiliation. He recognised the influence of Mercedes, and saw why her noble heart had not opposed the sacrifice she knew beforehand would be useless.

"Now, sir," said Albert, "if you think my apology sufficient, pray give me your hand. Next to the merit of infallibility which you appear to possess, I rank that of candidly acknowledging a fault. But this confession concerns me only. I acted well as a man, but you have acted better than man. An angel alone could have saved one of us from death—that angel came from heaven, if not to make us friends (which, alas! fatality renders impossible), at least to make us esteem each other."

MONTE - CRISTO, with moistened eye, heaving breast, and lips half open, extended to Albert a hand, which the latter pressed with a sentiment resembling respectful fear.

"Gentlemen," said he, "M. de Monte-Cristo receives my apology. I had acted hastily towards him. Hasty actions are generally bad ones. Now my fault is repaired. I hope the world will not call me cowardly for acting as my conscience dictated. But if anyone should entertain a false opinion of me," added he, drawing himself up as if he would challenge both friends and enemies, "I shall endeavor to correct his mistake."

"What has, then, happened during the night?" asked Beauchamp to Chateau-Renaud; "we appear to make a very sorry figure here."

As for Monte-Cristo, his head was bent down, his arms were powerless; bowing under the weight of twenty-four years' reminiscences, he thought not of Albert, of Beauchamp, or Chateau-Renaud, or of any of that group; but he thought of that courageous woman who had come to plead for her son's life, to whom he had offered his, and who had now saved it by the revelation of a dreadful family secret, capable of destroying for ever, in that young man's heart, every feeling of filial piety.

"Providence still!" murmured he; "now only am I fully convinced of being the emissary of God!"

The Count of Monte-Cristo bowed to the five young people with a melancholy and dignified smile and got into his carriage with Maximilian and Emmanuel. Albert, Beauchamp, and Chateau-Renaud remained alone. The young man's look at his two friends, without being timid, appeared to ask their opinion of what he had just done.

* * * * * *

Albert returned home and went to his mother's room; and no one being there to announce him, he advanced to her bedroom, and, distressed by what he saw and guessed, stopped for one moment at the door. Mercedes was in her apartments.

Everything was in order: laces, dresses, jewels, linen, money, all were arranged in the drawers, and the countess was carefully collecting the keys.

Albert saw all these preparations; he understood them, and exclaiming——

"My mother!" he threw his arms round her neck. He was so overcome he could scarcely speak, "It is not the same with you and me—you cannot have made the same resolution I have, for I am come to warn you that I bid adieu to your house, and—and to you."

"I also," replied Mercedes, "am going, and I acknowledge I had depended on your accompanying me; have I deceived myself?"

"My mother," said Albert, with firmness, "I cannot make you share the fate I have planned for myself. I must live henceforth without rank and fortune, and to begin this hard apprenticeship I must borrow from a friend the loaf I shall eat until I have earned one. So my dear mother, I am going at once to ask Franz to lend me the small sum I shall require to supply my present wants."

"You, my poor child, suffer poverty and hunger! Oh! say not so, it will break my resolutions."

"But not mine, mother," replied Albert. "I am young and strong, I believe I am courageous, and since yesterday I have learned the power of will. From this moment I have done with the past, and accept nothing from it; not even a name, because you can understand your son cannot bear the name of a man who ought to blush before another."

"Albert, my child," said Mercedes, "if I had had a stronger heart, that is the counsel I would have given you! Your conscience has spoken when my voice became too weak; listen to its dictates. You had friends, Albert; break off their acquaintance, but do not despair. You have life before you, my dear Albert, for you are yet scarcely twenty-two years old; and as a pure heart like yours wants a spotless name, take my father's; it was Herrera. I am sure, my Albert, whatever may be your career, you will soon render that name illustrious."

"I will fulfil all your wishes, my dear mother," said the young man. "Let us act promptly. M. de Morcerf went out about half-an-hour since; the opportunity is favorable to avoid an explanation."

"I am ready, my son," said Mercedes.

Albert ran to fetch a hackney-coach; he recollected there was a small furnished house to let in the Rue des Saints-Peres, where his mother would find a humble but decent lodging; and thither he intended conducting her. As the hackney-coach stopped at the door, and Albert was alighting, a man approached, and gave him a letter. Albert recognised the bearer; it was Monte-Cristo's steward.

"From the count," said the man.

Albert took the letter, opened it, and read it; then looked round for Bertuccio, but he was gone. He returned to Mercedes, with tears in his eyes and heaving breast, and, without uttering a word, he gave her the letter. Mercedes read:—

"Albert,—While showing you that I have discovered your plans, I hope also to convince you of my delicacy. You are free, you leave the count's house, and you take your mother to your home; but reflect, Albert, you owe her more than your poor noble heart can pay her. Keep the struggle for yourself, bear all the suffering, but spare her the trial of poverty which must accompany your first efforts; for she deserves not even the shadow of the misfortune which has this day fallen on her, and

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Providence wills not the innocent should suffer for the guilty. I know you are going to leave the Rue du Helder without taking anything with you; do not seek to know how I discovered it—I know it, that is sufficient. Now, listen, Albert. Twenty-four years ago I returned proud and joyful to my country. I had a betrothed, Albert, a lovely girl, whom I adored, and I was bringing to my betrothed a hundred and fifty louis, painfully amassed by ceaseless toil. This money was for her, I destined it for her, and knowing the treachery of the sea, I buried our treasure in the little garden of the house my father lived in at Marseilles, on the Allees de Meillan. Your mother, Albert, knows that poor house well. A short time since I passed through Marseilles, and went to see the old house, which revived so many painful recollections, and in the evening I took a spade and dug in the corner of the garden where I had concealed my treasure. The iron box was there; no one had touched it; it was under a beautiful fig-tree my father had planted the day I was born, which overshadowed the spot. Well, Albert, this money, which was formerly designed to promote the comfort and tranquillity of the woman I adored, may now, from a strange and painful circumstance, be devoted to the same purpose.

Albert stood pale and motionless to hear what his mother would decide after she had finished reading this letter.

Mercedes turned her eyes with an ineffable look towards heaven.

"I accept it," said she: "he has a right to pay the dowry, which I shall take with me to some convent!"

Putting the letter in her bosom, she took her son's arm, and with a firmer step than she even herself expected, she went downstairs.

WHEN Monte-Cristo had returned to town with Emmanuel and Maximilian they did not conceal their joy at having seen peace succeed to war, and acknowledged aloud his philanthropic tastes.

A moment after he had parted from them and entered his own house Baptistin announced the Count de Morcerf to M. de Monte-Cristo; and the latter ordered the count to be asked into the drawing-room. The general was pacing the room the third time, when, in turning, he perceived Monte-Cristo at the door.

"Eh! it is M. de Morcerf," said Monte-Cristo, quietly; "I thought I had heard wrong."

"Yes, it is I," said the count, whom a frightful contraction of the lips prevented from articulating freely.

"May I know the cause which procures me the pleasure of seeing M. de Morcerf so early?"

"Had you not a meeting with my son this morning?" asked the general.

"I had," replied the count.

"And I know my son had good reasons to wish to fight with you, and to endeavor to kill you."

"Yes, sir, he had very good ones; but you see, in spite of them, he has not killed me, and did not even fight."

"Yet he considered you the cause of his father's dishonor, the cause of the fearful ruin which has fallen on my house."

"Sir," replied Monte-Cristo coldly, "I did not expect you had come here to relate to me your little family affairs. Go and tell M. Albert that, and he may know what to answer you."

"Oh, no, no!" said the general, smiling faintly, "I did not come for that purpose. You are right! I came to tell you that I also look upon you as my enemy! I came to tell you I hate you instinctively. That it seems as if I had always known you, and always hated you; and, in short, since the young people of the present day will not fight, it remains for us to do it. Do you not think so, sir?"

"Certainly. And when I told you I had foreseen the result, it is the honor of your visit I alluded to."

"So much the better. Are you prepared?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know that we shall fight till one of us is dead," said the general, whose teeth were clenched with rage.

"Until one of us dies," repeated Monte-Cristo, moving his head slightly up and down.

"Let us start then; we need no witnesses."

"Truly," said Monte-Cristo, "it is unnecessary; we know each other so well!"

"On the contrary," said the count, "we know so little of each other."

"Indeed!" said Monte-Cristo, with the same indomitable coolness. "Let us see. Are you not the soldier Fernand, who deserted on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo? Are you not the Lieutenant Farnand who served as guide and spy to the French army in Spain? Are you not the Captain Fernand who betrayed, sold, and murdered his benefactor, Ali? And have not all these Fernands, united, made the Lieutenant-General Count de Morcerf, peer of France?"

"Oh!" cried the general, as if branded with a hot iron, "wretch, to reproach me with my shame, when about, perhaps, to kill me! No, I did not say I was a stranger to you; I know well, demon, that you have penetrated into the darkness of the past, and that you have read by the light of what flambeau I know not, every page of my life; but, perhaps, I may be more honorable in my shame than you under your pompous coverings. No—no, I am aware you know me, but I know you not, adventurer, sewn up in gold and jewellery. You have called yourself, at Paris, the Count of Monte-Cristo; in Italy, Sinbad the Sailor; in Malta, I forget what. But it is your real name I want to know, in the midst of your hundred names, that I may pronounce it when we meet to fight, at the moment when I plunge my sword through your heart."

The Count of Monte-Cristo turned dreadfully pale, his eye seemed to burn with a devouring fire; he bounded towards a dressing-room, near his bedroom, and in less than a moment, tearing off his cravat, his coat and waistcoat, he put on a sailor's jacket and hat, from beneath which showed his long black hair.

He returned thus, formidable and implacable, advancing with his arms crossed on his breast, towards the general, who could not understand why he had disappeared; but who, on seeing him again, felt his teeth chatter and his legs sink under him, drew back, and only stopped when he found a table to support his clenched hand.

"Fernand," cried the count, "of my hundred names I need only tell you one to overwhelm you! But you guess it now; do you not?—or, rather, you remember it? For, notwithstanding all my sorrows and my tortures, I show you to-day a face which the happiness of revenge makes you young again—a face you must often have seen in your dreams since your marriage with Mercedes, my betrothed!"

The General, with his head thrown back, hands extended, gaze fixed, looked silently at this dreadful apparition; then seeking the wall to support him, he glided along close to it until he reached the door, through which he went out backwards, uttering this single mournful, lamentable, distressing cry—

"Edmond Dantes!"

Then, with sighs which were unlike any human sound, he dragged himself to the door, reeled across the courtyard, and, falling into the arms of his valet, he said, in a voice scarcely intelligible—

"Home! home!"

The fresh air, and the shame he felt at having exposed himself before his servants, partially recalled his senses; but the ride was short, and as he drew near his house all his wretchedness revived. He stopped at a short distance from the house and alighted. The door of the mansion was wide open, a hackney-coach was there in the middle of the yard—a strange sight. The count looked at it with terror, but, without daring to ask, he rushed towards his apartment. Two persons were coming down the stairs; he had only time to creep into a room to avoid them. It was Mercedes leaning on her son's arm and leaving the house. They passed close by the unhappy being, who, concealed behind the door, almost felt Mercedes' dress brush past him, and his son's warm breath pronouncing these words—

"Courage, my mother! Come, this is no longer our home!"

The words died away, the steps were lost in the distance. The general drew himself up, clinging to the door; he uttered the most dreadful sob which ever escaped from the bosom of a father abandoned. He soon heard the clatter of the iron step of the hackney-coach, then the coachman's voice, and then the rolling of the heavy vehicle which shook the windows. He darted to his bedroom to see once more all he had loved in the world; but the hackney-coach drove on without the head of either Mercedes or her son appearing at the window to take a last look at the house or the deserted father or husband. And at the very moment when the wheels of that coach crossed the gateway a report was heard, and a thick smoke escaped through one of the panes of the window, which was broken by the explosion.

THE next morning rose sad and cloudy. Monte-Cristo was to be seen driving slowly towards the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin to call on M. Danglars. The banker saw the carriage of the count enter the courtyard, and advanced to meet him with a sad though affable smile.

"Well!" said he, extending his hand to Monte-Cristo, "I suppose you have come to sympathise with me, for indeed misfortune has taken possession of my house. When I perceived you, I was just asking myself whether in wishing harm towards those poor Morcerfs, I have justified the proverb of 'He who wishes misfortunes to happen to others experiences them himself.' Well! on my word of honor, I answered, 'No!' I wished no ill to Morcerf; he was a little proud, perhaps, for a man who, like myself, had risen from nothing; but we all have our faults. Do you know, count, that persons of our time of life—not that you belong to the class; you are still a young man, but, as I was saying, persons of our time of life—have been very unfortunate this year. For example, look at the Puritanical procureur du roi, who has just lost his daughter. And in fact

had retired from the stage to settle

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nearly all his family in so singular a manner; Morcerf dishonored and dead; and then myself having lost my daughter, who has run away. Oh, how happy you must be in not having either wife or children!"

"Still, baron," said Monte-Cristo, "family griefs, or indeed any other affliction which would crush a man whose child was his only treasure, are endurable to a millionaire."

"Yes," he answered, "if a fortune brings consolation, I ought to be consoled; I am rich."

"So rich, dear sir, that your fortune resembles the Pyramids: if you wish to demolish them, you could not; if it were possible, you would not dare!"

Danglars smiled at the good-natured pleasantry of the count.

"That reminds me," he said, "that when you entered, I was on the point of signing five little bonds; I have already signed two; will you allow me to do the same to the others?"

"Pray do so."

THERE was a moment's silence, during which the noise of the banker's pen alone was heard, while Monte-Cristo examined the gilt mouldings of the ceiling.

"Are they Spanish, Haytian, or Neapolitan bonds?" he asked presently.

"Neither," said Danglars, smiling; "they are bonds on the Bank of France, payable to the bearer. Stay," he added, "count, you who may be called the emperor, if I claim the title of king of finance, have you many pieces of paper of this size, each worth a million?"

The count took the papers which Danglars had so proudly presented to him, into his hands, and read:—

"To the Governor of the Bank. Please to pay to my order from the funds deposited by me, the sum of a million.

"BARON DANGLARS."

"One, two, three, four, five," said Monte-Cristo; "five millions! why, what a Croesus you are! Payable at sight?"

"Yes, indeed," said Danglars.

"It is a fine thing to have such credit; really, it is only in France these things are done. Five millions on five little scraps of paper!—it must be seen to be believed."

"You do not doubt it?"

"No!"

"You say so with an accent—— Stay, you shall be convinced; take my clerk to the bank, and you will see him leave it with an order on the Treasury for the same sum."

"No!" said Monte-Cristo, folding the five notes, "most decidedly not; the thing is so curious, I will make the experiment myself. I am credited to you for six millions. I have drawn nine hundred thousand francs, you therefore still owe me five millions and a hundred thousand francs. I will take the five scraps of paper that I now hold as bonds, with your signature alone, and here is a receipt in full for the six millions between us. I had prepared it beforehand, for I am much in want of money to-day."

And Monte-Cristo placed the bonds in his pocket with one hand, while with the other he held out the receipt to Danglars.

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the banker's feet, he could not have experienced greater terror.

"What!" he stammered, "do you mean to take that money? Excuse me, excuse me, but I owe this money to the hospital—a deposit which I promised to pay this morning."

"Oh! well, then," said Monte-Cristo, "I am not particular about these five notes; pay me in a different form; I wished, from curiosity, to take these, that I might be able to say, that without any advice or preparation the house of Danglars had paid me five millions without a minute's delay; it would have been so remarkable. But here are your bonds, pay me differently"; and he held the bonds towards Danglars, who seized them like a vulture extending its claws to grab the food wrested from it. Suddenly he rallied, made a violent effort to restrain himself, and then a smile gradually widened the features of his disturbed countenance.

"Certainly," he said, "your receipt is money."

"Oh, dear, yes; and if you were at Rome, the house of Thomson and French would make no more difficulty about paying the money on my receipt than you have just done."

"Pardon me, count, pardon me."

"Then I may keep this money?"

"Yes," said Danglars, while the perspiration started from the roots of his hair. "Yes, keep it—keep it."

Monte-Cristo replaced the notes in his pocket with that indescribable expression which seemed to say, "Come, reflect; if you repent there is still time."

"No," said Danglars, "no, decidedly no; keep my signatures. But you know none are so formal as bankers in transacting business; I intended this money for the hospitals, and I seemed to be robbing them if I did not pay them with these precise bonds. How absurd! As if one crown were not as good as another. Excuse me"; and he begun to laugh loudly, but nervously.

"Certainly, I excuse you," said Monte-Cristo graciously, "and pocket them." And he placed the bonds in his pocket-book.

"But," said Danglars, "there is still a sum of one hundred thousand francs?"

"Oh! a mere nothing," said Monte-Cristo. "The balance would come to about that sum; but keep it, and we shall be quits."

"Count," said Danglars, "are you speaking seriously?"

"I never joke with bankers," said Monte-Cristo, in a freezing manner, which repelled impertinence; and he turned towards the door, just as the valet-de-chambre announced—

"M. de Boville, receiver-general of the hospitals."

"Ma foi!" said Monte-Cristo; "I think I arrived just in time to obtain your signatures, or they would have been disputed with me."

Danglars again became pale, and hastened to conduct the count out. Monte-Cristo exchanged a ceremonious bow with M. de Boville, who was standing in the waiting-room, and who was introduced into Danglars' room as soon as the count had left. The count's sad face was illumined by a faint smile, as he noticed the portfolio which the receiver-general held in his hand. At the door he found his carriage, and was immediately driven to the bank. Meanwhile Danglars, repressing all emotion, advanced to meet the receiver-general. We need not say that a smile of condescension was stamped upon his lips.

"Good morning, creditor!" said he; "for I wager anything it is the creditor who visits me."

"You are right, baron," answered M. de Boville; "the hospitals present themselves to you through me; the widows and orphans depute me to receive alms to the amount of five millions from you."

"And yet they say orphans are to be pitied," said Danglars, wishing to prolong the jest. "Poor things!"

"I have brought my receipt."

"My dear M. Boville, your widows and orphans must oblige me by waiting twenty-four hours, since M. de Monte-Cristo, whom you just saw leaving here—you did see him, I think? Well, M. de Monte-Cristo has just carried off their five millions."

"How so?"

"The count had unlimited credit upon me; a credit opened by Thomson and French, of Rome; he came to demand five millions at once, which I paid him with cheques on the bank; my funds are deposited there; and you can understand that if I draw out ten millions on the same day, it will appear rather strange to the governor. Two days will be a different thing," said Danglars, smiling.

"Here is his receipt. Believe your own eyes."

M. de Boville took the paper Danglars presented him, and read:

"Received of Baron Danglars the sum of five millions one hundred thousand francs; which will be repaid whenever he pleases by the house of Thomson and French, of Rome."

"It is really true," said De Boville.

"His charities alone amount to 20,000 francs per month."

"It is magnificent! I will set before him the example of Madame de Morcerf and her son, who gave all their fortune to the hospitals. The mother retires into the country, and the son enters the army."

"Certainly," said Danglars, in the most natural tone in the world. "The receipt of M. de Monte-Cristo is as good as money; take it to Rothschild's or Lafitte's, and they will take it of you directly."

"What, though payable at Rome?"

"Certainly. It will only cost you a discount of 5,000 or 6,000 francs."

The receiver started back.

"Then it will be to-morrow? Send to-morrow at twelve, and the bank shall be informed."

"I will come myself."

"Better still, since it will afford me the pleasure of seeing you."

They shook hands.

M. de Boville had scarcely left before Danglars, enclosing Monte-Cristo's receipt in a little pocketbook, exclaimed:

"Yes, come at twelve o'clock; I shall then be far away!"

He double-locked his door; emptied all his drawers, collected about fifty thousand francs in banknotes, burned several papers, left others exposed to view, and then commenced writing a letter which he addressed:

"To Madame la Baronne Danglars."

"I will place it on her table myself to-night," he murmured.

Taking a passport from his drawer, he said—

"Good! It is available for two months longer."

AT de Villefort's house, Villefort, with his papers under his arm and hat in hand, before going out directed his steps towards his wife's room. At the door he paused for a moment to wipe his damp pale brow.

"Ah! here you are, sir," she said, in her naturally calm voice; "but how pale you are! Have you been working all night? Why did you not come down to breakfast?"

Madame de Villefort had multiplied her questions in order to gain one answer, but to all her inquiries M. de Villefort remained mute and cold as a statue.

He dismissed Edward, his young son, from the room.

Madame de Villefort shuddered at the sight of that cold countenance.

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"But what have I done to you?" exclaimed Villefort, whose mind was balancing between reason and insanity, "what have I done to you? Tell me, then! Speak!"

"You condemned me to a horrible, tedious death—you killed my father—you deprived me of liberty, of love, and happiness."

"Who are you, then? Who are you?"

"I am the spectre of a wretch you buried in the dungeon of the Chateau d'If. The form of the Count of Monte-Cristo was given to that spectre when he at length issued from his tomb, enriched with gold and diamonds!"

"Ah! I recognise you! I recognise you!" exclaimed the procureur du roi; "you are—"

"I am Edmond Dantes!"

"You are Edmond Dantes!" cried Villefort, seizing the count by the wrist, "then come here!" And he dragged Monte-Cristo up the stairs. "Hold! Edmond Dantes!" he said, pointing to the bodies of his wife and child. "See! are you well revenged?"

Monte-Cristo became pale at this horrible sight; he felt he had passed beyond the bounds of vengeance, and that he could no longer say, "God is for and with me." With an expression of indescribable anguish he threw himself upon the body of the child, reopened its eyes, felt its pulse, and then rushed with him into Valentine's room, of which he locked the door.

"My child!" cried Villefort. "He carries away the body of my child! Oh! curses, woe, death to you!" and he tried to follow Monte-Cristo; but, as though in a dream, he was transfixed to the spot.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the door of Valentine's room opened, and Monte-Cristo reappeared. Pale, with a dull eye and heavy heart, all the noble features of that face, usually so calm and serene, appeared overwhelmed by grief. In his arms he held the child, whom no skill had been able to recall to life. Bending on one knee, he placed it reverently by the side of its mother, with its head upon her breast. Then, rising, he went out, and meeting a servant on the stairs, he asked:

"Where is M. de Villefort?"

The servant, instead of answering, pointed to the garden. Monte-Cristo ran down the steps, and, advancing towards the spot designated, beheld Villefort, encircled by his servants, with a spade in his hand, and digging the earth with fury.

"I will make a grave for him," he cried. "But not here!" And then he moved farther on, and recommenced digging.

Monte-Cristo approached him, and said, in a low voice, with an expression almost humble—

"Sir, you have indeed lost a son; but——"

Villefort interrupted him; he had neither listened nor heard.

"Oh!" cried the count; "he is mad. This has unseated his reason!" And as though he feared that the walls of the accursed house would crumble around him, he rushed into the street, for the first time doubting whether he had the right to do as he had done.

On entering his own house he met Morrel, who wandered about like a ghost.

"Prepare yourself, Maximilian," he said, with a smile; "we leave Paris to-morrow."

"Have you nothing more to do there?" asked Morrel.

"No," replied Monte-Cristo, "God grant I may not have done too much already!"

The next day they indeed left, accompanied only by Baptistin. Haydee had taken away Ali, and Bertuccio remained with Noirtier.

THE recent events formed the theme of conversation throughout all Paris. On all lips were the three successive, sudden and most unexpected catastrophes of Morcerf, Danglars, and Villefort.

The count left quietly for Marseilles. Arriving there, he went to the Allees de Meillan.

This house, with all its crumbling antiquity and apparent misery, was yet cheerful and picturesque, and was the same that old Dantes formerly inhabited—the only difference being that the old man occupied merely the garret, while the whole house was now placed at the disposal of Mercedes by the count.

Monte-Cristo, on stepping into the house, heard a sigh, almost resembling a deep sob looked in the direction whence it came and there, under an arbor of Virginian jessamine, with its thick foliage, and beautiful long purple flowers, he perceived Mercedes seated, with her head bowed, and weeping bitterly. She had raised her veil, and with her face hidden by her hands, was giving free scope to those sighs and tears which had been so long restrained by the presence of her son. Monte-Cristo advanced a few paces, and his steps were heard on the gravel. Mercedes raised her head, and uttered a cry of terror on beholding a man before her.

"Mercedes," said the count, "it is no longer in my power to restore you to happiness, but I offer you consolation; will you accept it as coming from a friend?"

"I am, indeed, most wretched," replied Mercedes. "Alone in the world, I had but my son, and he has left me!"

"He possesses a noble heart," replied the count, "and he has acted rightly."

"Oh!" said the wretched woman, mournfully shaking her head. "You have acted kindly, Count, in bringing me back to the place where I have enjoyed so much bliss. I ought to be ready to meet death on the same spot where happiness was once all my own."

"Alas!" said Monte-Cristo, "your words sear and embitter my heart, the more so as you have every reason to hate me; I have been the cause of all your misfortunes; but why do you pity, instead of blame me? You render me still more unhappy——"

"Hate you—blame you, you, Edmond! Hate—reproach the man that has spared my son's life!"

The count looked up and fixed his eyes on her, while she, partly rising from her seat, extended both her hands towards him.

"Oh! look at me," continued she, with a feeling of profound melancholy; "my eyes no longer dazzle by their brilliancy, for the time has long fled since I used to smile on Edmond Dantes, who anxiously looked out for me from the window of yonder garret. Years of grief have created an abyss between those days and the present. I neither reproach you nor hate you, my friend! Oh, no, Edmond, it is myself that I blame—myself that I hate!"

As Mercedes spoke, the tears chased each other down her worn cheeks; the unhappy woman's heart was breaking, as memory recalled the changeful events of her life. Monte-Cristo, however, took her hand, and imprinted a kiss on it, but she herself felt that it was with no greater warmth than he would have respectfully bestowed one on the hand of some marble statue of a saint.

"If often happens," continued she, "that a first fault destroys the prospects of a whole life. I believed you dead; why did I survive you? What good has it done me to mourn for you eternally in the secret recesses of my heart? Only to make a woman of nine-and-thirty look like one of fifty years of age. Why, having recognised you, why was I able to save my son alone?"

"Mercedes," said Monte-Cristo, "you judge yourself with too much severity. You are a noble-minded woman, and it was your grief that disarmed me. Still I was but an agent, led on by an invisible and offended Deity, who chose not to withhold the fatal blow that I was destined to hurl. Examine the past and then say whether I am not a Divine instrument."

"Enough," said Mercedes, "enough, Edmond! Believe me that she who alone recognised you has been the only one to comprehend you. And had she crossed your path, and you had crushed her like a frail glass, still, still she must have admired you! Like the gulf between me and the past, there is an abyss between you and the rest of mankind; and I tell you freely that the comparison I draw between you and other men will ever be one of my greatest tortures. No! there is nothing in the world to resemble you in worth and goodness! But we must say farewell, Edmond; and let us part!"

"Before I leave you, Mercedes, have you no request to make?" said the count.

"I desire but one thing in this world, Edmond—the happiness of my son."

"But have you no request to make for yourself, Mercedes?"

"For myself I want nothing. I live, as it were, between two graves."

"But what are your intentions?"

"To say that I shall live here, like the Mercedes of other times, gaining my bread by labor, would not be true nor would you believe me. I have no longer the strength to do anything but to spend my days in prayer. However, I shall have no occasion to work, for the little sum of money buried by you, which I found in the place you mentioned, will be sufficient to maintain me."

"Mercedes," said the count, "I do not say it to blame you, but you made an unnecessary sacrifice in relinquishing the whole of the fortune amassed by M. de Morcerf; half of it, at least, by right belonged to you, in virtue of your vigilance and economy."

"I perceive what you are intending to propose to me; but I cannot accept it, Edmond—my son would not permit it."

"Nothing shall be done without the full approbation of Albert de Morcerf. But if he be willing to accept my offer, will you oppose them?"

"You know well, Edmond, that I am no longer a reasoning creature. I have no will. If succor be sent to me I will accept it."

Monte-Cristo dropped his head and shrank from the vehemence of her grief.

"Will you not even say you will see me again?" he asked.

"On the contrary, we shall meet again," said Mercedes, pointing to heaven with solemnity. "I tell you so to prove to you that I still hope." And after pressing her own trembling hand upon that of the count, Mercedes rushed up the stairs and disappeared.

Monte-Cristo slowly left the house and turned towards the quay. But Mercedes did not see his departure, though she was seated at the little window of the room which had been occupied by old Dantes. Her eyes were straining to see the ship which was carrying her son over the vast sea. But still her voice involuntarily murmured softly—

"Edmond! Edmond! Edmond!"

The count departed with a sad heart from the house in which he had left her, for he would probably never behold her again.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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